The Outlook

Vol. 66 November 3, 1900 No. 10

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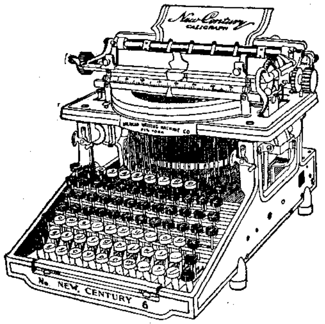
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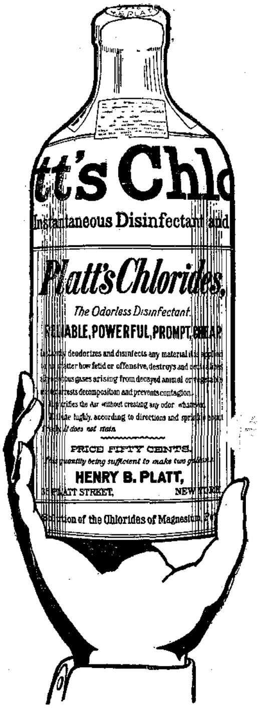
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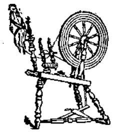

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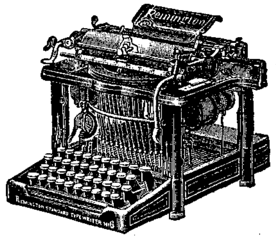

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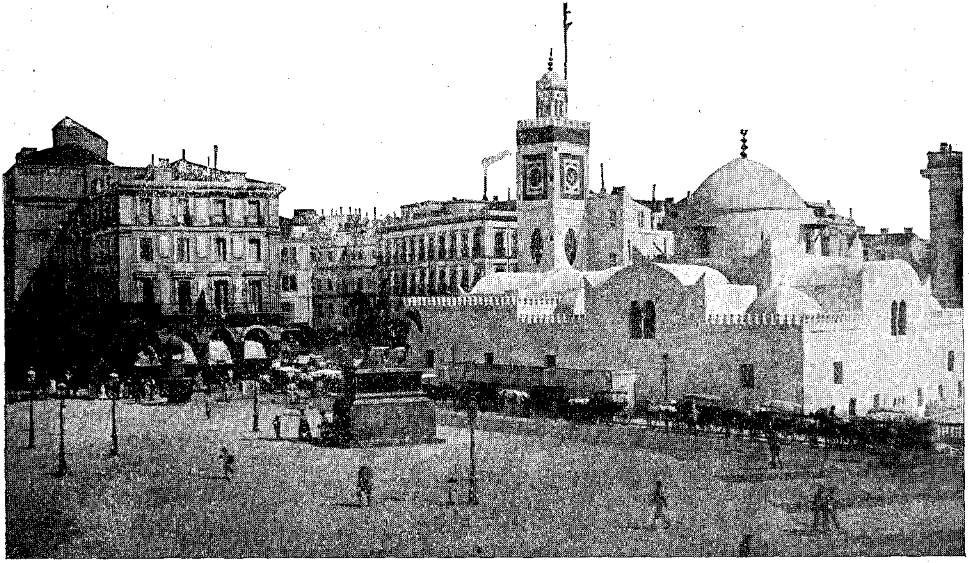


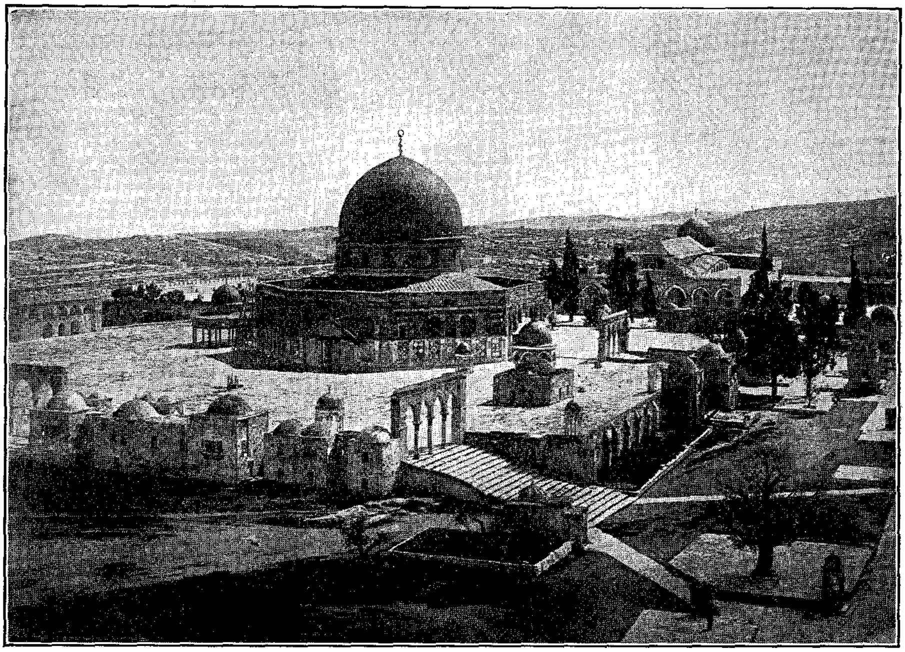
" In Oriental cities where antiquity and modernism stand side by side "

A Winter Cruise to the Orient

A CRUISE through the Mediterranean for an American is much like a pilgrimage to his homeland, for it takes him to Athens, where his art was born, to Rome, which gave him law, and to Jerusalem, the birthplace of his religion. The western world had its beginnings by the blue waters stretching from Gibraltar to Jaffa, and to sail over them brings to one a strong feeling of kinship with the past. It gives a glimpse, from this noon-time century, of civilization's far-off dawn. And that is a glimpse which it is in every way worth while for an American to have. It lifts him quite out of the rush and strife of his modern environment by placing him in contact with old places and ancient times. If one is from San Francisco, the sight of the Golden Horn, which has harbored the sails of Byzantium, somehow gives to his fondness for his own Golden Gate a deep feeling of the oldness of the sea; and to the New Yorker who sails over the waters that bore the commerce of Carthage and Syracuse and the cities of Phœnicia, the mighty trade which passes out and in by Sandy Hook seems but the culmination of a system of interchange that had its beginning many centuries ago. This long sweep of the ages is one of the unfailing fascinations of this cruise to the Orient, and it is made strangely impressive by being so palpably real.

The cruise for this year will be for sixty-seven days. It will begin on January 31, 1901, with the sailing of the *Auguste Victoria*, of the Hamburg-American line, from New York, and will end April 8, the date of reaching New York on the return. Many of the places visited on the itinerary, which covers nearly 13,000 miles, were described in an article in last month's *Harper's*. The first stop is at Funchal, the lovely capital of Madeira, and thence the vessel proceeds to Gibraltar, entering the straits off Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson met his death in the greatest sea-fight of the ages. After a stop at Gibraltar, which enables one to visit the fortress and to see the matchless panorama spread out from the height of El Hacho, the cruise is continued almost due east to Algiers.

This interesting city of northern Africa, with its mingling of Moor, Berber, Turk,



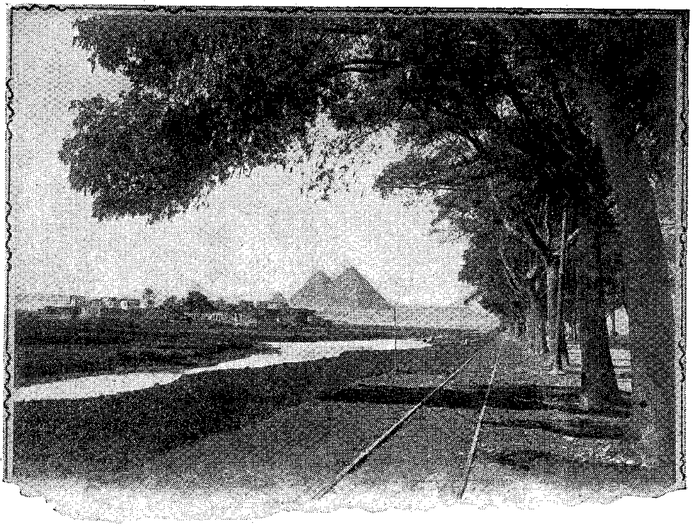
Site of Solomon's Temple, Jerusalem, a Place consecrated to Worship from the Earliest Times

with just a touch of white here and there given by the French, makes a picturesque stopping-place for the tourist.

From Algiers the sea is crossed to picturesque Genoa and to Villefranche, from where Monte Carlo and the other famous resorts of the Riviera may be visited. The *Auguste Victoria* next takes a south-easterly course to Sicily, where a stop is made at Syracuse, once the emporium of the world, with a half-million people, but now having a population of scarcely a score of thousands. The city is rich in memorials and traditions of the early Hellenic times. The Ear of Dionysius can still hear in a marvelous way, and some of the catacombs remain. The Greek theatre, dating from the fifth century B.C., is in a condition of crumbling glory, and there are some remnants of the Olympian Zeus, which was built in the earliest Syracusan period. These ancient walls make the modern ramparts of Malta, the next place to be visited, seem all the more formidable.

From Malta the ship proceeds to Egypt, hoary and mysterious cradle of the race. In Alexandia and Cairo the life of this strange land of the Nile unfolds in endless variety. The street scenes in particular, presenting as they do all phases of the Oriental world, will afford a great fund of amusement and delight for visitors from the West. Here a juggler gathers about him a motley group; a fierce Numidian jostles a Greek from Ephesus; and the fez of the Turk nods near the turban of some desert sheik. The relics of the past are quite as interesting as these Orientals of the present. In Alexandria is Pompey's Pillar, and in Cairo are the tombs of the Mamelukes, and many mosques in all stages of preservation; and near by is Gizeh with its great pyramids, and the Sphinx, and the site of ancient Memphis, with the colossal statue of Rameses II. The time allotted to Alexandria and Cairo is sufficient to visit all the places of greatest interest.

Leaving Egypt, the next call is at Jaffa, at the eastern end of the sea. As the ship approaches this ancient shore, the first glimpse of Palestine is of the blue hills of Judea. From Jaffa, Jerusalem is reached by rail in a few hours. The holy city at first sight appears in a sad state of decay, but the many places of sacred interest help one to reconstruct in imagination the Jerusalem of the prophets. On the summit of Mount Zion, always one of the first places to be visited, is the sanctuary of Harâm-esh-Sheriff, occupying a spot



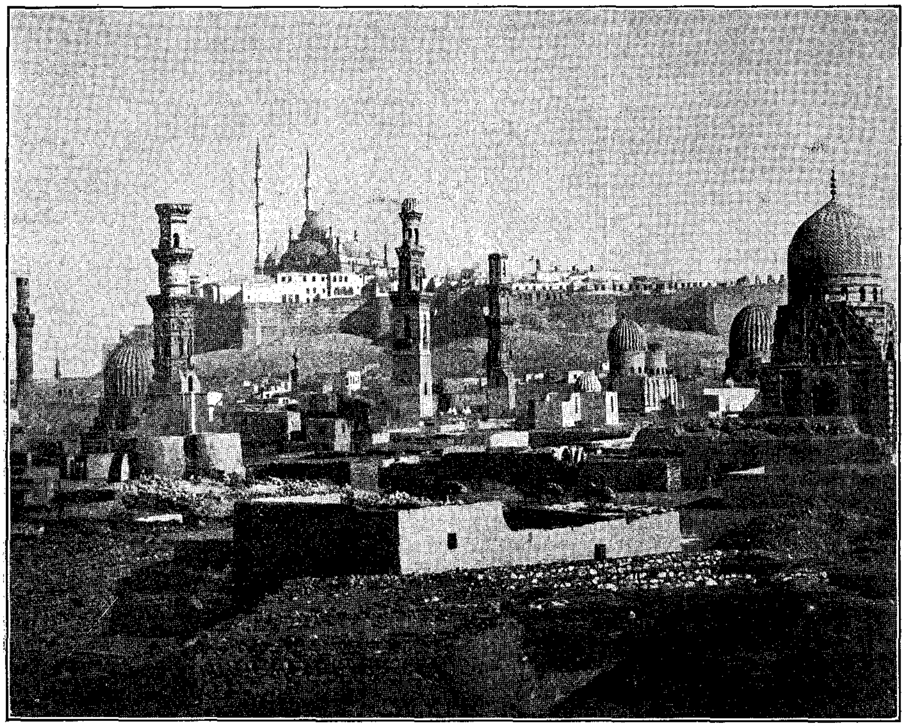
A modern trolley line now makes it an easier although a less romantic journey out to the ancient Pyramids of Gizeh

which has been consecrated to divine worship since the time of Abraham; this was also the site of Solomon's Temple. Near by is the Wailing-Place of the Jews, where they gather every Friday to lament the downfall of Jerusalem. This strong feeling of religious devotion to their country takes on a new significance from the rapid growth of the Zionist movement, looking to the restoration of Palestine to Israel. The tourist may visit the Church of the Sepulchre, the Via Dolorosa, Golgotha, the Citadel, or City of David, and the different monasteries and churches. But a walk about Jerusalem is even more interesting than the city itself. It will take one to the Garden of Gethsemane, to the Mount of Olives, the tombs of the prophets, of the kings, and of the judges, the Pool of Siloam and Job's Well, and also the Valley of Kidron, with the tombs of Absalom and Jehoshaphat. But six miles from Jerusalem, to the southwest, is the birthplace of Christ, the little town of Bethlehem, with its holy memories. Eighteen miles in a northeasterly direction is Jericho, and seven miles farther on is the Jordan. All these places can be visited during the steamer's stay at Jaffa, which has been extended to five days. One of the routes into Palestine from Jaffa is by way of Bethany, the home of Mary and Martha, and thence to Jerusalem by the road over the Mount of Olives. On this route the traveler passes Elisha's Fountain, the Valley of Achor, and the Tomb of Lazarus. The opportunity to make a pilgrimage to these many sacred places is one of the inspiring delights of this voyage to the Mediterranean. The Holy Land seems to most of us a celestial country, not to be seen by mortal eye, but this cruise brings it from illusion to reality.

In all the journeyings in these far-away places one can give himself up wholly to the pleasure of sightseeing and to alluring meditation on the mighty past, without so much as a thought of sailing schedules, customs officials, and the innumerable petty annoyances of independent traveling in

No more typical scenes than the market places are to be found in the Orient. It is here that the masses are to be seen in all their native characteristics.

the Orient. The Hamburg-American line has made the closest study of the comfort and the wishes of intelligent tourists, and in the light of the knowledge secured in ten years' experience every detail of the cruise has been worked out.



The tombs of the Mamelukes are one of the many picturesque places of interest to be seen in Cairo

Leaving Jaffa, the homeward voyage is begun. The first stop is at Smyrna, renowned both in the ancient and the modern world. Thence the *Auguste Victoria* steams on through the Hellespont to Constantinople, with its mosques and its bazaars. The stay here has been so arranged as to include Friday, the Turks' Sunday, when the Sultan, with his pompous body-guard, betakes himself to his magnificent mosque to worship—a stirring sight for the Occidental to witness. Then west again across the old Ægean Sea to Athens, and thence to Messina, Naples, Genoa, and home. In an article to be published in *McClure's Magazine* for December these interesting cities will be described.

The cost of passage for the sixty-seven days' cruise varies from $450 upwards, according to the location of the stateroom occupied. The Hamburg-American line, 37 Broadway, New York, and 159 Randolph St., Chicago, or any of its agents, will send a beautifully illustrated booklet, describing the cruise in detail, to any one requesting a copy. Bookings have now begun, and it is advisable to make an early application to have the choice of good accommodation.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

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China The most important news last week from China was the confirmation of the reports that two famous anti-foreign officials had committed suicide. These were Kang-Yi, a member of the Cabinet, and Yu-Hsien, Governor of the Province of Shensi. The method of the last named was the swallowing of gold-leaf. This material, being representative of high station, is said to be often used by distinguished Chinese personages who wish or are compelled to take their lives. It will be remembered that Kang-Yi was one of the ringleaders whose punishment was demanded by the Powers. Letters from the allied troops at Paoting give harrowing accounts of the sufferings of the missionaries; ten missionaries are still at Chengting to the west. The rebellions in the extreme north and in the extreme south appeared to receive a setback last week, although the Chinese were able to do a great amount of looting in the neighborhood of Mukden, the capital of Manchuria. Russia has allowed the statements of St. Petersburg journals to pass uncontradicted that not only will she not annex Manchuria, but that she will hand back to its owners the coast railway from Niuchang to the Pei River. Though the rebellion in the south was apparently checked last week by the Imperial troops, anti-foreign placards have again been displayed near the Kaulun frontier by the "Chinese Mutual Protection Society," offering large sums for the heads of missionaries.

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The Boer War Last week's military events in South Africa were depressing to Englishmen, but the commercial events were encouraging to Americans. Boer unrest in the Orange River Colony is more marked than ever, now that the insurgent forces have become augmented. These are divided into commandos of three hundred men each, but are capable of combination for large operations. Boer attacks were made at Jacobsdaal and Hoopstad, the British losing about thirty-five men at each place. The Boer loss is unknown. In sharp contrast to these events was the ceremony at Pretoria by which the Transvaal became formally a part of the British Empire. Sir Alfred Milner read the proclamation and left thereafter for Johannesburg, which he will make his summer residence. The first event of particular interest to Americans was the placing of contracts in this country by the South African mine-owners for everything needed in their large plans for railway construction and reconstruction. British firms had been invited to compete, but they offered nothing better than to provide a part of the rolling-stock in seven months' time at a price one-third higher than that asked by American firms, the latter offering to provide everything needed in three months. Naturally, the contracts came to America. This is but another demonstration of the fact, shown in many places throughout the world during recent years, that we have attained primacy in the matter of railway construction, especially in point of economy of time and economy of expense. The second event of interest to us was the first large consignment of gold from South Africa since the outbreak of the war. It comes to New York, not to London. This, in addition to the five millions received from Australia two days ago, shows that the United States is not only able to undertake large loans when called for by Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Japan, and Mexico, but is also able to command new available supplies of gold for its own use.

General Wood on Cuba The visit to this country of General Leonard Wood, Governor-General of Cuba, undoubtedly is in part for the purpose of a full discussion between himself and President McKinley as to the immediate future of Cuba and the course to be pursued with regard to the Constitutional Convention which will meet so soon. Incidentally, General Wood has given to the American public a welcome account of the state of affairs in Cuba as it appears to him. He states that quiet prevails throughout; that the people are earnestly interested in the coming Convention, and are preparing for it assiduously; and that the recent increase in yellow fever is attributable to a large immigration of Spaniards who are not immune, and that in point of fact the epidemic is not more extensive than usual at this time of year, nor than it was a year ago, although at that time a full report was not made to the public—a statement which has been categorically denied by Major-General Brooke and General Ludlow. Asked for his views as to what the course of the Constitutional Convention would be, General Wood stated that he would limit his part in it to attendance long enough to declare the Convention open, and that thereafter he would leave the delegates completely to their own devices. He thought that the Constitution would probably closely resemble that of the United States. Up to the present time no drafts have been made public, although it is understood that several have been prepared by delegates. General Wood knows of no antipathy to the United States which should make the Cubans desire to differentiate their organic law from ours, while he urgently combats the "unhappy misapprehension" that there is general distrust of the United States on the part of the Cubans, the fact being, he says, that the malcontents are a mere handful, whose talk is "the raving of idiots," while the vast majority of the Cuban people are friendly to the United States, and have "perfect confidence in the purpose of the United States to redeem every promise, and unqualified contentment with present progress." The extent of that progress General Wood indicates by declaring that Cuba to-day is as far advanced in rehabilitation, commercial, financial, educational, and governmental, as the Southern States were ten years after the Civil War. A single fact which goes far to prove this statement is that now the schools hold one hundred and fifty thousand pupils, while under the Spanish régime they never held more than twenty-seven thousand. In sanitation a great deal has been done, but a thorough destruction of evil sanitary conditions in Havana is not possible until a new system of sewerage is designed and carried out—a step which can hardly be taken until the city acquires the power of making contracts under a municipal charter.

⁂

The Spanish Cabinet Last week General Azcarraga succeeded in forming a new Conservative Cabinet. The present crisis is the outcome of the conflict between the civil and military elements in Spain, and the reappearance of militarism in Spanish politics has been all too prominent. Since their return from Cuba, Generals Weyler and Linares have been bent upon carrying out a scheme of military reorganization and development in spite of the economies in the budget which have been demanded from all classes of Spanish taxpayers. The course of these Generals shows an interference of the army in politics reminding one of the days of Queen Isabella. The retiring Prime Minister, Señor Silvela, has been long enough in power to have made his mark upon history, as political and commercial conditions since the close of the Spanish-American war have offered many opportunities to a statesman of a high type. However clever Señor Silvela has been in political bargains, his course has not been one to attract real reformers. The reforms which have been accomplished are due rather to the Opposition in the Cortes (the Spanish Parliament). The result has been a series of compromises and concessions which have, on the whole, benefited finance and education, but not religion. Regarding religion, the watchword of the Conservatives has been that the principle of authority must be better protected. Their course has thus been reactionary. They have curtailed the rights of association and of meetings, and they have increased the statutory penalties for attacks against existing institutions. They have even ventured to carry on a campaign against trial by jury, on the plea that juries too often acquit offenders against the dynasty and the civil and military authorities, but, above all, the offenders against the State religion.

❀

Death of Professor Max Müller

Friedrich Max Müller, who died last week—not unexpectedly, as there have been for two weeks press statements that he was near his end—was not only recognized as perhaps the greatest Oxford scholar of his time, but was undoubtedly one of the greatest Orientalists and philologists that the world has ever known. By birth, as his name indicates, he was a German, and he added typical German thoroughness and minuteness to a broad literary method of study and a wide philosophy that are not common to specialists in his chosen subjects. He was the son of a German poet of some celebrity, Wilhelm Müller, and was born in Dessau seventy-seven years ago. His taste for Eastern study and for philology in general, and for the philology of the Eastern languages in particular, was developed even in his college days, and continued to increase through assiduous study and original investigation up to the very last years of his life. Apart from his thoroughness as a scholar, and aside from the extremely valuable contributions Professor Max Müller made to the total stock of the world's knowledge, it should be recorded that he was a man of winning personality, a friend of many of the greatest figures in recent English literature and history, while his tastes and appreciative powers were not at all confined to his own specialty. As instances of these truths we may refer to his volume of reminiscences published quite recently, a book abounding in personal anecdote and humorous relation of incidents, one which has deservedly attained extreme popularity; and we may refer also to his cultivated taste in musical matters. His achievements in philology are recorded in many volumes, not least of which was his early work in 1849 in publishing the first volume of the "Rig Veda," the sacred hymn of the Brahmins, followed exactly thirty years later by his translation of the "Upanishads." In Sanscrit Professor Max Müller probably had no rival a quarter of a century ago, and that he may have rivals in knowledge to-day is largely due to his showing the way for promising original investigation, as when he discovered that the oldest Sanscrit manuscripts were to be found in Japan, and used the Japanese manuscripts for the reconstruction of many important Buddhist texts. In his long list of books perhaps the most popularly known are his "Chips from a German Workshop," his "Biographies of Words," his "Biographical Essays," and the essays contained in four volumes relating to religion, mythology, language-science, literature, and antiquities. He wrote almost innumerable articles covering a very wide range in religion, literature, science, and the arts. Of course he was a member of a great many learned societies. In Germany as well as in English-speaking countries his name was known and honored by all scholars.

❀

The Miners' Victory

The great anthracite coal strike has been declared ended by President Mitchell and the other officials of the United Mine-Workers. The victory for the workmen is substantial and fairly complete, although a few operators still, as we write, persist in not posting the notices offering the ten per cent. advance in wages and abolishing the sliding scale. The increase in wages is not an excessively large one when the former total annual earnings of the men are considered, but it is enough to materially improve their conditions of living. The semi-monthly payment asked for by the men has not been formally granted, but, as it is called for by the law of the State, it is hardly to be supposed that the operators will continue to violate the law after public attention has been called to the fact that they are doing so. As to the refusal of the companies to grant both the reduction in the price of powder and the ten per cent. increase in wages, Mr. Mitchell says that he is convinced that the wage-increase will really be a net ten per cent. gain over what the miner has been receiving, and to demand more is now unwise. A notable feature of the strike has been the abstention of the employers from attempting to import bodies of labor from other States—a course which was the cause of most of the violence in the Ohio strikes; whether it has been impossible to obtain suitable labor in this way, or, as some think, the mine-owners have been dissuaded from such action by those who feared the political effect, or the employers have seen the wisdom and justice of coming to terms with their old employees, is an open question. That the settlement may be complete and permanent is earnestly to be hoped.

❀

The Bank Defalcation It is easy to draw inferences and instructive morals from such a sensational crime as that of the Alvord defalcation, by which the First National Bank of this city was robbed of $690,000; the question is, how long will these lessons be remembered after the sensation has become a thing of the past? The fundamental lesson, it seems to us, is that men in positions of high trust should be men of high character, and that this should be known, not negatively, but positively; it should not be enough that such a man should not be reputed to be a gambler and a "sport," it should be known affirmatively that he is a man interested in serious subjects, a good citizen, a man whom his neighbors respect. Not detectives' reports, but common-sense acquaintance with the ordinary standards by which we all judge our neighbors in private life, is what is needed. Elaborate systems of checking and counter-checking accounts are good because they reduce temptation, but in the long run trust must be founded on character. Higher standards of business honor and probity, refusal to admire a man who is sharp enough to do his cheating inside the danger-limit of the law, less readiness to accept a man as able and honorable because he is spending and making money—these are the things which will make such criminals as Alvord less common. It is hardly supposable, for instance, that there is truth in the persistent rumors that the bank officers are trying to make a compromise with Alvord—compounding of felony the law calls such a compromise—but the very fact that such a theory is widely entertained, and that it is generally alleged that such bargains have been made in the past, will go further to make crimes of this sort common than half a dozen examples like that set by Alvord. "Steal enough and hold back some to bargain with" will be the moral drawn by those restrained from theft by fear rather than by principle. It is imperative upon the officers of the First National Bank to make it clear beyond doubt that they will offer no terms of compromise or leniency for the return of part of the stolen funds. On Monday of this week Alvord was arrested in Boston.

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Vanderbilt University Commemoration To Professor Mims's comprehensive sketch, last week, of the history and work of Vanderbilt University, and its National significance, particularly in its relation to the educational interests of the South, we now add a report of the commemoration of its twenty-fifth anniversary, October 20–22, at Nashville, Tenn. What is true in general of the higher institutions of learning which draw young men and women together from many States, that they constitute a potent unifying force in the Nation, is particularly recognized at Vanderbilt. This was emphasized in Bishop Hendrix's broad-minded anniversary sermon on "The Mission of a Christian University" by the prominence given to the expressed design of Mr. Vanderbilt that it might "contribute to strengthen the ties which should exist between all sections of our common country." Significant as were these words, uttered while the bitterness of civil discord was still fresh, the presence of the representatives of twenty-three colleges and universities, from Cambridge and Chicago to Louisiana and Texas, added to their force. The advance of science was fitly commemorated by an account of "The Progress and Achievements of Astronomy during the Quarter-Century" from Professor Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory near Chicago, himself an alumnus and former instructor at Vanderbilt. Illustrating his address with lantern-slides made from star-photographs taken by himself, he described how the new astronomy, built upon the spectroscope and photography, had supervened upon the old astronomy armed only with the telescope. The strong and recurrent note of the three days' commemoration was one to which too much prominence can hardly be given—the function of the university as a molding power in the life of the Nation. Senator Sullivan, of Mississippi, and President Hadley, of Yale, both dwelt upon this. The former, speaking on "The Work of Colleges and Universities for the Nation," declared it the duty of the people "to endow and sustain them as the highest and most potent agencies for the promotion and preservation of healthy National life." The latter, speaking before an audience of thirty-five hundred on "The Direction of American University Development," emphasized, as he has elsewhere, the ethical renaissance which the university must promote. President Hadley considers the older ideals of the university inadequate to present needs. Increased intelligence must be supplemented by an increased sense of moral responsibility. The dangers of great organizations of capital and labor require a true public sentiment in dealing with them. To develop such a sentiment, now lacking, and to inculcate the truth that citizenship is a trusteeship of each individual for public interests, is essential to public safety. In no part of our National life do such opportunities for this exist as in our colleges and universities. It would be well if religious teachers were all as intent as President Hadley on ethicizing the popular ideas of citizenship. A new gift of the Vanderbilt family was presented to the University on this occasion—a noble edifice, Kissam Hall, from Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, in memory of his mother.

❀

Dr. H. S. Pritchett

The inauguration of Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett as President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last week not only attracted a throng which filled the new Symphony Hall of Boston, and made a kind of fitting inauguration of it as a hall for other than purely musical purposes, but brought together on the platform a body of distinguished guests from various parts of the country, the like of which in variety and significance of character is rarely to be seen on any occasion. It is no small praise to say that on so notable an occasion, in which the President-elect was brought as an orator in direct competition with Senator Lodge, who made the address immediately preceding, Dr. Pritchett's address suffered nothing by comparison. It was a noteworthy contribution, though brief, to educational discussion. Coming directly to this academic position from public life in Washington, he emphasized the value and importance of the "scholar in politics," and bore a testimony to the excellence of the intellectual and moral character of an overwhelming majority of the men in public life which ought to outweigh many times the scoffs and sneers of journals which are sometimes politically jaundiced, sometimes chronically Pharisaic, and sometimes only ill informed and careless of the obligations of truth. Dr. Pritchett is only in the forty-third year of his age, and brings a rare combination of scholarship, experience, and youthful energy and ambition to a position which will need the first two qualities and give full scope for the third.

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"Elementary Education for an Elementary People"

No more emphatic protest has been given against the idea embodied in the phrase "Elementary Education for an Elementary People" than that at the meeting of the American Missionary Association (Congregational) at Springfield, Mass. In acknowledging the care taken by the Mayor of New Orleans to protect property from the madness of the mob during the last riot there, the annual report added: "The prejudice of those who fear negro competition and the political demands of those who pander to caste have been strong enough to cause the city of New Orleans, by vote, to lower the standard of the public schools, and to reduce the course of study for the negro so that his instruction shall hereafter be little more than elementary." Such a vote would indicate, not only "elementary education for an elementary people," but also a desire that this people should always remain elementary. One of the speakers declared that the prospect for the negroes of the South is more critical than has been the case since the days of slavery, and described them as "deprived of political rights guaranteed them by the Constitution of the United States, and discriminated against in the matter and manner of education, with the declared intention of the States thus to forbid them equal chances in life." That this is generally true we do not believe, but the time to resist this tendency is when and where it first appears. The American Missionary Association has seventy-seven schools, with over four hundred instructors and over thirteen thousand pupils, and its belief in industrial training is shown by the fact that in all of the Association's boarding-schools every student is required to work an hour a day in some form of industry. To the boys, agriculture in its varied forms is taught on the two thousand acres under cultivation, and technological instruction given in printing, cabinet and harness making, and upholstery. For girls there are special classes in domestic science and economics, butter-making, dressmaking, millinery, and nursing. From these training-schools the Association hears of no idle graduates, while the graduates from Fisk University and the other four higher institutions managed by the Association have become good breadwinners, thrifty property-holders, and conservative citizens. It may be that they are the exceptional men of their race, but it is also true that they have devoted themselves in marked degree to the forms of service adapted to the uplift of the masses. The American Missionary Association was the product of the American conscience dealing with slavery; it has provided manual schools in plenty, but it has always cherished the belief that the negro has a right to aspire to other than manual work. It would give to the black race a chance for the best there is in life.

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A Roman Catholic College for Women The opening of Trinity College, the new Roman Catholic college for women in Washington, will be an interesting event in contemporary educational history. The College is to be formally dedicated by Cardinal Gibbons on Election Day. It is being erected under the auspices of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who have secured the funds necessary for the completion of the first building of the proposed institution. This building will house about a hundred students, together with the sisters and teachers; it is proposed, in the completed college structures, to provide for six hundred students. The funds for the institution have been raised almost entirely by women, many of whom have shown the greatest enthusiasm in the endeavor to provide a college for Roman Catholic girls which will take rank with Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, and the other colleges for women. It is proposed to erect seven buildings. There is an ample campus with a striking and picturesque view. It is announced that the courses of study planned for the new institution conform to the best standards of the American colleges for women; and that only candidates for the Freshman class and special students will be received during the present academic year. The College, when fully developed, will provide for the usual four years' course and for graduate and special students. Graduate students must have taken the first degree at Trinity or some other college of good standing; special students must pass the prescribed entrance examination. Undergraduates must conform to the usual conditions of admission, and must pursue courses leading either to the degree of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science. Examinations for admission to the College will be held in the different cities; there will be a tuition fee of $100 a year, and an additional fee of $300 for board and two furnished rooms. A number of endowment scholarships for worthy students have also been secured. The new college will be in a sense the complement of the Roman Catholic University in Washington; and, in addition to the National Cathedral school which has been opened this autumn under the direction of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Washington, will materially enlarge the educational advantages of the capital.

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Common Worship The New York State Conference of Religion, which is to meet in this city November 20–22, will be notable at least for the demonstration which it will give that a common worship may be shared by religious men widely differing in theological doctrine and ritual forms. "The Possibilities of Common Worship" is one of the topics to be discussed at the Conference, but the discussion will be in part removed from the region of theory to the line of practice. A sub-committee, consisting of Dr. Newton, of All Souls' (Episcopal) Church, Dr. Gottheil, of Temple Emanu-el, and the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, of All Souls' (Unitarian) Church, has prepared a manual of common worship, which is now in press. It contains selections from the Jewish, Christian, and ethnic Scriptures, prayers selected from Jewish offices, and from Christian liturgies ancient and modern, as well as from private sources, together with hymns from a wide range of authorship. Our account, September 29, of a "unique religious service" on board an Atlantic liner, in which Roman Catholic priests officiated for a company largely composed of Protestants, has drawn some incredulous comments from the religious press. A far greater diversity than that company presented exists among the constituents of this Conference, which includes members of some fifteen denominations, and the extreme divergences that divide Jews and Christians. That a committee representing the utmost outward differences in such a body has nevertheless been able to reach unanimity in a book of common worship removes all ground for further incredulity. The book is to be issued by the Messrs. Putnam, in season for use by the Conference. We hope to make definite announcement next week of the other arrangements, now nearly matured. This Conference professes to differ from such bodies as the Parliament of Religions by its direction to the practical side of things, where unity is found among those who differ in theory. Its forthcoming book of common worship is an earnest of such a profession. What measure of united worship can be secured in a congregation of such differing elements is at present a problem on which this meeting may throw some light.

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Covenanters and the Right to Vote

"You should make a choice between King Jesus and the Constitution of the United States." These were the closing words of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Foster, pastor of the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York City, on Sunday of last week. Dr. Foster explained why Covenanters cannot support the United States Constitution, and, therefore, why they cannot vote next week. It is not through any lack of interest in the Government, nor is it because of what is or what is not in party platforms. The Covenanter rejects the fundamental principle upon which our Constitution rests, namely, that "we, the people," claim to be the source of authority. According to Dr. Foster, three positions as to authority may be maintained: (1) That it resides in and emanates from the ruler. (2) That it resides in and emanates from the people. (3) That it is of God. The first, he said, was the theory of government held by despots; the second, that upon which the United States Government had been established; the third, that which the Covenanters uphold and seek to have established. In the United States there are about ten thousand Covenanters, known also as Reformed Presbyterians. Speaking of government by the will of the people, Dr. Foster said: "It does not safeguard the liberties of all the people. Our own enlightened Government held four million blacks in bondage. Even now the Christian cannot take the Postmaster's oath, for it swears him to open his office on the Lord's Day. . . . All Christians who vote are now upholding mail service on the Sabbath, the liquor traffic, the Raines Law, and, in some places, licensed immorality. The Covenanter declines to become *particeps criminis* in these wrongs to God and man. He rejects the foundation principle that man's will is supreme, and insists that the law of God, as revealed in Christ, is the law to which nations should bow." In this country, he added, Congress should be the interpreter of God's law in the same sense that Congress interprets the Constitution. Nor would this result in a State Church. "What we desire," said Dr. Foster, "is the union of *religion* and the State." To the objection that Congress could not interpret the law of God so as to please members of all denominations, Dr. Foster admitted that it would come a little hard at first, but asserted that in the end it would work satisfactorily. We agree, as we have repeatedly said, with the position that conformity to divine law is the basis of a just government, but not with the Puritan deduction, maintained by Dr. Foster, that Congress should attempt to administer a theocracy.

The Regeneration of France The meeting last week in New York City of the Franco-American Evangelization Committee was held on an appropriate date. Two hundred and fifteen years ago, on October 22, the Edict of Toleration, better known as the Edict of Nantes, was revoked by Louis XIV. The scattering of the seed of liberty by this revocation was the theme of the address by the Rev. Dr. Purves, the new pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City. While this scattering enriched other lands, it permanently impoverished France. The speaker accounted for the less close sympathy between France and America in these days as compared with Revolutionary times because of the prominence of Huguenots in the making of this country, whereas during the past half-century we have had hardly any French immigration. Yet present conditions, political, but especially religious, in France are of great interest. "Regenerated by the Gospel, which alone can save the political institutions, the literature, art, and family life of France," said Dr. Purves, "that country is capable of a service in the kingdom of God, a service marked by an enthusiasm, brilliance, and devotion not to be surpassed by any other Christian nation." It is this belief that inspires the work of this Committee of Evangelization. It is interesting to note that Dr. Purves himself has a strain of Huguenot blood in his descent from Clément Marot, whose French version of the Psalms was one factor in bringing about the Reformation in France.

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M. d'Aubigné's Views The Rev. Charles Merle d'Aubigné, a delegate to the meeting from the Huguenot churches of France, acknowledged the welcome which he has received in this country as largely due to his father, whose history of the Reformation has been for years a household book in this country. Referring to the Dreyfus affair, he declared that the crisis had brought to light the great influence of a Jesuitical system. He added that the inordinate consumption of absinthe is working havoc, for Frenchmen are no longer satisfied with the moderate use of light wines. Social immorality, too, is propagated by the spread of immoral and cheap *feuilletons;* of these harmful periodicals fifty are issued in Paris alone. The consequence of all these things is the trebling of criminality as compared with half a century ago, especially among the youth. The Roman Catholic Church is dominant, with a hundred and forty thousand Sisters of Mercy, fifty thousand male members of religious orders, and sixty thousand regular clergy. One-tenth of the landed property of France is held by the religious orders, their holdings being valued at two billion dollars. France is not one of Lord Salisbury's "dying races," protested M. d'Aubigné. Her political condition is full of hope. President Loubet is popular and respected, and the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry is a strong one. A thrifty peasantry forms a foundation of economical prosperity. A pervasive interest in religion is shown by the popularity of such publications as Brunetière's "Failure of Science," and by the writings of Yves Guyot, the editor of the "Siècle." The movement also in favor of greater liberty and a simpler and a more vital faith finds expression not only in such conferences as that at Bourges, but also every week in "Le Chrétien Français," with ex-Abbé Bourrier as its editor-in-chief. Frenchmen, however, are agitated with the desire to know some form of Christianity other than Roman Catholicism. The old alternative which they have been taught to regard as inevitable, "Catholicism or Atheism," is no longer accepted. This is the opportunity for the six hundred thousand Huguenots in a population of thirty-eight million.

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The Bourges Conference A year ago the liberal wing of the Roman Catholic priesthood in France made an effort to hold a conference, proposing that it should take place at Paris in connection with the Exposition. This effort was nipped in the bud by the energetic action of Cardinal Richard. A later effort of the liberals was successful, however, and their Conference has just been held at Bourges. The Vatican and the head of the Church in France were circumvented by the clever call for the Conference under the ingenious guise of a "pilgrimage." At the opening session the Archbishop of Bourges described the pilgrimage as an act of love for the Fatherland, not merely the historical but the present Fatherland, with the institutions which it has chosen and for which the Church itself prays when it chants "Lord save the Republic." There were more than five hundred French priests in attendance, and the general discussion was on the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward modern society. Perhaps the most remarkable Frenchman present was the Abbé Birot, who declared that "Though we love our country, we are out of touch with our time. Our temper has become soured through the changes of fortunes, and we have shown it too much." The most notable among the foreign delegates was Archbishop Ireland, who made a characteristically candid and vigorous speech. The "Gazette de France," criticising this address, went so far as to say that it was a proof of the desire of those present to throw off the episcopal yoke and to be dependent only upon their own inspiration. Not satisfied with this ill-natured fling, it added that "the character of the Congress was essentially anti-French," and that it had been "inspired by the Jews with the approval of the Government in order to unchristianize France"! The really characteristic thing about the Conference is that it definitely marks a turning-point in the attitude of the French priesthood, or rather in the liberal element of it, toward modern society. In the words of the Abbé Birot, "French Roman Catholics have practiced a policy of abstention when not one of obstruction. Too many French priests have persisted in the notion that they were indispensable to society; the real result of their course has been to teach a large part of France to dispense with them."

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Citizen Sunday The twelvemonth which has elapsed since we chronicled the observance of a "Citizen Sunday" in London has strengthened the conviction of those who believe in such an admirable institution, if we may judge from the concurrent action of hundreds of preachers in the metropolis on Sunday of this week. From the pulpits both of the Established and Nonconformist churches sermons were preached enforcing the obligations of true citizenship. An obvious topic touched upon in most discourses was the return that very day of the London Volunteers after their campaign in South Africa. Another obvious topic was the approaching municipal election. Despite the fact that the vestries are now regrouped and transformed into twenty-eight Borough Councils, each with its own Mayor, the candidates are mostly politicians of the unprogressive sort. It seems probable, therefore, that street-cleaning, street-paving, and street-lighting will be conducted by practically the same men on practically the same old lines. They will be empowered to spend a sum of about fifteen million dollars a year in an area of a hundred and twenty-five square miles, while the London County Council disposes of fifty millions. Hence the new Councils may be something more than mere sub-municipal agencies.

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Malaria and Mosquitoes There is something ludicrous at first thought in the theory that the little pests which try our patience by their petty annoyances are also the inducing cause of widespread disease; but the theory is sustained by many scientists of repute, and evidence of its truth is accumulating. An interesting experiment was recently carried out by two English doctors sent out by a scientific society to the Italian Campagna, where malaria is rife. They lived in the most malarial spot of the district, slept always with windows open, had earth dug up about their premises, drank the bad water of the place, worked during the day like laborers, and were soaked with rain, taking only the one precaution not to be bitten, from sunset to sunrise, by the *anopheles* mosquito, the whole house being absolutely mosquito-proof. They took no medicine, not even quinine, and yet, although no other single person in the neighborhood escaped malaria, whatever medical precautions were taken, the two doctors were absolutely unharmed. How serious a matter the malarial infection in southern Italy has become may be judged from the facts that in five military garrisons half the effective force is disabled part of each year by malaria, and that the little detachment of Cosenza in Calabria had 1,485 cases of malaria in three years. On the railway running from Naples to Taranto and thence to Reggio the entire force of men has to be changed every six months because of malarial fever, while on part of the road regular rations of quinine and extra pay to procure better food than the usual laborers' fare are given the men by the railway to help them fight the disease. One railway is said to pay out a million francs a year on account of malaria. Emigration from the infected regions is constantly increasing, and those who stay are dying with frightful rapidity.

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The Issue

This is the latest number of The Outlook which can reach our readers before the present political campaign ends. In our next issue, unless the contest should be very close and the result very doubtful, we shall be able to give to our readers our interpretation of the election. In reporting from week to week the history of the campaign now drawing to its close, we have taken occasion to discuss certain great political and economic principles which were involved in the campaign, especially the nature and foundation of government and the just limits of its authority, at the same time securing the strongest expression we could obtain of views opposed to our own. In now bringing these politico-economic discussions to a close, at least for the present, we here restate, without further discussing them, what appear to us to be the issues on which the voter must pronounce his verdict on the 6th of November.

I. The Republican party believes that the United States should accept the standard of values adopted by the other commercial nations of the world; that it cannot vary from this standard without creating two circulating media of unequal value, and producing consequent disorder and distress; and that whatever additional legislation, if any, may be needed to make the gold standard secure and permanent for America ought to be enacted. The Democratic party believes that the mints of the United States ought to be immediately opened to the free coinage of silver, so that any man bringing silver to the mint shall be able to take away silver dollars each of which shall equal in weight sixteen gold dollars, and shall be legal tender for all debts, public and private, in this country. Mr. Bryan is pledged, if elected, to do whatever he can constitutionally do to bring about this result; though the best financial and legal authorities are not fully agreed as to what his constitutional powers are. He who wishes to retain the present world standard of values, that is, gold, as the standard in America, should, so far as this issue is concerned, vote for Mr. McKinley; he who wishes to substitute therefor the double standard, "without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation," action which it appears to us would inevitably produce one currency for the payment of foreign and another for the payment of domestic debts, should, so far as this issue is concerned, vote for Mr. Bryan.

II. The Republican party believes that the co-operation and combination of capital is not only legitimate but advantageous; that it is necessary in order to meet with foreign competition and is desirable in order to take full advantage of modern invention, physical and sociological; and that the remedy for whatever injustice is threatened by such combinations when they become monopolistic is government supervision and control. The Democratic party, while in terms declaring that "corporations should be protected in all their rights," manifests a general distrust and disfavor toward all large capitalistic combinations; it does this partly by its platform, but still more by the speeches of its chief representative. In general, it may be said that he who believes that it is desirable to hinder or prevent large combinations of capital and encourage if not compel a return toward individualism in industry, should, so far as this issue is concerned, vote for Mr. Bryan; while he who believes that combination is a product of civilization, and is to be encouraged and regulated, not hindered and thwarted, should, so far as this issue is concerned, vote for Mr. McKinley.

III. During the last four years the country has entered upon a new departure in its foreign policy. It is a mistake to deny that this has been a real departure from the traditions of the past, or to ignore or belittle its significance. It has expelled Spain from the last remnant of her possessions in the West, and has driven her from an archipelago occupied by her for three centuries in the East. It has entered into the inorganic parliament of the world, has joined other world powers in providing an international tribunal for the settlement of national disputes, and in the recent difficulties in China has led by its diplomacy toward the result finally adopted, and the other nations have followed its lead. In this new departure it has become involved in perplexing problems, which remain to be solved by the administration now to be elected. Those who believe that, on the whole, despite possible or even serious errors, the Administration has met these problems with commingled courage and caution, and has dealt with them in a manner to protect the National honor and conserve the public welfare both of our own citizens and of other peoples brought for the time under our authority, should, so far as this issue is concerned, vote for Mr. McKinley; those who think that the National honor will be better safeguarded, and that the welfare of other peoples now under our authority will be better protected and promoted if intrusted to the care of Mr. Bryan and his advisers, should, so far as this issue is concerned, vote for Mr. Bryan. In particular, those who believe that events have made us responsible for the protection of persons and property in the Philippines, and that we cannot escape that responsibility until a system of self-government is established in those islands founded on justice and administered through law, should vote for Mr. McKinley; while those who think that our duty was fulfilled when we expelled the oppressor, and that our duty for the future is confined to protecting the people from other foreign oppressors, should, on this issue, vote for Mr. Bryan.

IV. Behind all such specialized questions are certain fundamental and counteracting, though not absolutely contradictory, principles, certain vital and temperamental tendencies moving in opposite directions, and by their conflict making up the sum total of human progress. They have been seen in all stages not only of American history but of all history. One emphasizes law, the other liberty; one tends toward organization, the other toward individualism; the danger in one is despotism, the danger in the other is anarchy; one suggests to the timorous pessimist "the man on horseback," the other revolution and the Red Terror. An able writer in the November "Atlantic" traces these two tendencies in American history from the formation of the Union to the present day: one represented by Thomas Jefferson, Stephen A. Douglas, and William J. Bryan; the other by Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and William McKinley. We quote:

> The Republican party, in its composition quite as clearly as in its policies, is the true successor of the Federalist and Whig parties. It bears to-day the stamp of Hamilton's purpose, of Marshall's constructive bent, of Clay's fertility in makeshifts, even more legibly than of Lincoln's profound insight into the popular mind, or of Stevens's Cromwellian thoroughness. The reason is that the men who followed Hamilton and Clay, and who listened most readily to Marshall's teaching, would to-day be in its ranks.

Per contra:

> So far as Bryanism is a definite programme, it is contrary to many Democratic precedents, it antagonizes many interests which have looked to the Democratic party for defense. But so far as it is a popular movement, so far as it is a matter of impulse, so far as it reflects character, it does not essentially differ from any confessedly Democratic uprising of the past. To cry out against inequalities, whether of wealth or power, and to try, by some such device as an income tax or cheap money, to shift the burden on to the shoulders of the rich; to look with suspicion upon that department of government, the judiciary, which is least responsive to popular moods; to entertain wild ideas about public finance, which of all governmental work is the hardest to make plain to the popular comprehension—these are all genuinely Democratic impulses.

Such an antithesis does scant justice to both tendencies, since the contrasts of real life are never so clear cut as those of philosophical statement; but in general it may be said that he who thinks that the chief perils to the Republic to-day come from the uncontrolled impulses of the ignorant and the unthrifty will look with disfavor if not with apprehension on the victory of a Bryan Democracy, while he who thinks that the greater peril is from concentration of power in the hands of a few will regard imperialism as a real danger and will fear ultimate if not immediate peril from the victory of a McKinley Republicanism. The Outlook does not believe that the triumph of either party in the present election will imperil the Republic, although it believes that the immediate well-being of the people, both at home and in the dependencies recently brought under our authority, will be best promoted by a strong government; that, in a word, the need of the hour is law rather than independence.

V. Finally, the personal equation cannot be ignored. The administration of the affairs of a great Republic like ours requires business abilities of a high order. The President must either possess these abilities or be able to summon their possessors from the party which has supported him at the polls. The Nation must have at its head leaders who will act with honesty at all times, and will be able to act with vigor in special crises at home or abroad, like that which confronted the Democratic party when the Venezuelan issue arose, and the Republican party when the destruction of the Maine and the reconcentrado policy in Cuba brought the Cuban question to the front. We have asked a warm advocate of Mr. McKinley's election to select from the Republican party eight men who might serve as his advisers, and a strong advocate of Mr. Bryan's election to make a similar selection of possible advisers for Mr. Bryan from the Democratic party. We here print in parallel columns their response to our request:

POSSIBLE CABINETS

Republican:	*Democratic:*
Mr. Hay (Ohio).	Mr. Olney (Mass.).
Mr. Root (N. Y.).	Mr. Coler (N. Y.).
Mr. Gage (Ill.).	Mr. Shepard (N. Y.).
Mr. Low (N. Y.).	Senator Bacon (Ga.).
Mr. Long (Mass.).	Mr. Towne (Minn.).
Gov. Wolcott (Mass.).	Governor Lind (Minn.).
Senator Davis (Minn.).	Senator Teller (Colo.).
Senator Allison (Iowa).	Mr. Williams (Mass.).

Not the least important question which the voter has to decide is to which of the two parties represented respectively by these two groups he thinks it safer to intrust the guidance of the Republic for the next four years. He might get some light on this question by asking himself whether he would prefer to intrust his own estate, if he had one, to a Board composed of Mr. McKinley and his counselors or to a Board composed of Mr. Bryan and those whom he would be likely to select from the leaders of his party.

In this statement we have disregarded the Prohibition and Socialist parties, a vote for either of which can only indirectly affect the election; and we have disregarded minor issues, none of which appear to us to be of serious significance by the side of those here presented. And this definition of the issues involved, without further discussion of them, we leave with our readers, in the hope that it may at least help to clarify the questions at issue, and so aid them in reaching an intelligent decision.

Up from Slavery

The problem of humanity is the problem of the individual man multiplied. He who has solved the labor problem in one mine or one factory has illustrated the principles which are to be applied in solving it for the world. How can the African race be so developed as to win the respect of the Anglo-Saxon race, and win the place to which it aspires in the community? He who shows by his life how one member of that race can accomplish this result has thrown more light on the larger and more complicated problem than is thrown by many speeches and much theorizing. And this Mr. Booker T. Washington has done. In this issue of The Outlook he begins the story of his life, in which he will tell how he has done it. In his path "up from slavery" he has indicated a path for all his race to tread.

No man in the country, North or South, white or black, has shown a more statesmanlike spirit in dealing with the race problem than has Mr. Booker T. Washington. He has won a respectful hearing from both sections and both races, and, despite some criticisms, a general following by the most careful and unprejudiced students of the problem. He has earned this position of acknowledged leadership by a rare combination of qualities intellectual and moral; by his clear apprehension of great principles, his accurate knowledge of conditions, his ability to apply principles to existing conditions, his unselfish ambition to secure results for others, his indifference to fame or place for himself, his noble ideals respecting the end sought, his practical good sense respecting the immediate means to be used. But perhaps more remarkable than any of these qualities has been his singular ability to see through others' eyes, to comprehend the prejudices of others without making them his own, his freedom from race, sectional, party, and religious prejudice—an ability which has enabled him to see all the elements of the problem as they variously present themselves to the African, to the late Southern slaveholder, and to the Northern philanthropist. Of this quality the opening chapters in his Autobiography in this week's issue of The Outlook afford a striking illustration.

In this Autobiography Mr. Washington will trace the process by which he has come "up from slavery;" he will narrate the obstacles he has had to meet, the prejudices he has had to overcome, the problems he has had to solve; he will elucidate the principles which are applicable to the great and perplexing problem which slavery and emancipation have combined to thrust upon the Nation, by presenting them in concrete forms; he will illustrate the problem of the race by the problem of one member of the race, and, by showing how he has himself come up from slavery into a position in which he is held in honor by men of all creeds, parties, sections, and races, he will show how the race must begin, carry on, and perfect its development in order to secure a like result, and therefore how the friends of the race can best co-operate to hasten this consummation. He who reads the first chapter in this series will need no witness from us that it is graphic and entertaining as well as valuable. The story of such a life is more romantic than romance. It is indeed philosophy teaching by example.

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The Rights of Missionaries

In a notable article in the "Churchman" *two months ago on* "The Danger of Modern Missions," Dr. Nash, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, vigorously condemned all appeals by missionaries in China to their respective Governments for protection, claiming that the purity of the missionary movement was impaired by such appeals; that the singleness and purity of the missionary motive was "something far more precious than the lives of ten thousand Christians," and that "our missionaries go forth, not as Americans, but as Christians. Their only flag is the Cross. To demand of the State that it shall protect them by force of arms is to degrade and abase the missionary motive and to rob missionary efforts of their chief glory."

A strong rejoinder to Professor Nash's article is that by the Rev. J. A. Ingle, an Episcopal missionary at Hankau, China, published in the latest issue of "The Spirit of Missions." Mr. Ingle declares that the motive of missionaries is to bring men to Christ. "Even in the case of certain missionaries from European countries who are most active in forwarding the interests of their respective Governments, there can be no question but that their motive is to save men."

The question raised by Dr. Nash concerns, not the motive of the missionaries, but their method when in peril. Mr. Ingle regards Dr. Nash's view as tantamount to saying that it would be better that all the foreign missionaries and native Christians in China should be massacred (and they number not far from a million), and all the equipment of mission work destroyed (and its value is measured by millions), rather than that they should be protected by the forces of Christian countries. This seems to be the meaning of Professor Nash's words: "It should be easy for American Christians to clear their minds of the fatal confusion between the spiritual principle and the secular arm. It should be easy for us to see that we can better afford to lose many millions of missionary property and many thousands of missionary lives than to take a single step which shall lead the people of China to mix up the idea of force with Christianity, to confound Cæsar with Christ."

We can see no possible reply to Mr. Ingle's response. As he says, what is wrong in one country cannot be right in *another. If it is wrong for the Christians* in China to attempt self-defense or seek defense from their Governments when attacked, why is it not equally wrong in the United States? "If the Massachusetts authorities were to let it be publicly known that rowdies were free to loot and burn the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge and to murder its inmates, and that no punishment would be inflicted, would Professor Nash quietly await and joyfully accept the spoiling of his goods and the torture of those dear to him, or would he meet force with force? Would sympathetic friends write to the papers that it should be 'easy for us to see that we can better afford to lose many millions' of seminary property and 'many thousands' of lives than 'to take a single step which shall lead the people' of the United States 'to mix up the idea of force with Christianity'?" Christians in China or Christians in the United States trust the Government to protect them from mob violence, and, if the Government forces are not at hand, Christians defend themselves as best they can. "Why should the Christian in China be told that, because he is a Christian, he has forfeited all his rights as a man?" Why should he be told that to seek the only human aid available is to "degrade and abase the missionary motive"?

Dr. Nash claims that for Christians to urge upon the State the despatch of ships and men to defend our missionaries is like the mediæval use of the secular arm in furtherance of spiritual principles. Mr. Ingle points out the palpable error in this attempted parallel. This mediæval use of the secular arm was not limited to securing for Christians equal rights with others to live and teach, which is all that is asked by Christians in China. Chinese Boxers, with the apparent sanction of men high in government, have undertaken to slaughter all the foreigners within Chinese territory, together with thousands of the best of China's own people. The intervention of the Christian world has been in the interests of humanity—"just as you would call in a policeman if you saw your neighbor trying to murder his family." Nor is this the only defect in the parallel. Professor Nash says that "from the days of Nero down many a persecution befell our religion at the hands of the heathen, and no Christian dreamed of drawing the sword;" that, "happily, there were no Christian powers to deflower and degrade the purity of Christianity, no Christian flag to wrap around and conceal the Cross." Mr. Ingle reminds Dr. Nash that in those days it would have been folly to attempt to draw the sword, and then pertinently asks: "Was this an ideal condition of things? Can there be no true Christianity that is not in hourly peril of its life?" Not until the present generation, Mr. Ingle reminds us, has the overwhelming preponderance of power in the hands of the Christian nations, combined with the wonderful facilities for travel and intercourse, made it possible for them to exercise an effective influence for peace and good government on distant heathen peoples. Power to check crime and relieve suffering is as truly a gift of God as power to preach the Gospel.

Professor Nash's conclusions appear to us to be those of the anarchistic philosophy the premises of which we assume he would deny. We can understand the position of the philosopher who holds that all use of physical force over free moral agents is wrong and always wrong. The end of this philosophy is anarchism—that is, the abolition of all government and the substitution therefor of moral influence. But if force is ever to be used, if we may have police to protect us from robbers, and militia to protect us from mobs, we may have armies to protect us from violence on a still larger and more appalling scale. Nor is there in this or in any other matter one law for the preacher and another for the people. Whatever it is right for any man to do it is right for a Christian to do; whatever it is right for a layman to do it is right for a preacher or a priest to do. Whatever protection the United States Government affords to the trader it should afford to the teacher, the physician, and the preacher. To ask the United States to discriminate against certain of its citizens because they are engaged in unselfish and noble pursuits is to ask for a discrimination against which the conscience of humanity would protest were it attempted.

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The Salisbury Administration

Lord Salisbury's Cabinet is to continue in power with a majority behind it of almost unmanageable proportions. It is a tradition that one hundred is the safety limit of a majority; beyond that point the dangers from division into groups and from personal jealousies seem to increase in geometrical ratio. A reconstruction of the Cabinet is highly probable, although it is not believed that Lord Salisbury will go as far in this direction as some of his supporters desire. He is attached to the old friends whom he has gathered about him, and he has an old man's reluctance to supplant them by younger men with whom his associations are less intimate. The history of his administration during the past five years has shown a mixed policy; it has been partly Tory and partly Radical, for both elements are represented in his support. He has to deal, on the one hand, with the old Tory element in the Conservative party, and, on the other hand, with Mr. Chamberlain and the Liberal-Unionists. During his administration there have been several foreign wars: on the Indian frontier, in Ashanti, in the Soudan, in South Africa, while the Chinese difficulty must be regarded as having the magnitude of a war. In all these minor wars the Ministry has had the support of the country, although it encountered an ineffective but intense opposition at the beginning of the war in South Africa. If the Liberals had had the leadership and the cohesive power to agree upon a liberal policy toward South Africa, they would have at least gained the attention of the country; but they have practically offered no alternative, and the Government has had its own way.

The Tory measures which have been passed under the leadership of Lord Salisbury's administration have been largely in the interests of the Church of England and of the landowners, while the progressive measures have been in the interests of the working classes, to whom both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain made very generous promises during the general election of 1895. Under the leadership of the Ministry, agricultural land has been relieved of half its contribution to local taxation, and no longer makes its former contribution to the cause of administering the education and the poor laws. This large percentage of taxation has been shifted upon the shoulders of the country as a whole; and it is this measure which the Radicals have had in mind when they have charged the Cabinet with giving doles to the landlord out of the Imperial Treasury. Other measures which bear the hall-mark of old-time Toryism have been the Act which relieves those clergy who derive their income from tithe-rent charges of half the local taxation with which they were formerly charged. The Radicals admitted that the incomes of the rural clergy have been largely reduced by the economic changes of the last fifty years, but declare that these losses should not be made good out of the Treasury, but by the Church of England. A measure of similar character was an Act passed in 1897 in the interests of the national Church schools, by which large annual grants were made to these schools under conditions which admitted of no popular control over the expenditure of the money so bestowed. Under the workings of this law these schools, although largely supported by funds raised by national taxation, remain under the exclusive management of the clergy of the Church of England, and no teachers who do not belong to the Church of England can find employment in them. This is a marked departure from the principle that public control should go with the expenditure of public money.

The Ministry must be credited, on the other hand, with several measures distinctly progressive in character, which were passed in partial fulfillment of its pledges to the workingmen. Among these measures is the Workmen's Compensation Act, which was passed three years ago. Mr. Chamberlain was its author. It provides compensation for nearly all cases of injury, without considering the question as to contributory negligence on the part of the man who is injured. By the provisions of another Act, the working age of children in factories was advanced from eleven to twelve years; under the operation of another Act, school boards were authorized to provide for the care and education of defective and epileptic children. The organization of a department of education which has charge, not only of elementary education, but to some extent of secondary education, belongs in the list of progressive measures, as does also the Act which provides for allowances to be paid to disabled and superannuated teachers in the public elementary schools.

In Ireland the movement toward local self-government was greatly accelerated by the establishment of county and district councils, elected on a suffrage as wide as that on which these same bodies are elected in England. These new county councils, democratic in their origin, have displaced the old system of county government by grand juries, which was carried on largely in the interests of the landlords; and, together with other measures for which Lord Salisbury's administration is to be credited, have gone far to establish equality of political conditions in Ireland and England. The promises made to workingmen by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have not been entirely kept; but that the Cabinet has gone a long way toward keeping them is proved by the fact that in the great industrial centers the Conservatives have made their greatest gains.

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Modern Paganism

It is quite possible to be a pagan in modern times and in Christian communities; it is possible, in other words, to be in a Christian civilization but not of it, to use the immense benefits which organized Christianity has conferred upon society and never darken a church door, to share the incalculable privilege of the Christian Sunday and give the whole day to amusement. A pagan is not a bad man; on the contrary, he may be a very good man; he may be eminently trustworthy, honest, honorable, and kind. He lives, however, as if Christ had not lived, and he dies as if Christ had not died; in his best estate he ignores religion and lives a drear life entirely bounded by immediate interests and pleasures. The spiritual life does not exist for him; he has no time and makes no room for it; he is often a fine physical type, with wholesome appetites, great energy, and love of out-of-door activity. He gives the whole of Sunday to golf or tennis or the wheel; he takes long walks which make church attendance impossible; on the material side his whole life is vigorous, manly, healthful.

There are hosts of such men, and their number is increasing. One finds among them many of the most influential men in the community, leaders in the professions and in finance. They work hard five or six days in the week, and play hard one or two days. They are stronger men than their fathers, because they have learned how to play; they are carrying heavier burdens and are under greater pressure than their fathers; they need more out-of-doors life; they must have more activity, oxygen, freedom, and variety. The trouble does not lie in what they are doing, but in what they are leaving undone. It is right and wise that they should build up the physical life, but it is wrong and foolish that they should dwarf the spiritual life.

The reaction against the monotony and absorption in work which were formerly characteristic of American life is going too far; it is developing muscle at the cost of spirit. The whole religious aspect of the world has passed out of the thought of these modern pagans, who live as the best Romans lived, but fall immeasurably below the level of Christian privileges and responsibilities. The golf course is a place of refuge from care, worry, work, and disease; it is one of the wholesome retreats of the modern man from indoor habits and often from indoor dissipations; but when the golf course is substituted for the church, it becomes, and must become by a psychological law, a place of peril to the higher interests of a man's spirit. One may live a wholesome, honorable life as a pagan, for the majority of modern pagans were bred under Christian influences and have received moral impulses which will, in most cases, carry them safely to the end; but there are no springs of ethical vitality in paganism, no deep sources of spiritual inspiration, no breath of that idealism which alone lifts the life of the body on to a high plane and makes man something more than a splendid animal. The modern pagan home gives the child every comfort and secures for him a free, vigorous, wholesome life of the body; but it gives him no power to resist temptation, no answer to the questions which life and his soul will presently put to him, no refuge in the day of sorrow and disappointment. The Christian-bred pagan runs the race safely because of the restraining power of early teaching, association, and habit; but the children who are born and reared in paganism are left to make the race in spiritual weakness and ignorance. Pagan parents start their children with a handicap which disables many of them at the very beginning. The boy whose Sundays are spent on the golf course is sent out into the world without those interior safeguards in which alone moral safety is to be found. It is a good and necessary thing to develop the body, but woe to the man who builds up his body at the expense of his soul! There are springs of pleasure in paganism, but none of joy; sources of vigor, but none of power; fountains of recreation, but none of inspiration.

AMERICAN EDUCATORS IN CHINA

By George B. Smyth

President of the Anglo-Chinese College, Province of Fukien, China

GEORGE B. SMYTH
President of the Anglo-Chinese College.

IN the attempt to put down the recent outbreak of disorder in China, and in the efforts now being made to restore peace to that distracted Empire, every American has reason for pardonable pride in the position taken by his country. Her counsel was for prompt action in the face of armed opposition; her word now is for healing, for measures of restoration, with no desire for vengeance or seizure of territory. When this terrible crisis is over, and the Chinese people have time to look back on the events of those dreadful days, they will see new reason for the confidence with which they were learning to look toward this country. That they were coming to look to her as to no other in the West there is abundant evidence, and none greater than the regularity with which the Chinese authorities placed the direction of their efforts to introduce the new education almost entirely in the hands of Americans. This chapter in the history of China should be of interest to us, showing as it does how steadily the intellectual leadership of the new movement in the Empire was being accorded to our countrymen. A brief account of their work, therefore, cannot but be interesting to Americans who believe in the worth of their civilization, and hail with joy every legitimate effort to spread it abroad.

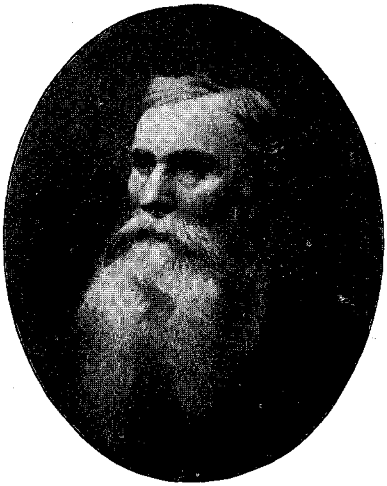
It was after its defeat by the allied British and French armies in 1860 that the Government of China awoke for the first time to the necessity of acquiring some knowledge of the West and its civilization. By the treaty which followed that humiliating experience, provision was made for the establishment of diplomatic intercourse with Western States, and for the residence of Foreign Ministers at the capital. In the British treaty it was specifically provided that English despatches to the Chinese Government should, for a period of three years, be accompanied by a Chinese translation, and that within that time the Government would be expected to provide a corps of competent interpreters for itself. To meet this obligation, a class for teaching English was opened in 1862, and classes in French and Russian were begun in the following year. With its prejudice against foreigners, the Government endeavored to find among its own people competent teachers of these languages, but at that time there were no such men in China, and it was compelled at last to invite those whom it disliked so much.

The first instructor in the English department was an English missionary who afterwards became Bishop of Hongkong, and he was succeeded by another Englishman, Mr. John Fryer, who translated a great number of scientific books for the Government, and is now Professor of Chinese in the University of California. On the latter's resignation in 1869 the post was, on the recommendation of Mr.

Burlingame, the American Minister, and Mr. Wade, the British Chargé d'Affaires, offered to the Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin who went to China as a missionary of the American Presbyterian Church in 1850. He accepted the position, and held it for over twenty-five years, resigning it at length only on account of ill health. The school, which was for some years only a training-school for interpreters, was called by the truly Chinese name of Tung-wen-Kuan, or "Hall of Combined Learning."

In 1865, feeling that the time had come when China needed other kinds of foreign learning besides languages, the Government raised the school to the rank of a college by adding a scientific department and admitting a class of students of higher attainments in Chinese scholarship than those who had previously been received, and Dr. Martin was continued in the presidency. Of course this step met with serious opposition from the bigoted adherents of the old system. They were especially incensed at the suggestion that the cadets of the famous Hanlin Academy, the very highest embodiment of Chinese learning, should attend the new college. They regarded it as an indignity to the scholarship of the Empire. They even enlisted the forces of superstition in their bitter opposition. A severe drought which occurred at the time was attributed by one of the censors, in a memorial to the throne, to the new college, an abomination which he declared should be removed before the heavens would send down rain. But Prince Kung and the Progressives carried the day.

The College is well organized, and has, according to the latest catalogue, nine foreign and four Chinese professors. Four languages are taught—English, French, German, and Russian. There are also departments of mathematics, physical science, and medicine. The number of students is limited to a hundred and twenty, and they are all paid by the Government, just as are the cadets at West Point and Annapolis, though not so liberally. All are professedly in training for the diplomatic and consular services. It is true that this purpose has been somewhat lost sight of in recent years; indeed, Dr. Martin once told me that not more than one in ten of the graduates received official employment. But this is the way in China, where relationship to a Minister going abroad is a much stronger claim to a diplomatic appointment than graduation from any college. In that country old prejudices die hard; the claims of blood still surpass all others. But the effort was a commendable one, and, though the Tung-wen-Kuan has not sent many Ministers or Consuls to the West, it has, under its accomplished President, done work worth all its cost. Among others, one of its graduates had a brilliant career in Europe as Chargé d'Affaires at the Chinese Legation in Paris, and two became tutors in English to the Emperor Kuangsu. "The indirect influence of the College," says Dr. Martin in his most interesting volume, "A Cycle of Cathay," "on the leading officials of the Empire, and through them on the institutions of the country, has been not inconsiderable. Its principal achievement in the last-named direction is the introduction (though limited) of science into the civil service examinations. This measure, decreed in 1887, had been under deliberation for twenty years; governors and viceroys had recommended it, but it was not adopted until the Government obtained through our College some conception of the nature and scope of modern science." A great deal of attention has been given to translation, and the list of subjects on which valuable books have been rendered into Chinese is astonishing. It embraces international law, political economy, chemistry, natural philosophy, physical geography, history, French and English codes of law, anatomy, physiology, materia medica, and diplomatic and consular guides. The


REV. YOUNG J. ALLEN, D.D.

CHINESE PROFESSORS AT THE ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE

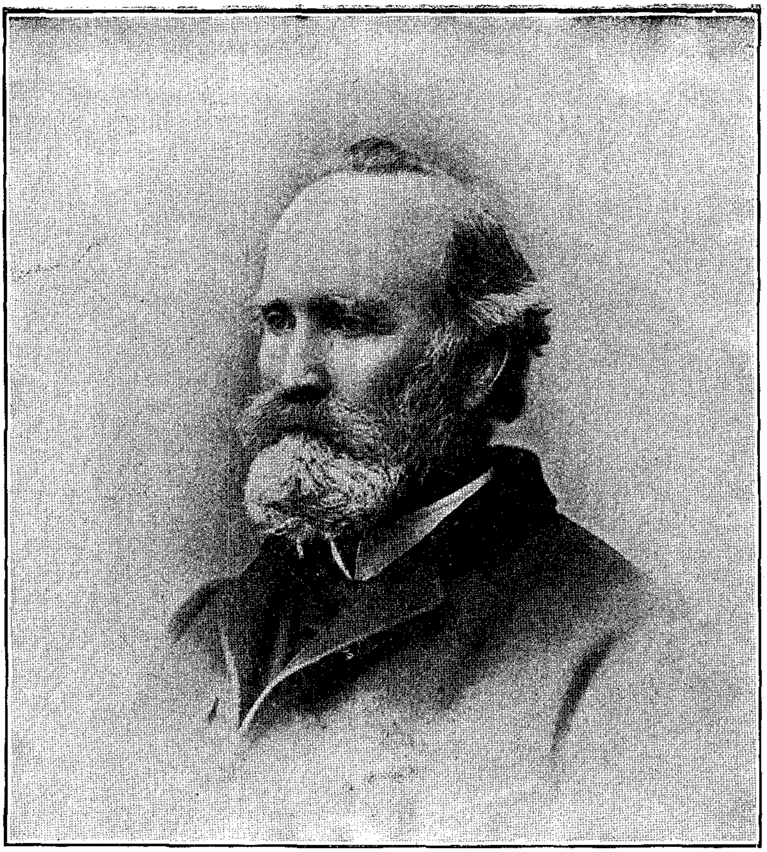
most famous translations have been made by Dr. Martin himself. His rendering of Wheaton's "International Law" marked an epoch in the history of China.

But it was not by books alone that this distinguished man taught. Through his position he was in constant contact with the highest officials in the Empire, and through them, and particularly through the younger men, he has exercised a great and ever-widening influence. The recent upheaval against foreigners does not show that that influence was useless. This outbreak, terrible though it is, is almost entirely confined to the North, is due to especially aggravating causes, and was fostered by a set of intensely reactionary officials whom that evil genius of China, the Empress Dowager, had raised to power. There is, in spite of all this, a large and growing body of reformers in the country, and through some of them the work of Dr. Martin lives and is effective. With the exception of Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Customs, no other foreigner has been so highly regarded by the Chinese. His great learning has won him respect throughout the whole Empire. Well do I remember a Chinese gentleman saying, when I was in Peking some years ago, "Ding-Kuan-Si," the name by which Dr. Martin is known throughout the East, "is equal to our Hanlins." This is the highest compliment possible to pay any one in China. In the distant South he is equally well known and honored. There his name is never mentioned but with respect. One of his books, a treatise on the evidences of Christianity, has had an immense circulation both in China and Japan, and has been reprinted many times. Dr. Martin has been equally distinguished for that rare quality, tact, and his great influence has been invariably exerted for the promotion of good will between China and the West, and the advancement of every enterprise conducive to the welfare of the Chinese people. Americans may think of the career of such a man with pride. I have been in many parts of China, but in no place in which, through the respect felt for Dr. Martin, being his countryman was not a recommendation. For over a quarter of a century he has represented in the old capital, before the proudest and most exclusive government in the world, whatever is best and noblest in American civilization.

I have said that a few years ago he was compelled to resign the presidency of the Tung-wen-Kuan because of ill health, and return to America. But the old passion possessed him, and he went back to China, where, at his own expense, he joined the well-known American missionary, Gilbert Reid, in efforts to promote the reform movement at the Capitol, and to found the International Institute in which that gentleman was so deeply interested. But the Emperor wanted him, and when, in 1898, he issued the famous decree on the new education, and ordered the establishment of the Imperial University at Peking, the presidency of it was offered to our distinguished countryman. Dr. Martin accepted the post, and when, soon afterwards, the Empress Dowager dethroned the young Emperor and began the revocation of his reform decrees, she allowed the one which founded the new University to stand. What its future will be cannot now be predicted, but America will always think with pride of the fact that when the Emperor of China began the great historic movement whose object was to give his country her rightful place among the nations, and decreed the founding of a complete national system of education on Western lines, the man called to the very highest post was one of her own citizens.

The next American called to a prominent position in the new educational movement in China was Mr. C. D. Tenney, President of the Imperial Tientsin University. About fifteen years ago this gentleman went as a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Province of Shansi. He afterwards left the mission and went to Tientsin, where he opened a private school for teaching English to young Chinese of position. He was soon employed as a private tutor for Li-Hung-Chang's sons, and when, some time later, the great Viceroy founded the Tientsin University, he offered Mr. Tenney the presidency. The special work of this institution is engineering, the training of young men to work and superintend the various railways, mining and other engineering enterprises of the Government. There is, or was before the recent uprising, an able corps of American professors from Cornell and other colleges.

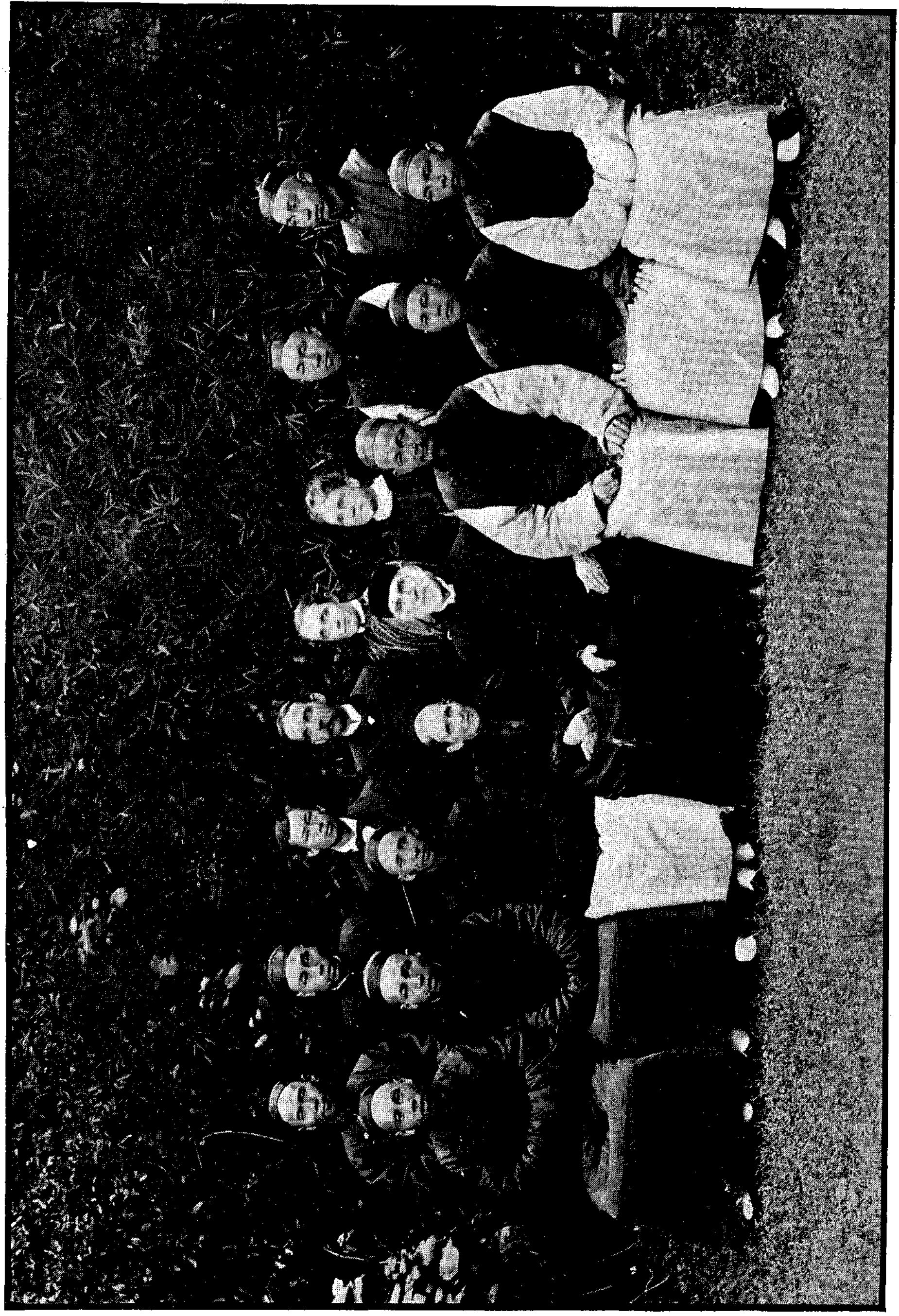
GRADUATES OF THE ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE



DR. W. A. P. MARTIN
President of the Imperial University of China.

Mr. Tenney is a great educator, and enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the highest officials in the province of Chili, where Tientsin is situated. He is a man of great independence of character, and, knowing how painful had been the experience of some of the foreigners who had accepted positions under Chinese officials, he stipulated in accepting the presidency that he should be the head of the University in fact as well as in name, and that no discrimination of any kind should ever be attempted against Christian students because of their faith. The strength of his position with the new Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang's successor was severely tested a few years ago, and he came off victor. The head Professor of Chinese, who was bitterly anti-Christian, made some slighting remarks about the Christian students, and discriminated against them in the examinations. Mr. Tenney, on these facts being established, dismissed him. The Professor was furious, and appealed to the Viceroy, with the assistance of his friends and some anti-foreign officials. But such was the Viceroy's confidence in Mr. Tenney's administration that he sustained him in every particular. Since that day no man has been bold enough to attempt persecution of Christians in the Imperial University of Tientsin.

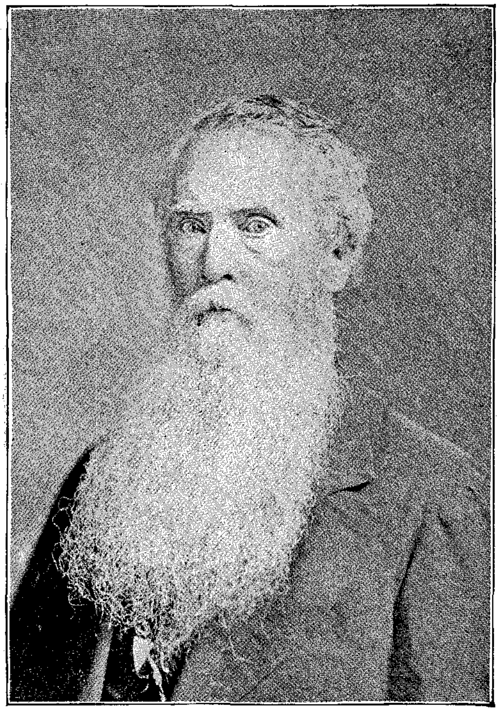
The President of the Kiangnan College, founded three years ago at Shanghai by Liu-Kung-Yi, Viceroy of the Kiangsu Province, and the well known Sheng-Taotai, Director-General of Government railways and telegraphs, is an American, the Rev. John C. Ferguson, who was for some years President of the Methodist University at Nanking. Mr. Ferguson is a graduate of Boston University, and went to China fourteen years ago as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He soon became a proficient speaker of Chinese, and by his judgment and tact won for his work as an educator the favor-



THE FACULTY, AMERICAN BOARD COLLEGE

able notice of the officials at Nanking. When, three years ago, therefore, the Viceroy and Sheng-Taotai decided to found a college at Shanghai, they offered him the presidency. He refused it, and the post was offered in succession to the well-known American missionary, Dr. Young J. Allen, and to Mr. John Fryer, an Englishman, neither of whom would accept it. On this they turned again to Mr. Ferguson, and, with the consent of the authorities of his Church, he agreed to accept the position. Very liberal provision has been made for the support and growth of this College. When I met Mr. Ferguson at Shanghai two years ago, he was building a dormitory, at a cost of 71,000 taels, or about $57,000 gold, and several houses for foreign professors. The specialty of the College is to be the department of History and Political Science, the Professor of which, Mr. Clement Sites, is the son of a missionary, and a graduate of the Post-Graduate School of Columbia University in New York.

Mr. Ferguson's influence with the Viceroy, one of the most progressive men and the truest friend of foreigners in China, was strikingly shown two years ago when the Consuls-General of the Powers were trying to obtain an extension of the Anglo-American settlement at Shanghai. For months these gentlemen had been engaged in fruitless negotiations with the Viceroy at Nanking, and, through the Ministers, with the Tsungli-Yamên at Peking. At length they asked Mr. Ferguson to act as intermediary for them with the Viceroy. He did so, and an agreement was soon reached. One of the leading English papers at Shanghai declared editorially that the community owed the long-desired extension of its settlement more to Mr. Ferguson than to any other man.


REV. A. P. HAPPER

The three institutions described above are the leading Government schools of foreign learning in China. There are a few church schools of high grade, whose principals are Americans, which are equally deserving of notice. Indeed, their success is more significant than that of those under Government auspices, for they have no rewards in the shape of official positions to offer any of their students on graduation. Their chief attraction must be the excellence of their work. These schools are the Peking University, the Nanking University, the Anglo-Chinese and St. John's Colleges at Shanghai, the "Christian College" at Canton, and our own American Board and Anglo-Chinese Colleges here. In addition to these, in which English is taught, there is the Presbyterian College at Tengchau, in Shantung, where all the work is done in Chinese.

The Peking University belongs to the American Methodists, and had, before the recent outbreak, about two hundred and fifty students. It had one of the finest college buildings in China, and was well equipped in the liberal arts and medical departments. Like the Government schools, it supports its students, though not on so liberal a scale, the money coming from the home Church. Its President, Dr. H. H. Lowry, has been in China for over thirty years, and is well and favorably known in the North. The Nanking University, also Methodist, is rather a high school than what its name indicates, and boards its students free. It has a large field for work, and has been favorably noticed by Lui-Kung-Yi, the

REV. LYMAN P. PEET
President of the American Board College.

Viceroy of the Kiangsu Province. The Anglo-Chinese College at Shanghai owes its existence to Dr. Young J. Allen, of the Southern Methodist Church, who twenty years ago saw the need of such a school at the great commercial emporium of China. A good deal of money was given to him by Chinese, and the enterprise was begun under the most favorable auspices. Owing, however, in part to the difficulty of keeping sufficiently long for thorough study students many of whom pay their way, in a city where even a little English brings a rich reward, it has had a checkered career, but it still has about three hundred students. A much more important school, St. John's College, belongs to the American Episcopalians, and has about two hundred students. It has beautiful grounds and fine buildings about five miles from the business center of the city, and its President, the Rev. F. Hawks Pott, of New York, is well and favorably known to both Chinese and foreigners. He is an able man, a good Chinese scholar, and largely endowed with the good sense and tact without which other gifts are of but little value in China. As at the other schools mentioned, many of the students at St. John's are supported by the home Church. The "Christian College" at Canton was founded a few years ago by the Rev. Dr. A. P. Happe, of the American Presbyterian Mission, the dean of the missionary body in China. I visited it soon after its opening, and found over a hundred students in attendance. The administration was planning on a large scale for its future. It has a great field of operations, and may be trusted to effect desirable results in that most turbulent of Chinese cities, Canton. The American

Board college here is the outgrowth of a school, and has made a favorable impression on the Chinese. One of its professors is a Cantonese who graduated a few years ago in the science course at Harvard. Its President, the Rev. Lyman P. Peet, is a son of one of the early American missionaries to Siam.

Our own Anglo-Chinese College (of which the writer has been President since 1883) belongs to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is the largest college in the Empire. It is the only one which gives nothing to the support of its students. It is conducted in this respect precisely as a college in America; every student pays for what he gets. The first subscription toward its founding, in 1881, was one of ten thousand dollars from a Chinese merchant. It opened with only seventy students, and has now over three hundred, even though for the last five years it has been impossible, because of insufficient room, to receive more than sixty per cent. of the applicants. It has a faculty of seventeen professors and tutors. Its students come from widely separated places, some even from Singapore, two thousand miles away, and they represent nearly every class eligible for admission to the Government civil service examinations. The College has ample grounds and three large buildings, and is now erecting another. The grounds and all but one of the buildings it owes to Chinese gifts. Though not in any sense an official school, it is visited by the officials, who by speech and gifts have testified to their interest in its work.

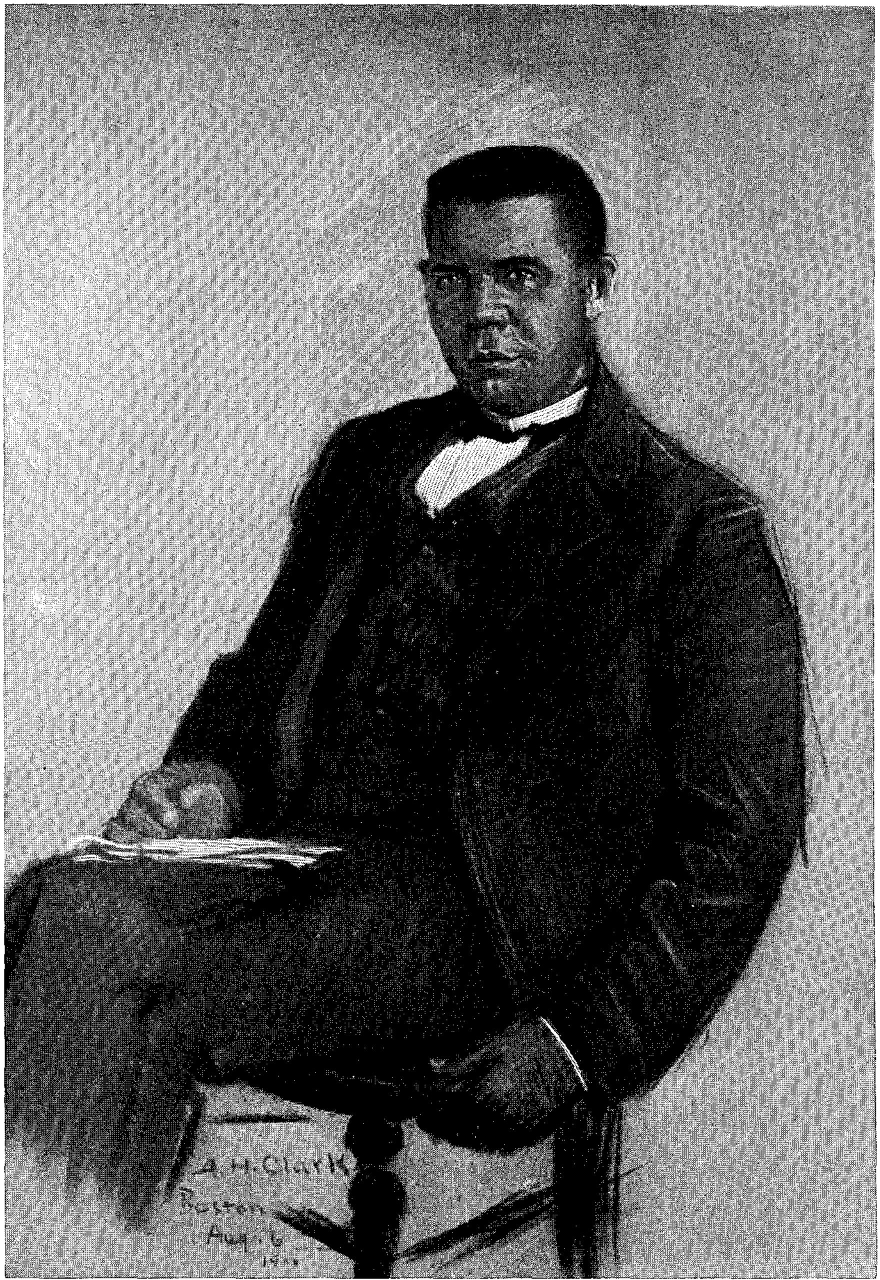
In all these colleges the curriculum is very much the same. In addition to the regular Chinese studies, the aim is to give a good knowledge of English, and in some of them this language is used in the upper classes as the medium of instruction in all the Western branches.

As to the influence of these institutions under distinct but not oppressive Christian auspices, it is not necessary to enlarge. They are the most effective and attractive sources of instruction in the higher things of our civilization at work in China, and, under the new conditions which it is hoped may result from the settlement of the present troubles, their range and effectiveness will be immensely enlarged. It is to such colleges that the foreign friends of China may look with most hope as the leaven of higher thinking and living in the future.

It is now time to bring this article to a close, but before doing so I desire to call attention to the following:

First, the large share taken by Americans in educational reform in China. They have taken far and away the leading part, whether under the auspices of Christian Churches or under the direction of the Imperial Government. The value of such an American representation to all the interests of this country can scarcely be estimated.

Second, the regularity with which the authorities have invited missionaries to their aid in this work. Mr. Henry Norman, an English traveler who took a flying leap over China a few years ago, who did not know a word of the language, and who met a few officials only in the most formal manner, declares in the book which records the sights and guesses of his journey that "the Chinese themselves bracket opium and missionaries together as the twin curses of the country." To what extent they make this classification let the above be the gauge. Missionaries, because of the very nature of their work, have given rise to antagonisms, but many of the leading men of China to-day have more confidence in them than in any other class of foreigners. Whatever their mistakes, it is well known to many that their only object is the welfare of the people. I have personally known many highly educated and very intelligent Chinese, some of them officials of the highest rank, and, while they spoke frankly of their dislike of the religious propaganda, they showed thorough appreciation of the work of missionaries as educators and philanthropists. It behooves Americans, then, to be fair to their countrymen abroad. Honorable criticism is good—the more there is of it the better; but in face of such facts as I have given sweeping accusations are undeserving of consideration. Fairer and truer is the judgment of a recent correspondent of the London "Times," who, writing from Tientsin in North China, declared, as quoted by Archdeacon Moule in his delightful book "New China and Old:" "The good effected by missionaries is by no means to be measured by a list of conversions. They are the true pioneers of civilization."


A. H. Clark
Boston
Aug. 6

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Drawn from life for The Outlook by Alfred Houghton Clark.

UP FROM SLAVERY[1]

An Autobiography

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Chapter I.—A Slave Among Slaves

I WAS born a slave on a plantation in Franklin County, Virginia. I am not quite sure of the exact place or exact date of my birth, but at any rate I suspect I must have been born somewhere and at some time. As nearly as I have been able to learn, I was born near a cross-roads post-office called Hale's Ford, and the year was 1858 or 1859. I do not know the month or the day. The earliest impressions I can now recall are of the plantation and the slave quarters—the latter being the part of the plantation where the slaves had their cabins.

My life had its beginning in the midst of the most miserable, desolate, and discouraging surroundings. This was so, however, not because my owners were especially cruel, for they were not, as compared with many others. I was born in a typical log cabin, about fourteen by sixteen feet square. In this cabin I lived with my mother and a brother and sister till after the Civil War, when we were all declared free.

Of my ancestry I know almost nothing. In the slave quarters, and even later, I heard whispered conversations among the colored people of the tortures which the slaves, including, no doubt, my ancestors on my mother's side, suffered in the middle passage of the slave ship while being conveyed from Africa to America. I have been unsuccessful in securing any information that would throw any accurate light upon the history of my family beyond my mother. She, I remember, had a half-brother and a half-sister. In the days of slavery not very much attention was given to family history and family records—that is, black family records. My mother, I suppose, attracted the attention of a purchaser who was afterward my owner and hers. Her addition to the slave family attracted about as much attention as the purchase of a new horse or cow. Of my father I know even less than of my mother. I do not even know his name. I have heard reports to the effect that he was a white man who lived on one of the near-by plantations. Whoever he was, I never heard of his taking the least interest in me or providing in any way for my rearing. But I do not find especial fault with him. He was simply another unfortunate victim of the institution which the Nation unhappily had engrafted upon it at that time.

The cabin was not only our living-place, but was also used as the kitchen for the plantation. My mother was the plantation cook. The cabin was without glass windows; it had only openings in the side which let in the light, and also the cold, chilly air of winter. There was a door to the cabin—that is, something that was called a door—but the uncertain hinges by which it was hung, and the large cracks in it, to say nothing of the fact that it was too small, made the room a very uncomfortable one. In addition to these openings there was, in the lower right-hand corner of the room, the "cat-hole," a contrivance which almost every mansion or cabin in Virginia possessed during the ante-bellum period. The "cat-hole" was a square opening, about seven by eight inches, provided for the purpose of letting the cat pass in and out of the house at will during the night. In the case of our particular cabin I could never understand the necessity for this convenience, since there were at least a half-dozen other places in the cabin that would have accommodated the cats. There was no wooden floor in our cabin, the naked earth being used as a floor. In the center of the earthen floor there was a large, deep opening covered with boards, which was used as a place in which to store sweet potatoes during the winter. An impression of this potato-hole is very distinctly engraved upon my memory, because I recall that during the process of putting the potatoes in or taking them out I would often come into possession of one or two, which I roasted and thoroughly enjoyed. There was no cooking-stove on our plantation, and all the cooking for the whites and slaves my mother had to do over an open fireplace, mostly in pots and "skillets." While the poorly built cabin caused us to suffer with cold in the winter, the heat from the open fireplace in summer was equally trying.

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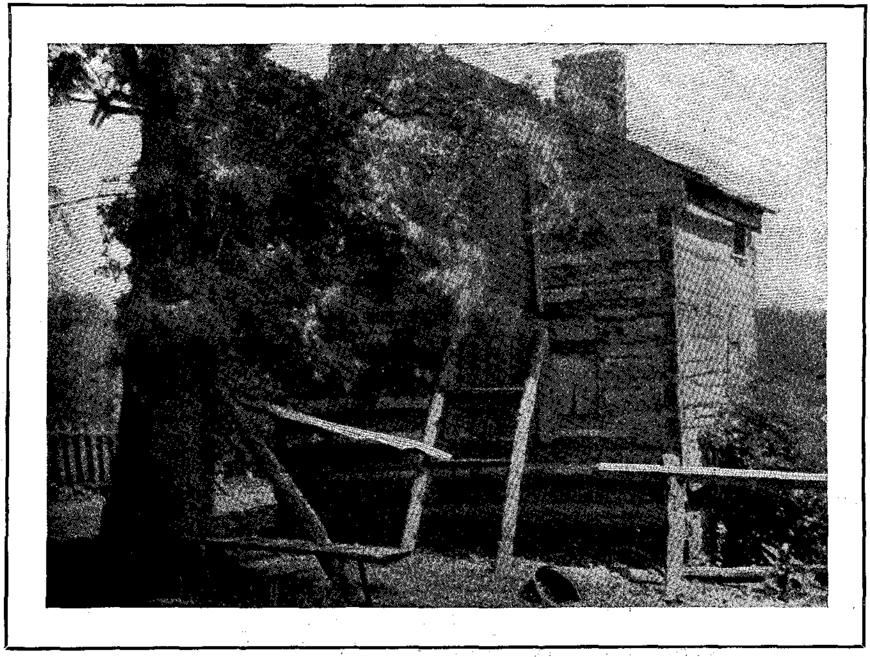
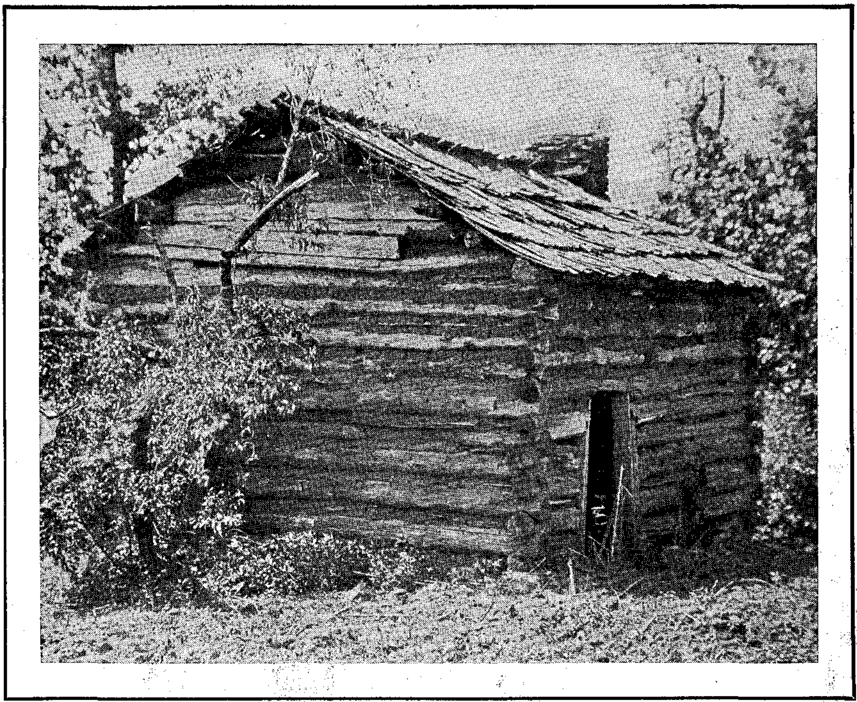
[1] Copyright, 1900, by Booker T. Washington.

The early years of my life, which were spent in the little cabin, were not very different from those of thousands of other slaves. My mother, of course, had little time in which to give attention to the training of her children during the day. She snatched a few moments for our care in the early morning before her work began, and at night after the day's work was done. One of my earliest recollections is that of my mother cooking a chicken late at night, and awakening her children for the purpose of feeding them. How or where she got it I do not know. I presume, however, it was procured from our owner's farm. Some people may call this theft. If such a thing were to happen now, I should condemn it as theft myself. But taking place at the time it did, and for the reason that it did, no one could ever make me believe that my mother was guilty of thieving. She was simply a victim of the system of slavery. I cannot remember having slept in a bed until after our family was declared free by the Emancipation Proclamation. Three children—John, my older brother, Amanda, my sister, and myself—had a pallet on the dirt floor, or, to be more correct, we slept in and on a bundle of filthy rags laid upon the dirt floor.

I was asked not long ago to tell something about the sports and pastimes that I engaged in during my youth. Until that question was asked it had never occurred to me that there was no period of my life that was devoted to play. From the time that I can remember anything, almost every day of my life has been occupied in some kind of labor; though I think I would now be a more useful man if I had had time for sports. During the period that I spent in slavery I was not large enough to be of much service, still I was occupied most of the time in cleaning the yards, carrying water to the men in the fields, or going to the mill, to which I used to take the corn, once a week, to be



THE CABIN IN VIRGINIA IN WHICH MR. WASHINGTON, UNTIL RECENTLY, THOUGHT HE WAS BORN

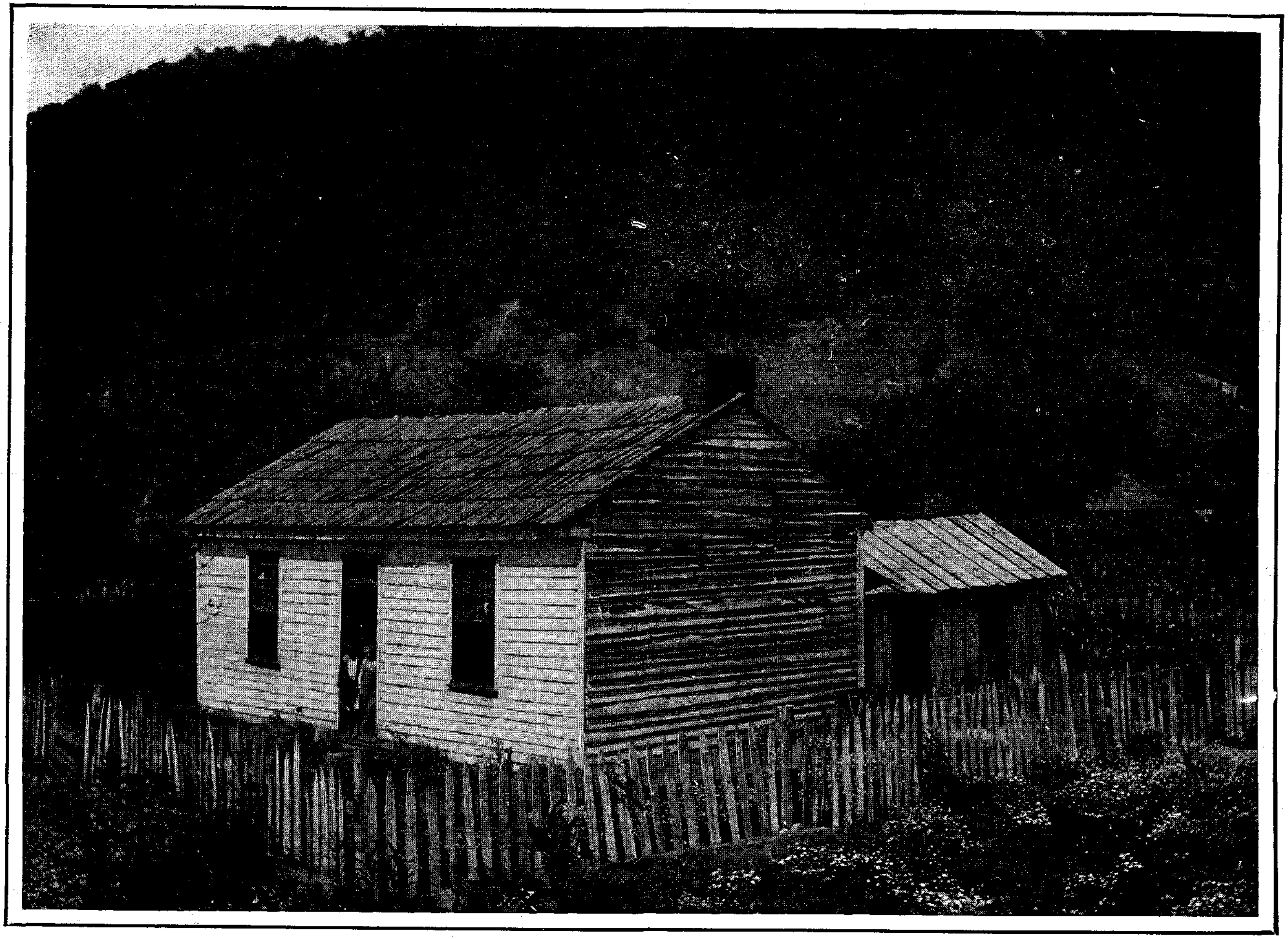


THE LOG CABIN IN WHICH MR. WASHINGTON NOW THINKS HE WAS BORN

ground. The mill was about three miles from the plantation. This work I always dreaded. The heavy bag of corn would be thrown across the back of the horse, and the corn divided about evenly on each side; but in some way, almost without exception, on these trips, the corn would so shift as to become unbalanced and would fall off the horse, and often I would fall with it. As I was not strong enough to reload the corn upon the horse, I would have to wait, sometimes for many hours, till a chance passer-by came along who would help me out of my trouble. The hours while waiting for some one were usually spent in crying. The time consumed in this way made me late in reaching the mill, and by the time I got my corn ground and reached home it would be far into the night. The road was a lonely one, and often led through dense forests. I was always frightened. The woods were said to be full of soldiers who had deserted from the army, and I had been told that the first thing a deserter did to a negro boy when he found him alone was to cut off his ears. Besides, when I was late in getting home I knew I would always get a severe scolding or a flogging.

I had no schooling whatever while I was a slave, though I remember on several occasions I went as far as the school-house door with one of my young mistresses to carry her books. The picture of several dozen boys and girls in a school-room engaged in study made a deep impression upon me, and I had the feeling that to get into a school-house and study in this way would be about the same as getting into paradise.

So far as I can now recall, the first knowledge that I got of the fact that we were slaves and that freedom of the slaves was being discussed was early one morning before day, when I was awakened by my mother kneeling over her children and fervently praying that Lincoln and his armies might be successful, and that one day she and her children might be free. In this connection I have never been able to understand how the slaves throughout the South, completely ignorant as were the masses so far as books or newspapers were concerned, were able to keep themselves so accurately and completely informed about the great National questions that were agitating the country. From the time that Garrison, Lovejoy, and others began to agitate for freedom, the slaves throughout the South kept in close touch



THE HOME FROM WHICH BOOKER WASHINGTON WENT TO HAMPTON with the progress of the movement. Though I was a mere child during the preparation for the Civil War and during the war itself, I now recall the many late-at-night whispered discussions that I heard my mother and the other slaves on the plantation indulge in. These discussions showed that they understood the situation, and that they kept themselves informed of events by what was termed the "grape-vine" telegraph.

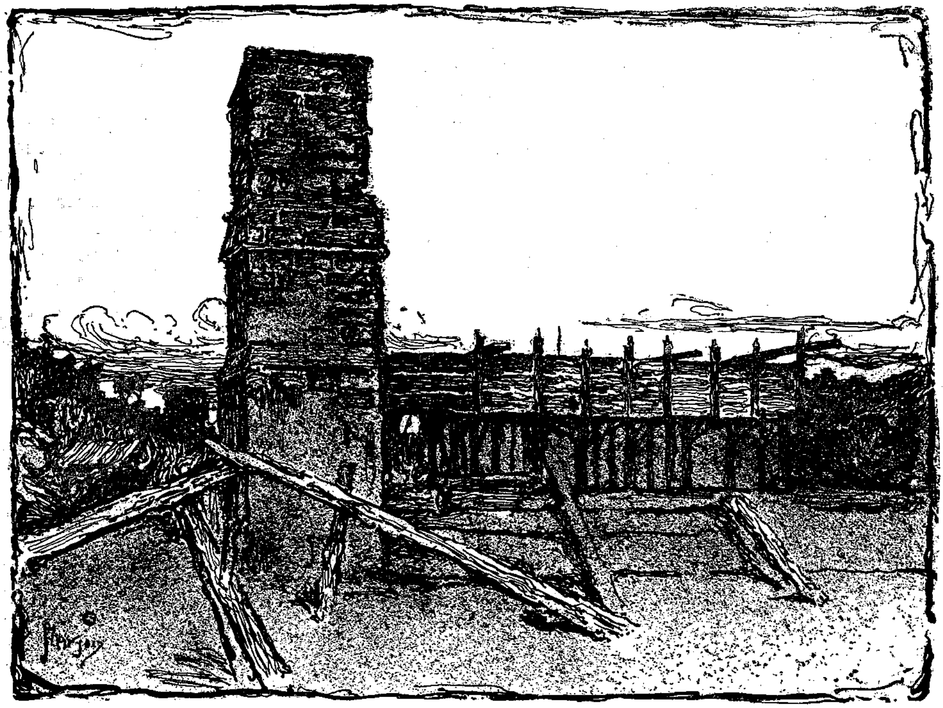
During the campaign when Lincoln was first a candidate for the Presidency, the slaves on our far-off plantation, miles from any railroad or large city or daily newspaper, knew what the issues involved were. When war was begun between the North and the South, every slave on our plantation felt and knew that, though other issues were discussed, the primal one was that of slavery. Even the most ignorant members of my race on the remote plantations felt in their hearts, with a certainty that admitted of no doubt, that the freedom of the slaves would be the one great result of the war, if the Northern armies conquered. Every success of the Federal armies and every defeat of the Confederate forces was watched with the keenest and most intense interest. Often the slaves got knowledge of the results of great battles before the white people received it. This news was usually gotten from the colored man who was sent to the post-office for the mail. In our case the post-office was about three miles from the plantation, and the mail came once or twice a week. The man who was sent to the office would linger about the office long enough to get the drift of the conversation from the group of white people who naturally congregated there after receiving their mail to discuss the latest news. The mail-carrier on his way back to our master's house would as naturally retail the news that he had secured among the slaves, and in this way they often heard of important events before the white people at the "big house," as the master's house was called.

I cannot remember a single instance during my childhood or early boyhood when our entire family sat down to the table together, and God's blessing was asked, and the family ate a meal in a civilized manner. On the plantation in Virginia, and even later, meals were gotten by the children very much as dumb animals get theirs. It was a piece of bread here and a scrap of meat there. It was a cup of milk at one time and some potatoes at another. Sometimes a portion of our family would eat out of the skillet or pot, while some one else would eat from a tin plate held on the knees, and often using nothing but the hands with which to hold the food. When I had grown to sufficient size, I was required to go to the "big house" at meal-times to fan the flies from the table by means of a large set of paper fans operated by a pulley. Naturally much of the conversation of the white people turned upon the subject of freedom and the war, and I absorbed a good deal of it. I remember that at one time I saw two of my young mistresses and some lady visitors eating ginger-cakes in the yard. At that time those cakes seemed to me to be absolutely the most tempting and desirable things that I had ever seen, and I then and there resolved that, if I ever got free, the height of my ambition would be reached if I could get to the point where I could secure and eat ginger-cakes in the way that I saw those ladies doing.

Of course as the war was prolonged the white people, in many cases, often found it difficult to secure food for themselves. I think the slaves felt the deprivation less than the whites, because the usual diet for the slaves was corn bread and pork, and these could be raised on the plantation; but coffee, tea, sugar, and other articles which the whites had been accustomed to use could not be raised on the plantation, and the conditions brought about by the war frequently made it impossible to secure these things. The whites were often in great straits. Parched corn was used for coffee, and a kind of black molasses was used instead of sugar. Many times nothing was used to sweeten the so-called tea and coffee.

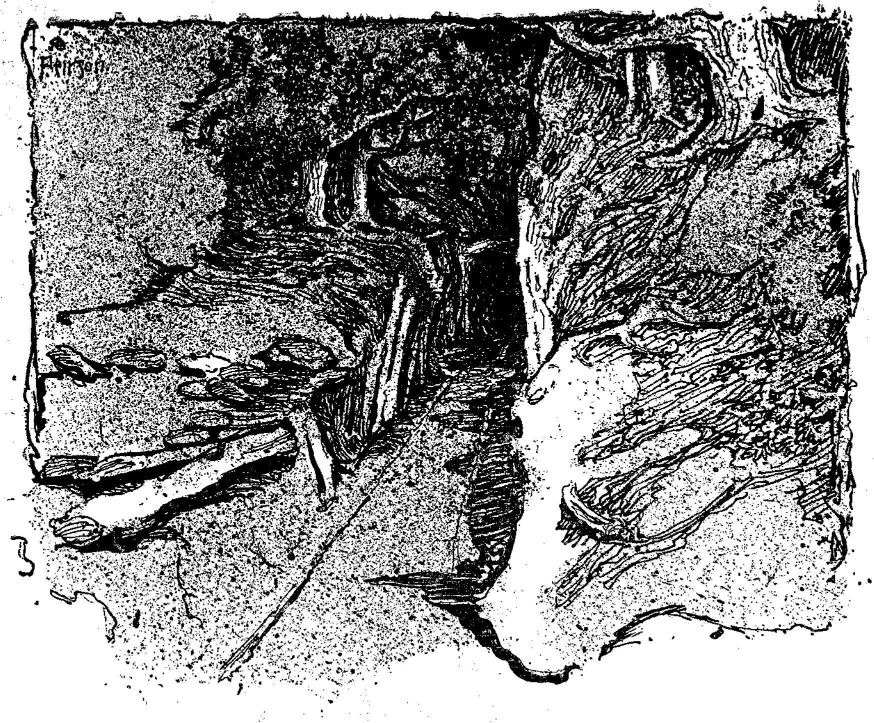
The first pair of shoes that I recall wearing were wooden ones. They had rough leather on the top, but the bottoms, which were about an inch thick, were of wood. When I walked they made a fearful noise, and besides this they were very inconvenient, since there was no yielding to the natural pressure of the foot. In wearing them one presented an exceedingly awkward appearance. The most trying ordeal that I was forced to endure as a slave boy, however, was the wearing of a flax shirt. In the portion of Virginia where I lived it was common to use flax as part of the clothing for the slaves. That part of the flax from which our clothing was made was largely the refuse, which of course was the cheapest and roughest part. I can scarcely imagine any torture, except, perhaps, the pulling of a tooth, that is equal to that caused by putting on a new flax shirt for the first time. It is almost equal to the feeling that one would experience if he had a dozen or more chestnut burrs, or a hundred small pin-points, in contact with his flesh. Even to this day I can recall accurately the tortures that I underwent when putting on one of these garments. The fact that my flesh was soft and tender added to the pain. But I had no choice. I had to wear the flax shirt or none, and had it been left to me to choose, I should have chosen to wear no covering. In connection with the flax shirt, my brother John, who is several years older than I am, performed one of the most generous acts that I ever heard of one slave relative doing for another. On several occasions when I was being forced to wear a new flax shirt, he generously agreed to put it on in my stead and wear it for several days, till it was "broken in." Until I had grown to be quite a youth this single garment was all that I wore.

One may get the idea, from what I have said, that there was bitter feeling towards the white people on the part of my race, because of the fact that most of the white population was away fighting in a war which would result in keeping the negro in slavery if the South was successful. In the case of the slaves on our place this was not true, and it was not true of any large proportion of the slave population in the South where the negro was treated with anything like decency. During the Civil War one of my young masters was killed, and two were severely wounded. I recall the feeling of sorrow which existed among the slaves when they heard of the death of "Mars' Billy." It was no sham sorrow, but real. Some of the slaves had nursed "Mars' Billy;" others had played



RUINS OF THE SALT FURNACE IN KANAWHA VALLEY WHERE BOOKER WASHINGTON WORKED AS A BOY

Drawn by G. Alden Peirson.

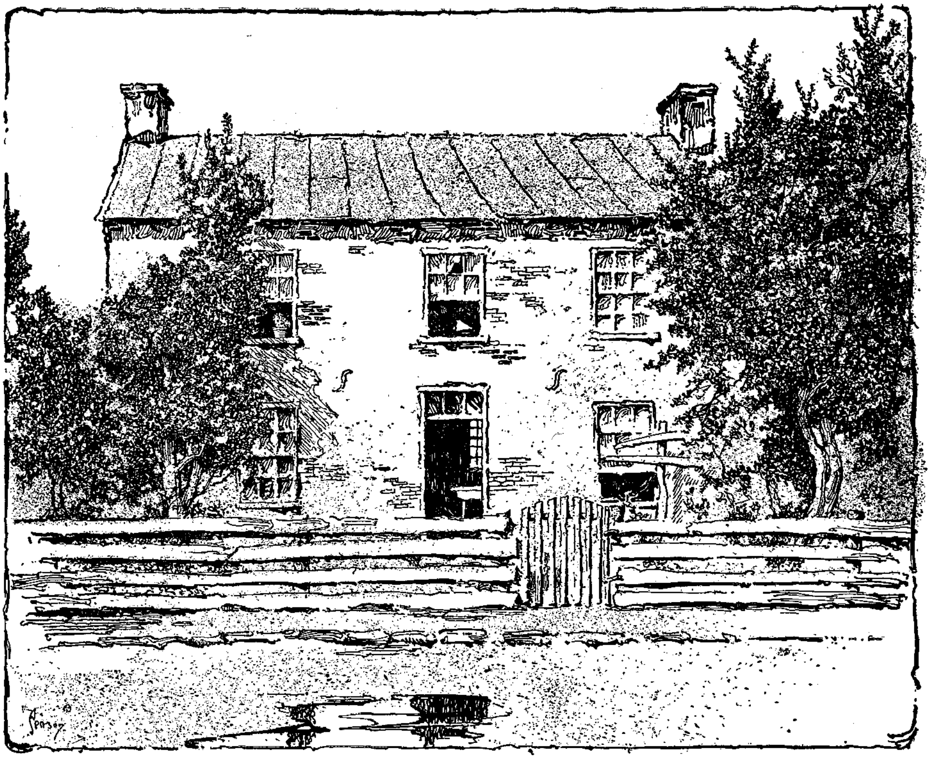


ENTRANCE TO COAL-MINE IN WHICH BOOKER WASHINGTON WORKED AS A BOY

Drawn by G. Alden Peirson.

with him when he was a child. "Mars' Billy" had begged for mercy in the case of others when the overseer or master was thrashing them. The sorrow in the slave quarter was only second to that in the "big house." When the two young masters were brought home wounded, the sympathy of the slaves was shown in many ways. They were just as anxious to assist in the nursing as the family relatives of the wounded. Some of the slaves would even beg for the privilege of sitting up at night to nurse their wounded masters. This tenderness and sympathy on the part of those held in bondage was a result of their kindly and generous nature. In order to defend and protect the women and children who were left on the plantations when the white males went to war, the slaves would have laid down their lives. The slave who was selected to sleep in the "big house" during the absence of the males was considered to have the place of honor. Any one attempting to harm "young Mistress" or "old Mistress" during the night would have had to cross the dead body of the slave to do so. I do not know how many have noticed it, but I think that it will be found to be true that there are few instances, either in slavery or freedom, in which a member of my race has been known to betray a specific trust.

As a rule, not only did the members of my race entertain no feelings of bitterness against the whites before and during the war, but there are many instances of negroes tenderly caring for their former masters and mistresses who for some reason have become poor and dependent since the war. I know of instances where the former masters of slaves have for years been supplied with money by their former slaves to keep them from suffering. I have known of still other cases in which the former slaves have assisted in the education of the descendants of their former owners. I know of a case on a large plantation in the South in which a young white man, the son of the former owner of the estate, has become so reduced in purse and self-control by reason of drink that he is a pitiable creature, and yet, notwithstanding the poverty of the colored people themselves on this plantation, they have for years supplied this young white man with the necessities of life. One sends him a little coffee or



HOUSE IN MALDEN IN WHICH MR. WASHINGTON, AFTER LEAVING HAMPTON, TAUGHT HIS FIRST SCHOOL

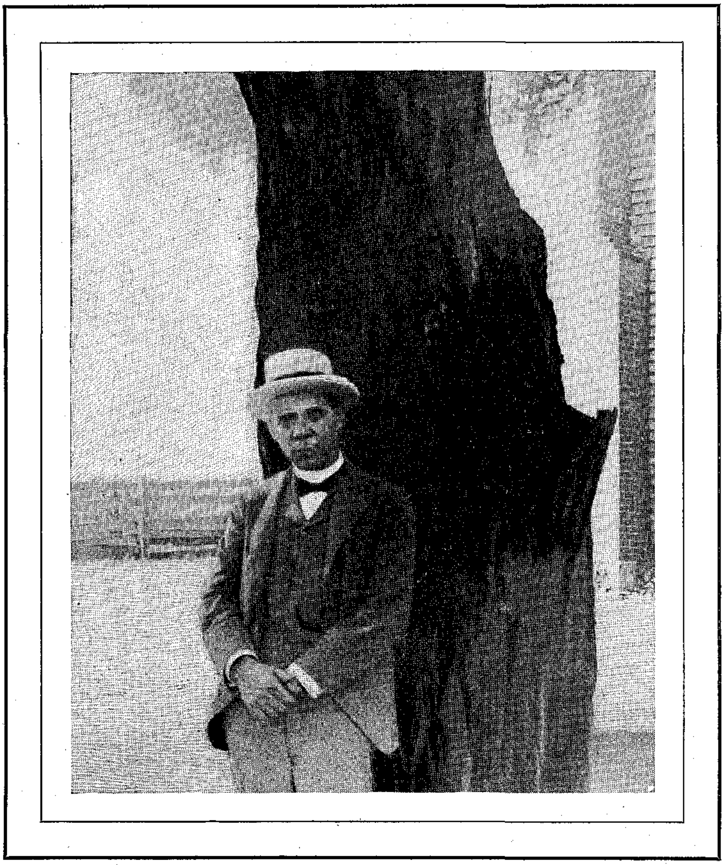
Drawn by G. Alden Peirson.

sugar, another a little meat, and so on. Nothing that the colored people possess is too good for the son of "old Mars' Tom," who will perhaps never be permitted to suffer while any remain on the place who knew directly or indirectly of "old Mars' Tom."

I have said that there are few instances of a member of my race betraying a specific trust. One of the best illustrations of this which I know of is in the case of an ex-slave from Virginia whom I met not long ago in a little town in the State of Ohio. I found that this man had made a contract with his master, two or three years previous to the Emancipation Proclamation, to the effect that the slave was to be permitted to buy himself, by paying so much per year for his body, and while he was paying for himself he was to be permitted to labor where and for whom he pleased. Finding that he could secure better wages in Ohio, he went there. When freedom came, he was still in debt to his master some three hundred dollars. Notwithstanding that the Emancipation Proclamation freed him from any obligation to his master, this black man walked the greater portion of the distance back to where his old master lived in Virginia, and placed the last dollar, with interest, in his hands. In talking to me about this, the man told me that he knew that he did not have to pay the debt, but that he had given his word to his master, and his word he had never broken. He felt that he could not enjoy his freedom till he had fulfilled his promise.

From some things that I have said one may get the idea that some of the slaves did not want freedom. This is not true. I have never seen one who did not want to be free, or one who would return to slavery.

I pity from the bottom of my heart any nation or body of people that is so unfortunate as to get entangled in the net of slavery. I have long since ceased to cherish any spirit of bitterness against the Southern white people on account of the enslavement of my race. No one section of our country was wholly responsible for its introduction, and, besides, it was recognized and protected for years by the General Government. Having once got its tentacles fastened on to the economic and social life of the Republic, it was no easy matter for the country to relieve itself of the institution. Then, when we rid ourselves of prejudice, or racial feeling, and look facts in the face, we must acknowledge that, notwithstanding the cruelty and moral wrong of slavery, the ten million negroes inhabiting this country, who themselves or whose ancestors went through the school of American slavery, are in a stronger and more hopeful condition, materially, intellectually, morally, and religiously, than is true of an equal number of black people in any other portion of the globe. This is so to such an extent that negroes in this country, who themselves or whose forefathers went through the school of slavery, are constantly returning to Africa as missionaries to enlighten those who remained in the fatherland. This I say, not to justify slavery—on the other hand, I condemn it as an institution, as we all know that in America it was established for selfish and financial reasons, and not from a missionary motive—but to call attention to a fact, and to show how Providence so often uses men and institutions to accomplish a purpose. When persons ask me in these days how, in the midst of what sometimes seem hopelessly discouraging conditions, I can have such faith in the future of my race in this country, I remind them of the wilderness through which, and out of which, a good Providence has already led us.

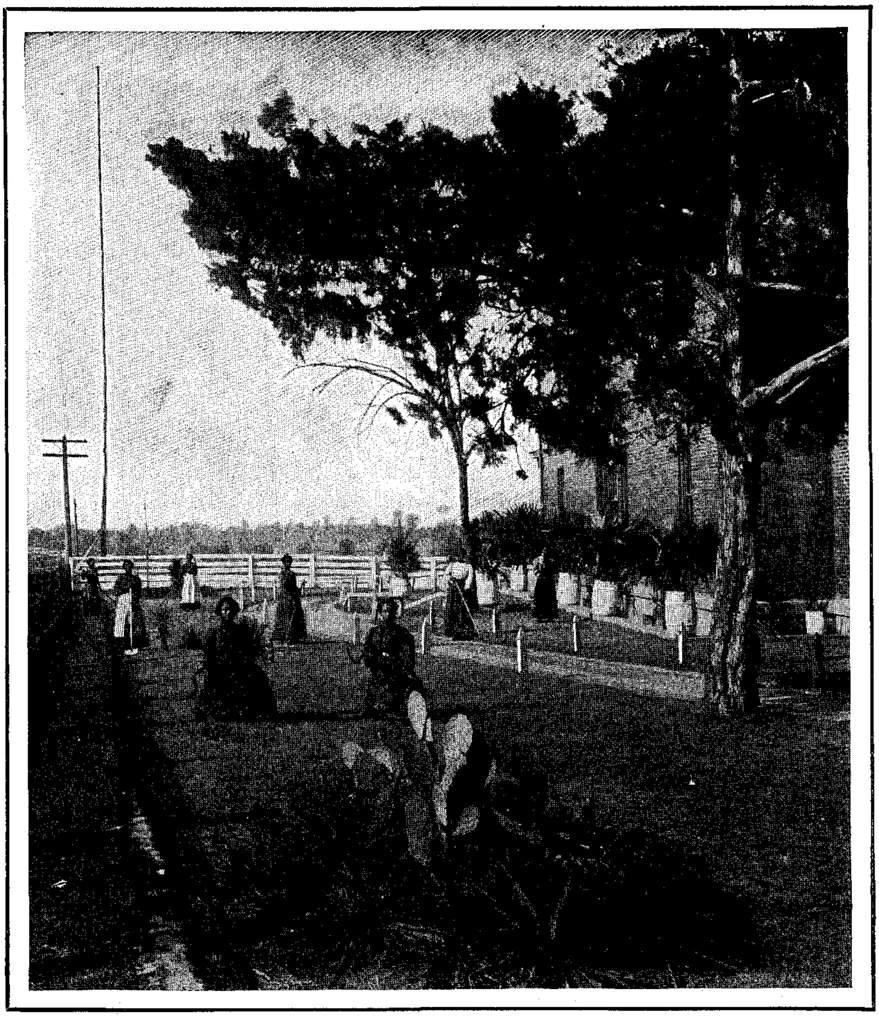


MR. WASHINGTON AT THE RUFFNER HOME, MALDEN, IN 1899

Ever since I have been old enough to think for myself, I have entertained the idea that, notwithstanding the cruel wrongs inflicted upon us, the black man got nearly as much out of slavery as the white man did. The hurtful influences of the institution were not by any means confined to the negro. This was fully illustrated by the life upon our own plantation. The whole machinery of slavery was so constructed as to cause labor, as a rule, to be looked upon as a badge of degradation, of inferiority. Hence labor was something that both races on the slave plantation sought to escape. The slave system on our place, in a large measure, took the spirit of self-reliance and self-help out of the white people. My old master had many boys and girls, but not one, so far as I know, ever mastered a single trade or special line of productive industry. The girls were not taught to cook, sew, or to take care of the house. All of this was left to the slaves. The slaves, of course, had little personal interest in the life of the plantation, and their ignorance prevented them from learning how to do things in the most improved and thorough manner. As a result of the system, fences were out of repair, gates were hanging half off the hinges, doors creaked, window-panes were out, plastering had fallen but was not replaced, weeds grew in the yard. As a rule, there was food for whites and blacks, but inside the house, and on the dining-room table, there was wanting that delicacy and refinement of touch and finish which can make a home the most convenient, comfortable, and attractive place in the world. Withal there was a waste of food and other materials which was sad. When freedom came, the slaves were almost as well fitted to begin life anew as the master, except in the matter of book-learning and ownership of property. The slave-owner and his sons had mastered no special industry. They unconsciously had imbibed the feeling that manual labor was not the proper thing for them. On the other hand, the slaves, in many cases, had mastered some handicraft, and none were ashamed, and few unwilling, to labor.

Finally the war closed, and the day of freedom came. It was a momentous and eventful day to all upon our plantation. We had been expecting it. Freedom was in the air, and had been for months. Deserting soldiers returning to their homes were to be seen every day. Others who had been discharged, or whose regiments had been paroled, were constantly passing near our place. The "grape-vine telegraph" was kept busy night and day. The news and mutterings of great events were swiftly carried from one plantation to another. In the fear of "Yankee" invasions, the silverware and other valuables were taken from the "big house," buried in the woods, and guarded by trusted slaves. Woe be to any one who would have attempted to disturb the buried treasure. The slaves would give the Yankee soldiers food, drink, clothing—anything but that

MR. WASHINGTON AND THE TEACHERS OF TUSKEGEE



THE YARD AT TUSKEGEE. A CLASS IN HORTICULTURE

which had been specifically intrusted to their care and honor. As the great day drew nearer, there was more singing in the slave quarters than usual. It was bolder, had more ring, and lasted later into the night. Most of the verses of the plantation songs had some reference to freedom. True, they had sung those same verses before, but they had been careful to explain that the "freedom" in these songs referred to the next world, and had no connection with life in this world. Now they gradually threw off the mask, and were not afraid to let it be known that the "freedom" in their songs meant freedom of the body in this world. The night before the eventful day, word was sent to the slave quarters to the effect that something unusual was going to take place at the "big house" the next morning. There was little, if any, sleep that night. All was excitement and expectancy. Early the next morning word was sent to all the slaves, old and young, to gather at the house. In company with my mother, brother, and sister, and a large number of other slaves, I went to the master's house. All of our master's family were either standing or seated on the veranda of the house, where they could see what was to take place and hear what was said. There was a feeling of deep interest, or perhaps sadness, on their faces, but not bitterness. As I now recall the impression they made upon me, they did not at the moment seem to be sad because of the loss of property, but rather because of parting with those whom they had reared and who were in many ways very close to them. The most distinct thing that I now recall in connection with the scene was that some man who seemed to be a stranger, a United States officer, I presume, made a little speech and then read a rather long paper—the Emancipation Proclamation, I think. After the reading we were told that we were all free, and could go when and where we pleased. My mother, who was standing by my side, leaned over and kissed her children, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. She explained to us what it all meant, that this was the day for which she had been so long praying, but fearing that she would never live to see.

For some minutes there was great rejoicing, and thanksgiving, and wild scenes of ecstasy. But there was no feeling of bitterness. In fact, there was pity among the slaves for our former owners. The wild rejoicing on the part of the emancipated colored people lasted but for a brief period, for I noticed that by the time they returned to their cabins there was a change in their feelings. The great responsibility of being free, of having charge of themselves, of having to think and plan for themselves and their children, seemed to take possession of them. It was very much like suddenly turning a youth of ten or twelve years out into the world to provide for himself. In a few hours the great questions with which the Anglo-Saxon race had been grappling for centuries had been thrown upon these people to be solved. These were the questions of a home, a living, the rearing of children, education, citizenship, and the establishment and support of churches. Was it any wonder that within a few hours the wild rejoicing ceased and a feeling of deep gloom seemed to pervade the slave quarters? To some it seemed that, now that they were in actual possession of it, freedom was a more serious thing than they had expected to find it. Some of the slaves were seventy or eighty years old; their best days were gone. They had no strength with which to earn a living in a strange place and among strange people, even if they had been sure where to find a new place of abode. To this class the problem seemed especially hard. Besides, deep down in their hearts there was a strange and peculiar attachment to "old Marster" and "old Missus," and to their children, which they found it hard to think of breaking off. With these they had spent in some cases nearly a half-century, and it was no light thing to think of parting. Gradually, one by one, stealthily at first, the older slaves began to wander from the slave quarters back to the "big house" to have a whispered conversation with their former owners as to the future.

Booker T. Washington

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

[From the "New England Magazine"]

The word is writ that he who runs may read.
What is the passing breath of earthly fame?
But to snatch glory from the hands of blame,—
That is to be, to live, to strive indeed.
A poor Virginia cabin gave the seed,
And from its dark and lowly door there came
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
A master spirit for the nation's need.
Strong, silent, purposeful beyond his kind,
The mark of rugged force on brow and lip,
Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind
Where hot the hounds come baying at his hip;
With one idea foremost in his mind,
Like the keen prow of some on-forging ship.

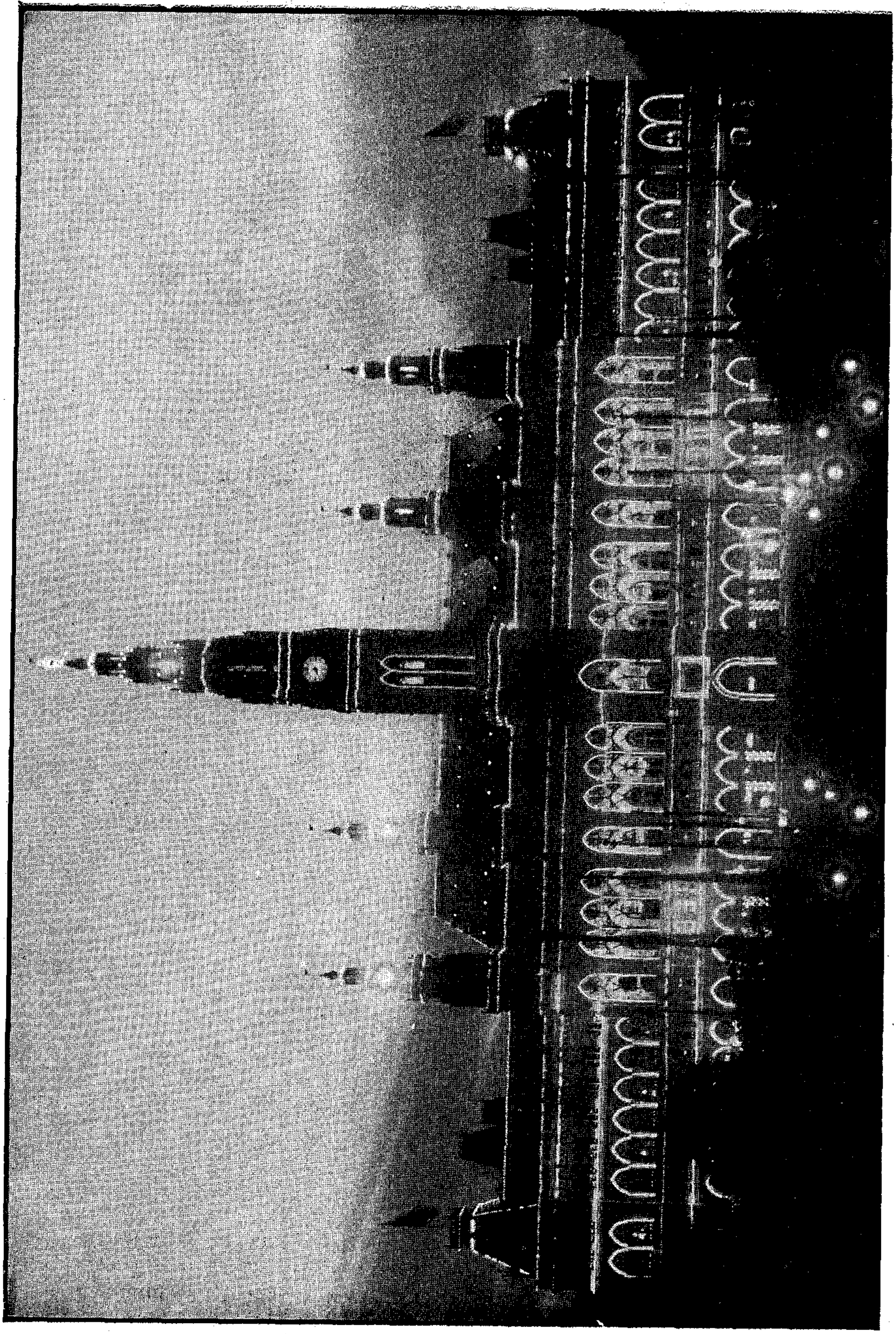
EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

By *E. Irenæus Prime-Stevenson*

"O good old man! how well thy name becomes thee!"—*Shakespeare.*

IF you will take a bit of broadcloth, a bit of wood, a bit of marble, a strip of leather, a piece of iron, several fragments of paper and of bark, and samples of other substances in various sizes, and then try to glue them all fast together into one fabric for practical use, you have before you an excellent comparison with the present condition of the great Austro-Hungarian political system. Homogeneity, like-mindedness, the natural wish to cohere one part to another, a common national aim, there is none, or next to none. But never could there come to the land such blessing as a merely natural sentiment and process. No matter what dissensions, owing to differences in blood, affiliations, language, intelligence, ambitions, impulsive speech, we can imagine the United States as possessing in the past, or present, or future, no matter what similar differences we can fancy as fighting against the unity and the future of any other great realm of our epoch, nothing equals the almost complete dissonance, the fierce under-dissension, the effort at breaking



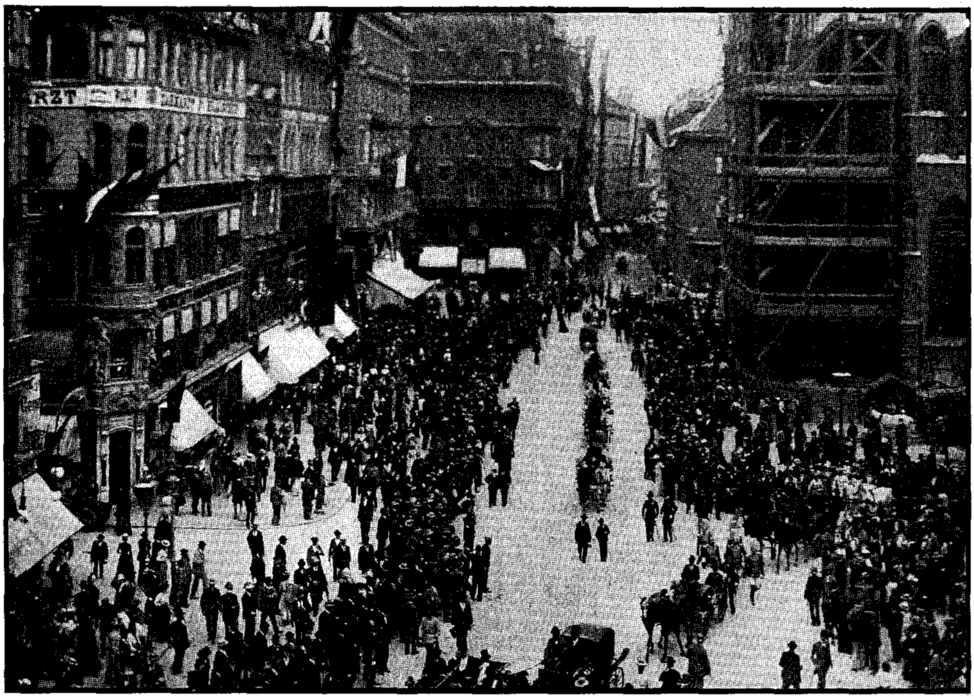
THE CITY HALL OF VIENNA

Illuminated August 17 and 18, 1900, the seventieth birthday celebration of Emperor Franz Joseph.

away from one common national government, which Austria-Hungary is experiencing. It must experience it till something occurs for the situation so much worse or so much better that we now cannot wisely be prophetic. It has been so ever since, by a most extraordinary succession of events, the great kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, and Galicia, and the long row of once more or less independent if smaller kingdoms, archduchies, principalities, marquisates and lordships, and so on, all slipped into the ownership of a little archduchy, Austria, which henceforth was to dominate almost all of their far more royal and imposing existences. The way in which Austria has become the "head of the family"—a sadly quarreling and ill-tempered family—reminds one of nothing so much as the way in which a "pocket" on a billiard-table catches ball after ball rolling into it, and quietly keeps them, of whatever color or value they might be. In they drop; and, helpless, there they stay, willing or unwilling. Every variety of racial temperament and soil and industry, eight absolutely different languages, with nearly fifty dialects, year by year are to be met in the Austro-Hungarian realm. Its Emperor—to begin with, the name "Empire" is a misnomer when in particular connection with the mere Archduchy of Austria—its Emperor is King of nine kingdoms, including the recognized and most vital one, Hungary.

Now, we are not living in a particularly sentimental age. In politics there is not overmuch place for sentiment as a main factor. But it is not too much to say that the cohesion garment of cloth, stone, leather, iron, and so on, above figured, the holding together of this restless and embittered collection of sovereignties, is due in a most extraordinary degree to one old factor—love. It is the love for the Emperor, the passionate affection of millions of warring hearts for a good old man. This condition of the popular mind in Austria-Hungary is not appreciated as fully outside of the Empire as it might be; any more than do foreigners in general realize how the different States under the gentle scepter of Franz Joseph are jealous of each other, hate each other, hate Austria as a political usurper, long to be free of each other, come what will. Austria-Hungary to-day hangs together by the deserved affection, not by mere respect, for one man. He is a lonely, sorrowful man, a ruler, not so much a strong one as an earnest one, whose whole life and soul are given to the business of trying to govern the ungovernable. I do not mean to say that emphatic elements of practical prudence, of sheer powerlessness to make the first spring, and so on, do not enter into the situation of the quarreling Austro-Hungarian peoples. But it is certain that, at any individual risks, the Empire would long ago have gone to pieces in blood and territorial loss had not Francis Joseph come to be regarded as a prince to be spared all possible new trials, as a true father of the people, a man already so afflicted in his personal life, and a ruler of such unwearied effort for the common weal, that he *must* be saved anxiety and grief, at any political sacrifice.

The political story of Franz Joseph is an exceptional one, and only an altogether exceptional man, physically and mentally and morally, ever could have lived to be seventy years of age after such a regnancy. Canute and the sea-waves furnishes the nearest apologue for such a case as was his from the start. One predecessor had abdicated the throne; another one had resigned his rights and was invalid. After a most careful "home" education, Francis Joseph came to his throne suddenly, a boy of eighteen years. He mounted it in the middle of revolution at home and of wars abroad. He was utterly hateful, as a hereditary successor, to most of the very people who love him best to-day! His nearest relatives were dead or of no aid as counselors. His youthful days and nights were, as Emperor, not of pleasure and repose, but of anxiety and regret. Vienna itself was a revolution-spot; Hungary, which to-day is the greatest jewel of the Imperial succession, and devoted to its crowned "King Ferencz Joseph" (you must not talk of any "Emperor of Austria" when across the Leith), would have none of him. Such was the first political outlook of the young Emperor. And, for a long time, bad counsels and unwise action by the ministry about the boy, and fierce civil wars, made bad matters worse. But, somehow, things hung together. And, just in proportion to Franz Joseph's development in years and quiet force of character, the nations under



THE COURT CARRIAGES

Leaving St. Stephen's Cathedral after the special service in honor of the day.

him ceased so furiously to rage together. Much had been lost—including Lombardy and Venice—but much was steadily being preserved. Hungary soon was saved to Austria's name. He threw himself into the business of governing as a business. His brilliant education and intelligence, a personality so simple and winning that it has often been said that "no man or woman can ever fail to love Franz Joseph if the Emperor looks once into his eyes," the natural probity and dignity of his character—these traits came more and more to the front. The sky has never cleared. It is full of thunder and lightning. But no storm is likely to break over the white head of the now venerable prince, who little by little has won the boundless confidence of a nation that doubts almost everything else. What will become of Austria-Hungary after the death of Franz Joseph we cannot easily foresee. The present fusion, almost out of hand, may become confusion. Hungary, the predominating kingdom, now only nominally dependent on Austria, may have the most important hand to play; and it may win the whole game. But there will be no war so long as the faithful, hard-working, and nowadays old Emperor, leading the life of incessant state-toil in the Burg at Vienna or down in the villa at Ischl, is "the father of Austria," and day and night thinks of "only one thing, before God—how I can aid you, my people, and hold you indeed *viribus unitis*."

But, whatever the inner character or outer personality, whatever the honest struggles in his vicissitudes and noble efforts and successes as a prince, have won Franz Joseph his people's regard, it is the extraordinary group of private misfortunes that has drawn his subjects to him. Therein especially comes the human element and personal leverage. The mysterious suicide, or murder, of his only son (the very sort of prince, in many traits and in early popular acceptance, in truth "born," to succeed such a father) was a tragedy such as is rarely met in all history. We must go back to the White Ship for a like example. Aside from such a matter as Rudolph's death, the internal difficulties and disappointments of the Hapsburg family connection have been countless, all the while the Emperor was growing old. The assassination of his wife—a wife whom he always loved and esteemed, in spite of the eccentricities of her life after sorrow for Rudolph had shattered it forever—was a climax that only a strong nature could support. Now, lately, the marriage of the heir to the throne under morganatic conditions has been a cruel disappointment, and an additional touch of incertitude to the throne. Many royal husbands and fathers, wives and mothers, furnish examples of men and women meeting the griefs that are human to all, irrespective of rank. But the sorrows of Franz Joseph as a son, husband, father, uncle, and much else, give him a most melancholy place in the group of sad-hearted royalty.

He has concentrated himself on his life-work as his great distraction. "I live in my people" is his motto, as much as the one he specially chose for his reign—"Viribus Unitis"—a phrase spoken by him, let us say, not so much in irony as in hope. Hours long, day by day, he is at his desk. Nothing is neglected. Now and then even the humblest peasant can get a personal interview; an appeal, it may be, if justice has miscarried. The life of the good old man is as blameless as it is full of industry. His tastes are simple, and in food, clothing, amusements, all such matters, he is the pattern almost to an extreme, especially in extravagant and ever-running-into-debt Austrian society. He is profoundly religious. In fact, the Emperor's strong religious feeling is undoubtedly an unlucky factor in the Clerical party—an ingredient of no beneficent kind. A thousand stories are current of his quiet, sincere charity and goodness to everybody, even to the undeserving.

"A good old man" indeed! It is love which furthers love, even if it does not beget it. The love of this prince for his subjects, united with his unwearied sense of duty to their welfare, maintains the Austro-Hungarian Empire, more than anything else, in a fair show of integrity. "All my people know," runs the Emperor's letter to Dr. Koerber, after the birthday processions and illuminations and rejoicings, "that I have dedicated my whole life to them. . . . God the Almighty bless and preserve the bond which encircles my people and me!" It is no empty and policy-framed communication and prayer. There is just now an unusually bright row of strong sovereigns, who are admirable men and women, across the civilized world. Anarchy is an insult to the sentiment linking many a throne and race. Franz Joseph of Austria is a truly noble and elevating example among all his best contemporaries. Certainly it is to be hoped that even if he may not live to see his discontented subjects at one with one another—that is not likely, alas!—the bullet of an assassin will not be aimed at a heart that, as he once wrote to one of his Ministers, "would long ago have broken did I not believe in the love of God and of the people for whom he has bid me work as long as I can."

New Dead

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Where are the kind eyes gone
 That watched me so?
Was it but now they wept,
 Or long ago?

Why did they run with tears
 And yearn to me?
What was it in my face
 They feared to see?

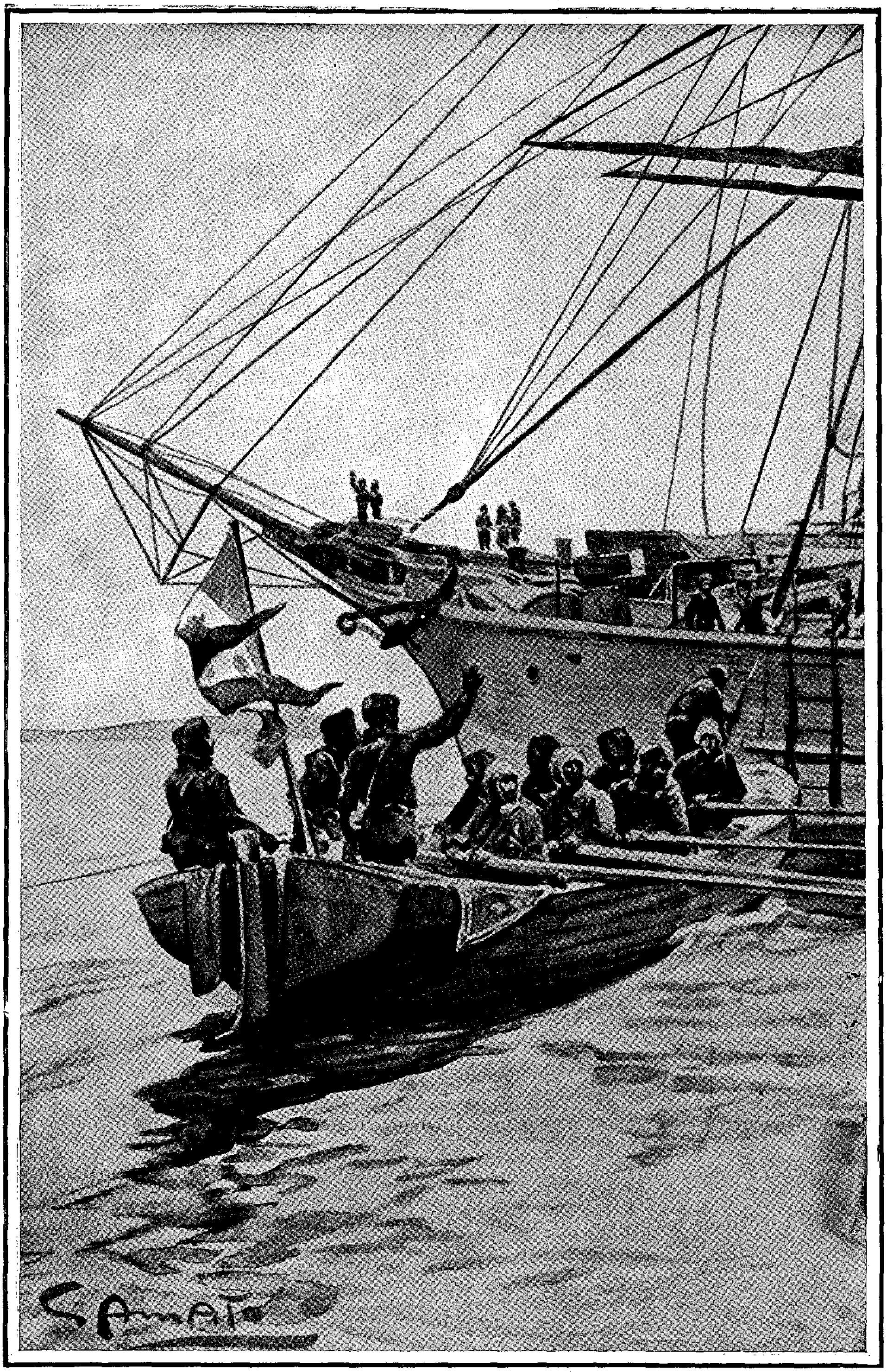
Ah, World, when did I pass
 Beyond your smile?—
Forget you, for a long
 Or little while?

Descending from the sun
 Into this night—
Impenetrable dark
 That chokes my sight—

Ah, now I know why stirs
 No more my breath!
My mouth is stopt with dust,
 My dream with death.

Where is this seed of self
 I clutch to hold?
Will it dissolve with me
 Into the mold?

It slips. . . . Ah, let me sleep,
 Worn, worn, outworn—
So to be strong, when I
 Arise, new-born.



THE RETURN OF THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI
From "L'Illustrazione Italiana."

NEARER THE NORTH POLE

BY SOFIA BOMPIANI

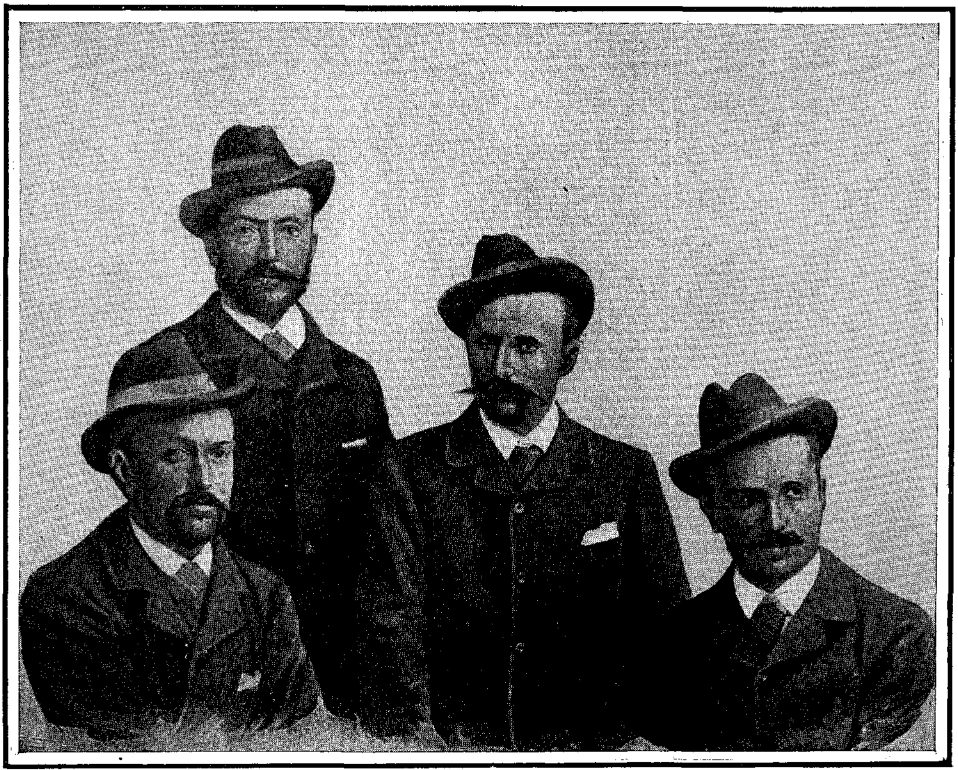
THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI

THE Duke of the Abruzzi, returning unexpectedly after only eleven months' absence in the northern seas, surprised even the most hopeful believers in his polar expedition. His strong ship, the Stella Polare, was provisioned for three, and could even have remained away five, years. None imagined that he could so soon have accomplished the purposes of the expedition, and still less that he could have surpassed the polar record of the great Norwegian mariner Nansen. The Duke has been received in Italy with enthusiastic joy. Italians felt a natural pride that one of their race and one of their kingly house should have succeeded in such a difficult and perilous undertaking.

This young man, born at Madrid when his father, Amadeus of Savoy, was King of Spain, studied at the naval college in Leghorn. He was the first to reach the summit of Mount St. Elias on the Pacific, and now, by this polar voyage, he has achieved a world-wide reputation. Employing his own private fortune to prepare this expensive expedition, and abandoning all the small pleasures of his age and rank, Louis of Savoy has set an example to the wealthy young men of Italy.

When, at noon of June 12, 1899, the Stella Polare set sail from Christiania, no one expected it to return this year, and Nansen believed that it would be absent at least two years. It was thought that the whaling-boats of Norway, which go far north, might perhaps bring some news of it; but on September 6, 1900, it touched the northern port of Norway, and soon told its own tale of disaster happily overcome, of hardy journeys over ice and snow on sleds drawn by dogs, of hardships from cold and hunger and the loss of several members of the ship's crew. Unlike Nansen, who expected to be carried to the Pole by the great current running from the islands of Siberia to Greenland, the Duke of the Abruzzi planned to leave his ship in some quiet and safe harbor, and then with sleds send on to the north a series of exploring parties. The sled journey of Nansen with one companion, by which he reached latitude 86° 14′, was an incident, while it was the chief idea of his young friend and admirer. The ship, at a fixed point, was to be the storehouse of provisions and the starting-point for sled journeys. These journeys were to be at first slow and short, gradually extending in time and length, finding the way and establishing depots of provisions. This was the same plan as that of Greely, who by sleds reached latitude 83° 42′ in 1882. The difficulties overcome by Louis of Savoy and Captain Cagni are best understood by Nansen, who gave them both the most enthusiastic welcome on their arrival at Christiania. They reached latitude 86° 33′ in one-third of the time employed by Greely and one-half of that taken by Nansen. The sled journey made by Captain Cagni, which reached the nearest to the Pole, was not to have been the last sent out if the entire programme had been executed.

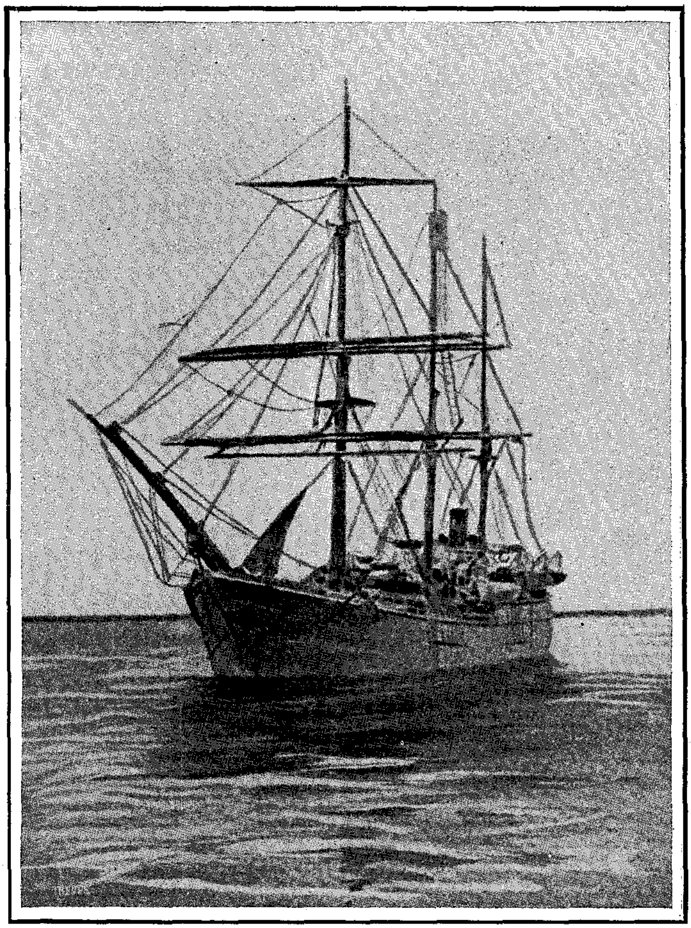
The Stella Polare would have passed a second winter in the Bay of Teplitz had not an accident rendered it necessary to return. The ice broke around the ship and threw it with force upon the near land, breaking a hole in the side a foot and a half long. For twenty-four hours the water entered and the case seemed desperate, until a new movement of the ice lifted the ship up on a strong glacier. The carpenters then worked for their lives, using the woodwork of the interior of the ship. This was in September. A habitation on the land was made from the ship's sails and some of the woodwork, and a stove in the center reduced the temperature to seven degrees below zero, centigrade. But, without, it was fifty-two degrees below, and during the exercises with the sleds this extreme cold froze two fingers of the Duke and one of Captain Cagni, while all the men suffered more or less. One hundred and twenty dogs shut



Savois Petitgax Fenoillet Ollier

THE GUIDES OF ABRUZZI'S EXPEDITION

From "L'Illustrazione Italiana."

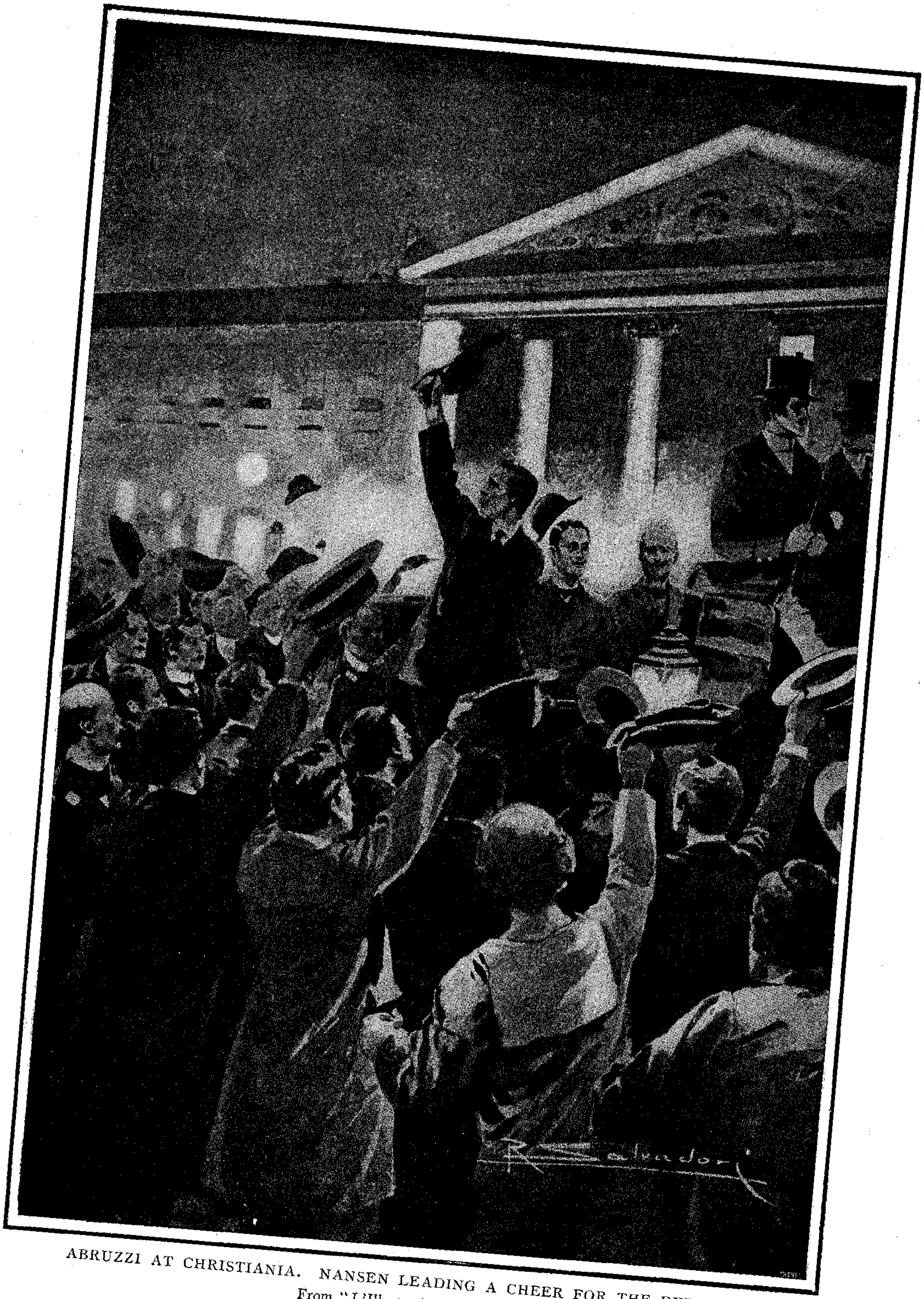


THE STELLA POLARE

From "L'Illustrazione Italiana."

up in a large kennel of wood had often to be dragged out from the snow, which quickly covered them again. The amputation of part of two fingers and consequent illness prevented the Duke from going with Captain Cagni on the sled journey, which in one hundred and five days traversed five degrees of latitude, and proved that by this system, under more favorable circumstances, the Pole may some time be reached.

Captain Humbert Cagni, of the Italian navy, is the son of a retired general of the army. The scientific studies, the plan, the expense, and the execution of this expedition were by the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose name it will bear. But the actual journey from the ship was made by Captain Cagni, who shares all the honors paid to the Duke and is constantly with him. He set out with twelve men and one hundred and eight dogs, but the ice was so heaped up that they had to cut it with axes, and the provisions diminished faster than expected. He sent back Lieutenant Querini, with two other men, and this detachment was never heard of again. The family of this brave young officer living at Venice are mourning his death, which now seems certain. Cagni, finding the provisions were still lessening, sent back another party, and kept on himself with his attendant and two Alpine guides. These guides would not turn back, and were determined to reach latitude 87°. So on they went; the ice became smoother and the air milder, so that the sleds went rapidly, and they traveled sometimes twenty-four hours without stopping. No food remained except the flesh of the dogs, a horrible repast, and these were now few, so that return was necessary.



ABRUZZI AT CHRISTIANIA. NANSEN LEADING A CHEER FOR THE EXPLORER

From "L'Illustrazione Italiana."

The place they reached is neither land nor sea, only a lonesome desert of ice and mist, where no life, animal or vegetable, is visible. Captain Cagni now says that he will never return there, and he remembers with horror his journey back to the ships. He lost all hope of reaching the Duke; only seven of the one hundred and eight dogs were left; the ice on which they found themselves was floating, and often they were swimming in the water. But at last he found his way to the camp, and was received by the Duke and his companions with a perfect ecstasy of joy. The disabled condition of their vessel made return necessary, and prevented them from passing another winter in the Arctic regions, and from attempting other sled journeys.

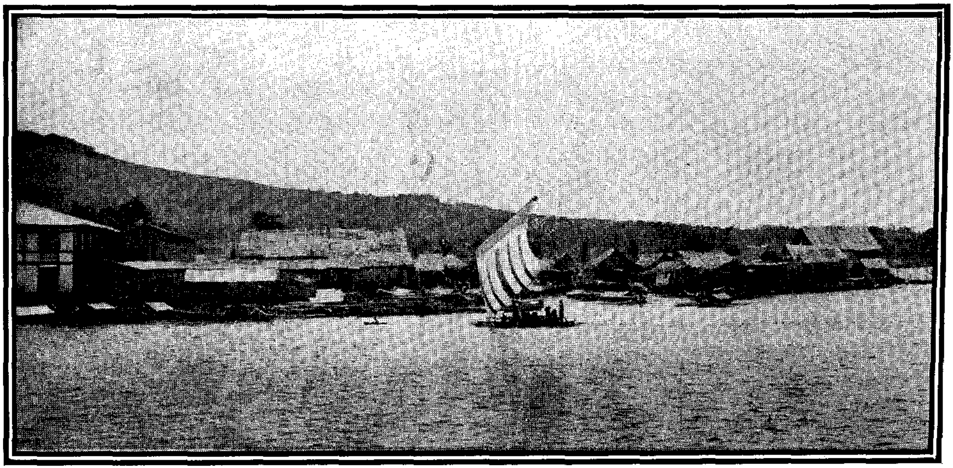
After sixteen days of anxious voyaging through fields of floating ice, they reached Cape Flora, where letters deposited by the seal-fishers awaited them. One of these letters was from King Humbert, and only six days later they heard the sad news of his assassination. At Christiania began that triumphal progress which culminated in Italy. Generous Nansen led the Norwegian nine hurrahs, and King Oscar decorated the explorers with the highest honors in his gift; the Presidents of various Geographical Societies met them there, and an applauding crowd followed them to the Victoria Hotel as victors.

The "Order of the Seraphim," given to the Duke by King Oscar, is Swedish. This selection caused such jealousy among the Norwegians that on his return to Christiania he will be decorated also with an Order of Norway. Captain Cagni received the Order of Saint Olaf of Norway. The Duke and Cagni, inseparable, pursued their journey to Italy, where a fervent welcome home awaited them. The brothers of the Duke of the Abruzzi, the Duke of Aosta and the Count of Turin, met him on the way—a joyful meeting after such an absence. The population of Turin, not accustomed to easy enthusiasm, gave way to it on this occasion. No expression of love and enthusiasm was wanting. Even the humblest citizens talked of the legend of the Pole with fervent fancy, and admired the simplicity and modesty of the Duke and Cagni, who came back from such a heroic struggle with the elements.

The city of Turin, before the departure of the Duke, offered him a medal, which he will now accept, although he at that time refused it. He also then refused promotion in the navy until his return, if he returned. At Rome, where the same welcome was given to the explorers, Luigi di Savoia went to the Pantheon, and, with tears, left a beautiful metal wreath on the tomb of King Humbert, who had been for him a second father, and who had assisted his expedition. At Naples King Victor Emanuel III., waiting at the station, threw his arms passionately around him, and then drove him, with Cagni, to the palace at Capodi Monte. He will now visit Queen Margaret at Venice, and then return to Christiania for affairs connected with his ship and the companions of his voyage.

He is to prepare the results of the expedition for publication, but this will require some time. These results are principally the determination of the northern boundary of Francis Joseph's Land, and the discovery that Peterman's Land does not exist. The Duke will publish a new map of the region traversed, adding magnetic, meteorological, and astronomical observations.

In November the Duke of the Abruzzi and Captain Cagni will be invited by the Geographical Society of Rome to a reception given in their honor on the historic Capitoline Hill. The King and Queen and the members of the Society will be present.

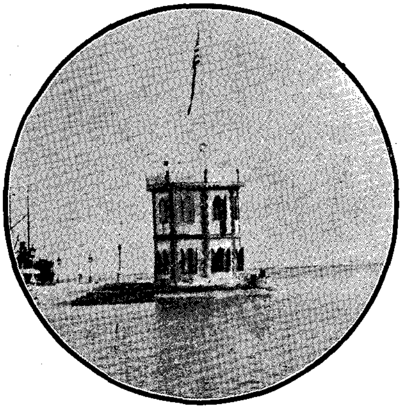


THE MORO VINTA UNDER FULL SAIL

The Sulu Archipelago[1]

By Phelps Whitmarsh

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in the Philippines



THE BLOCKHOUSE AT JOLO HARBOR

AT the plunge of the little steamer's anchor, and in the still, heavenly coolness of the early tropical morning, we rose from the steamer chairs upon which we had slept, and stood in our pajamas looking at a rare picture of island loveliness. Isles of the torrid zone were not strange to me; from St. Helena to Ceylon, from the Eastern to the Western Indies, I had been tempted, both as boy and man, to follow in the footsteps of our beloved Robinson; but seldom has the prospect seemed more enticing, never has my eye been more charmed with the beauties of an ocean oasis, than that morning when, with tints of rose and pearl and fawn and sulphur, the sun rose behind the hills of Jolo. In the clean, clear light of a new day, which brought out each outline and detail with a distinctness almost microscopic, the island rose in slopes and steeps of varied and delightful greenness toward two forest-crowned peaks; it fell in valleys, harboring denser, darker foliage, and its uneven horizon was fringed with palms and greater trees sharply etched against the luminous east. Tumantangis, the Hill of Tears, was overhung by a fluffy, saffron-colored cloud, and about its neck, like a woolen muffler, lay a narrow band of white mist. Backed by this stage-like setting, at the very footlights, as it were, stood the romantic little citadel which Arolas raised against the warring Moros. Its white walls, pierced and turreted as in the days of mediæval Spain, ran out into the placid waters of the open harbor, and in the center a heavy iron gate opened upon a white stone pier, cross-shaped at the end, and having on one arm a small castellated blockhouse. Of the buildings but a few could be seen, for the town within the walls lay fathoms deep in the shade of palms, ilan-ilan, and other leafy trees, the scale of greens being relieved here and there by bursts of scarlet from lofty poincianas in full bloom. To

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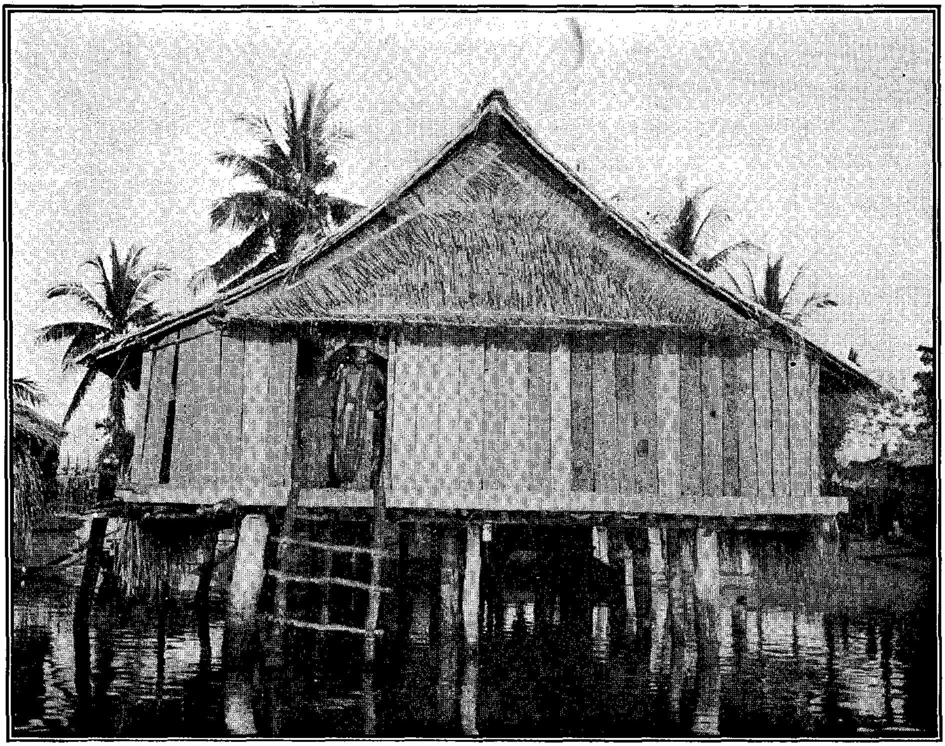
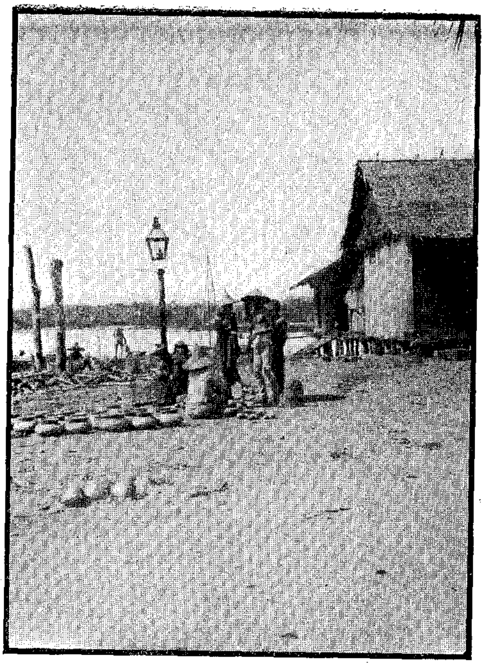
[1] Copyright, 1900, the Outlook Company, New York.

the right of the town, sheltered by a grove of cocoas, hid the Christian hamlet of Tulai, where faint spirals of smoke announced the day's beginning; on the left straggled Bus-Bus, a Moro village, gray, bare, and built on crooked piles out over the water. Further to the left stood the Sultan's palace, a barrack-like place built for him by the Spanish so that he might live near them, but which he, with characteristic perversity, declined to occupy. As the light increased, a scented breeze came wafting down from the hills, and as if by magic the sleepy harbor awakened. From beneath the nipa thatches of the *vintas* bright turbaned heads appeared and voices were heard. Rapidly thatches were rolled up, wooden anchors hoisted, sails of rainbow colors spread to the wind, and ere the sun topped the ridge, half a hundred of these picturesque Moro crafts, with tassels flying and lee *batangas* buried, were speeding to the fishing-grounds. The whole scene, especially the town, suggested a brilliant stage-setting done in miniature. By seven o'clock the doctor came aboard and we were allowed to land.

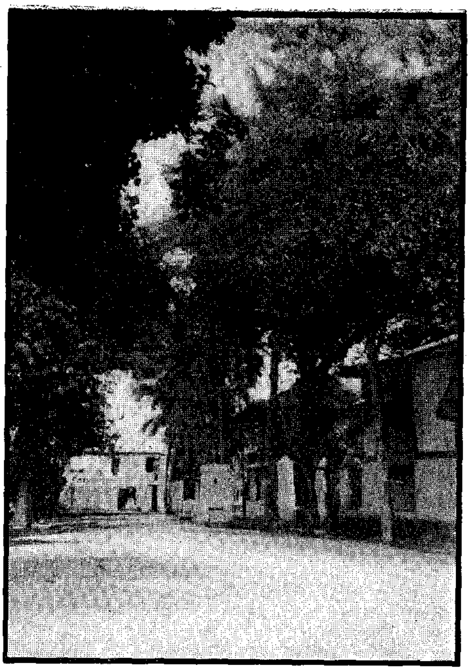
If Jolo looks tiny when viewed from the harbor, it seems even more so when one enters its sea portal. At every street junction the four encompassing walls shut out the landscape; and I believe that from the center one might throw a baseball into any corner of the town. It is laid out, nevertheless, with all the liberality of a great city; and has been so prodigal of space for wide streets, plazas, gardens, and fountains that but little room is left for inhabitants. Though part of the garrison were quartered in the church, and the houses were so full that there was not even an extra bed to be had, the population numbered only about thirteen hundred. Of these more than a thousand were United States troops, and the remainder Chinese (who handle the entire business of the Sulu group), and a few Christian Filipinos and East Indians. No Moros, except the few who form the small police force, live within the walls. Save for the shut-in feeling, which in time must grow very irksome, Jolo, though a toy town, is also a model one. The streets, smooth as boulevards, have cemented gutters on each side and encircling the base of every tree; the Government buildings are of



MY ENTERTAINER'S HOUSE NEAR JOLO



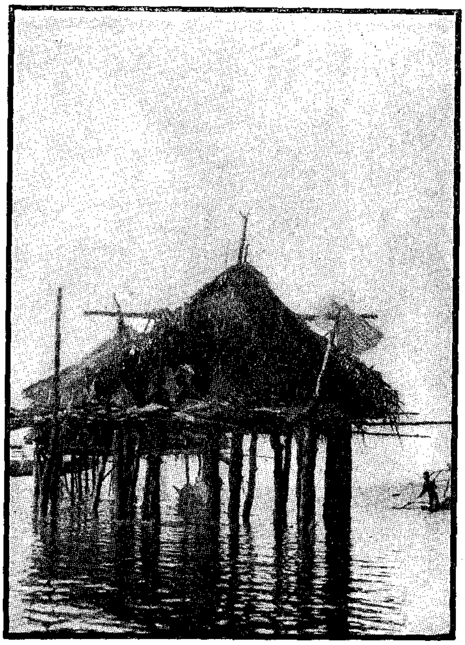
A MARKET SCENE



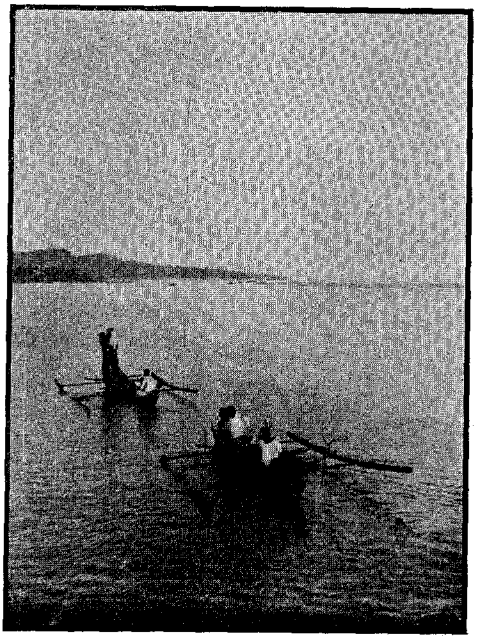
STREET IN JOLO

stone, and unusually fine for the Philippines; the place is livened everywhere by attractive little public gardens, and is so shaded that one may walk almost anywhere without a hat.

But the principal feeling one has in entering Jolo is that one has left the Philippines and entered a new country—a country purely Malay. And, indeed, it is so; for while the bulk of the inhabitants of Luzon and the Visayas have had Spanish institutions and a Spanish government,



SEA GYPSIES' HOUSES AT LAPAK



MORO FISHING BOATS

and have been aping Spanish manners and customs for a century or two, and while by these means and the mixture of Spanish and Asiatic blood they have been tinctured with civilization and thus lost most of their original characteristics, the Sulu islands, having been but recently occupied and never dominated, are still in every sense Suluan. Spanish influence has robbed the Christian Filipino of the Oriental charm which stamps, each in a different way, the Japanese, the Chinese, the Siamese, and even the British Indian; but in Sulu one meets it again, more crude, more barbaric than ever; and for this reason more than any other, Sulu is the most interesting part of the Philippines.

A MORO BOY

My first close view of the Joloanos was in the native market at Bus-Bus, which is held every morning in the dirty street running along the shore parallel with the water village. Here one can see the Sulu islander in all his gorgeousness of raiment and all his dirtiness, and here one can buy any of the island products, from a silver-handled kris to a shark's fin, from a peal to those greatest of delicacies, half-hatched eggs. Great quantities of brilliantly colored fish were for sale, and an unusually large variety of fruits; of the latter I noted mangosteens, nancas, langsats, two kinds of mangoes, bananas, lancones, cocoas, and, for the first time in the Philippines, that ill-smelling, medley-flavored, and most fascinating of tropical fruits, the durian. Alfred Russel Wallace calls the durian the "king of fruits," and I think all those who, like him, have acquired the taste, will second the appellation; but for the average man, whose sense of smell prevents him from making a further acquaintance, the durian is a lost delight. I fear a description of the flavor is impossible, but if you can imagine a mixture of onions, apricots, nuts, custard, strawberries, honey, and gooseberry fool, you may form a faint idea of it. Other edibles spread upon the ground were camotes, tapioca root, fowls, turtles, and shell-fish, intermingled with which were hairy Borneo apes, crimson parrots from the Celebes, gaudy turban squares, jabuls, sarongs, palm-leaf hats and mats, spears, shells, brass betel-boxes, and other curios. But the people themselves were of chief interest. An incongruous crowd it was; a curious display of silks and rags, jeweled hands and bare feet, barbaric magnificence and personal filth; the women in baggy trousers and tight jackets so ingrained with dirt that the original hue was indistinguishable; the men strutting and posing in garments which for variety of crude color would have put the historical coat of Joseph to shame. One fellow I saw—he was indolently watching his wife selling buyo—was decked out in a pair of skin-tight trousers embroidered with silk in stripes of orange, red, and green, and buttoned from ankle to calf with small pearl discs. His waist was encircled many times by a flaring sash, also of many colors, which held in position, ready for instant use, a small kris dagger (puñal), and a splendid ivory-handled barong in a carved narra scabbard. A tight Eton jacket of apple green, with sleeves reaching to the knuckles, partially covered his upper half; and a howling yellow and red turban crowned the costume. Scarlet jackets, however, seemed to be more generally favored, and the red Turkish fez, a sure sign of the Mussulman, often took the place of the turban, so that red, either solid or in a mixture, was the dominant color of the crowd. One of the most noticeable and disgusting things in a Moro congregation is their betel-chewing. Not content with the usual buyo, bonga, and lime mixture, the Moro adds mastic and tobacco, thus making five ingredients for one chew. Both men and women file their teeth concave in front and sharpen them at the edges, and the tobacco seems to be used mainly to rub into the teeth and keep them ebony black. As a result of this mixture, and the fact that both sexes chew continually, copious spitting is always in evidence, and the women particularly show a red high-water mark round their mouth, which does not add to their beauty. A Moro lady's smile, indeed, is one of the most unlovely things on earth. The well-worn expression "he smiled darkly" surely must have originated with a people who blackened their teeth. At the further end of the street Moros from the interior were coming in with farm products packed on ponies and carabaos; the men in pyramid nipa hats adorned with colored tassels, their wives riding astride amidst the merchandise. Everywhere were brown masses of naked children up to ten or eleven years of age, and everywhere men armed with the most splendid but awful weapons that the world produces.

The favorite Joloan weapons are the kris, the barong, and the campilan. The kris is sometimes straight, sometimes serpentine, and again wavy, from hilt to point, but in all cases it is a double-edged sword with a hilt of carved wood, silver, or ivory. The barong, though similarly hilted, is a short, heavy blade almost oval in shape, edged only on one side, and terminates in a sharp point. The blade of the campilan, on the other hand, is unusually long and broadens toward the end; its handle is invariably of wood, grotesquely carved and ornamented with dyed horsehair and small bells. All these and other Philippine knives are guarded by wooden scabbards, occasionally inlaid with other woods or banded with silver; and all are kept faultlessly bright and keen. The blades, too, are often inlaid with silver and gold. The Moro is exceedingly proud of his arms; his kris, or whatever his favorite weapon may be, is ever at his side, whether he be fishing, working afield, or resting in the "bosom of his family;" and at night it lies unsheathed at his hand. One swift, well-directed blow from either kris or barong will halve a man or send his head a-rolling.

In appearance, indeed, the Moro is a fierce, warlike fellow, and if one were to believe all that is said about him, especially by the Spaniards, who, in Jolo at least, were confessedly terrorized by him, one would never venture within reach of his strong right arm. But I cannot help feeling that the Spanish estimate of Moro

A GROUP OF MOROS, JOLO

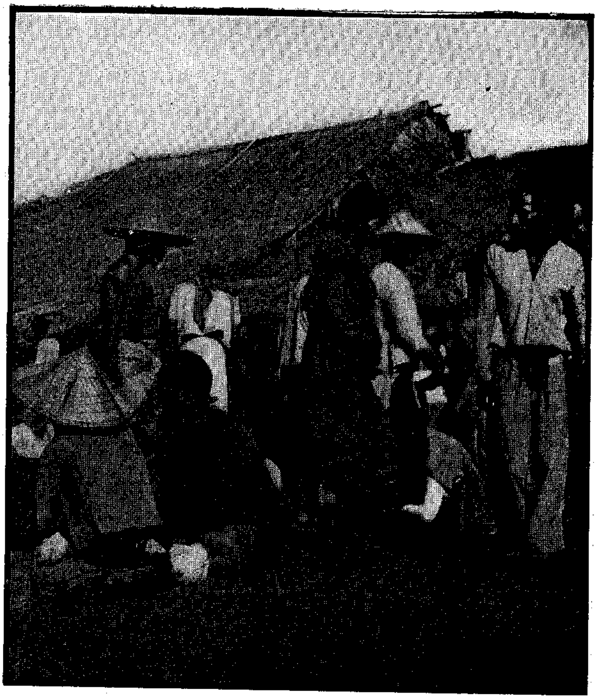
MY MORO BOAT-KEEPER

character was wrongly figured. The Spaniards began by giving the Moro credit for being a born warrior and a brave man; and, having been victims of treachery on not a few occasions, they straightway encompassed themselves by walls and forts, disarmed every marketman who entered the gates, limited the number who might enter, and in a hundred ways showed their savage enemies that they feared them. Evidences such as these make the greatest coward brave. This resulted in Spain being perpetually at war with the Moros. When American forces came to relieve the Spanish garrison at Jolo, they found the little town nightly mounting a guard of one hundred men, the disarming station outside the gate wired like a cage, and the general conditions of a besieged town. Our officers were regaled with blood-curdling stories of Moro treachery, and warned not to leave the walls without a strong force. In spite of these stories and warnings, however, our officers did leave the walls; they passed out into the country, climbed the hills, and visited the datus, not only unattended but unarmed; and, while the Spaniards gasped, the Americans taught the bloodthirsty savage to shake hands. At first the savage was naturally suspicious; he said, "What kind of people are these Americans, who come among us without soldiers or guns? They must carry some deadlier weapons hidden under their clothes." In one case, that of Lieutenant Kobbe, when he went into Datu Jaukanine's village, the chief asked the officer if he objected to being searched. The Lieutenant laughingly replied that he had not the slightest objection; and after the suspicious crowd had satisfied themselves that he had no concealed arms, they showed the greatest friendliness. This show of confidence, and above all fearlessness, on the part of the American officers impressed the Moros far more than any display of arms would have done; they saw that they no longer had a timid enemy to deal with, but a race evidently their superiors and yet friendly; and they changed ground at once. Since that time, contrary to the opinion of all those who claimed to know the Moros, the friendly relations between them and the Americans have grown steadily stronger, and, at the time I visited Jolo, after nearly a year's travel in the Philippines, the Sulu group was the first part I had found which was wholly at peace with the United States, and the only island in the archipelago through which a white man might travel alone in safety.

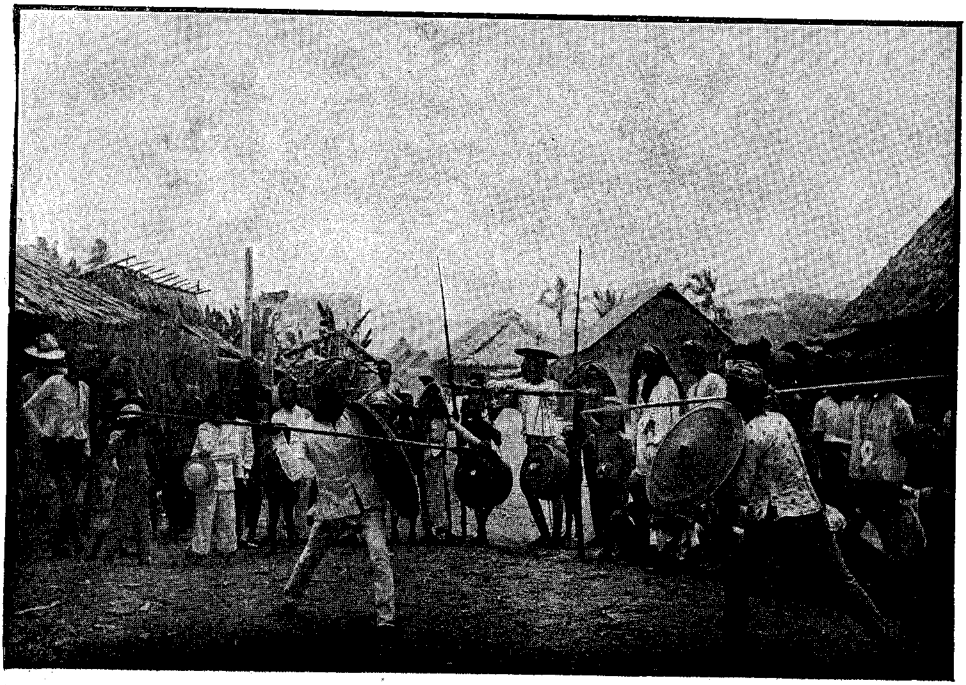
The Moro, to my mind, is at once an overrated and a much-maligned person; overrated as to his fighting qualities and bravery, maligned in the matter of character. Notwithstanding much opinion to the contrary, I have yet to find it substantiated that the Moro ever seeks an open hand-to-hand conflict, or that he fights in anything but a treacherous and, from our standpoint, a cowardly manner. In the petty wars which are constantly being waged between rival datus, the combatants seldom come together, but generally intrench themselves at a very safe distance apart, and while the main body keeps up an intermittent fire, small parties endeavor to capture their enemies' wives, slaves, and cattle. But though the Moro avoids meeting his foe face to face, he never misses an opportunity to spear him from the long grass, to cut him down from behind, or to slay him while asleep. The significant fact that Moro weapons are made without hand-guards is sufficient evidence that they are not intended for dueling or fencing, but rather for assassination. One of the little Moro wars was in progress on the south side of the island of Jolo during my stay there. It continued some six weeks, and was finally ended by American interference, with a total loss of two men. Cruel, cunning, treacherous, and cowardly as the Moro undoubtedly is, he is not, however, without some good points. Comparing the Mohammedan Moro with the Christian Tagalog or Visayan, I am constrained to believe that the Mohammedan, though less intelligent and, as we view it, wholly uncivilized, has more honesty, more constancy, and a higher sense of honor than the Christian; he makes a worse enemy but a stancher friend, and is, on the whole, decidedly more of a man. Personally, I would put myself in the hands of a Moro friend with far greater confidence than I could ever do with any Christian Filipino I have yet known. For these reasons I do not feel, as many do, that the Moro is either a formidable enemy or a menace to Philippine peace. If the same tact be used with this race in the future that Generals Bates and Kobbe have exercised and the latter is still exercising, the Moro will soon become intensely American, and in time be as good a subject as one can expect a dyed-in-the-wool Malay-Mohammedan ex-pirate to become. In thus helping to destroy traditions so picturesque and so tempting to enlarge upon, I feel that I owe my fellow-writers an apology; but the Moro needs a good word said in his behalf.

There is a word, too, to be said concerning that greatest of Moro bugaboos, the *juramentado*. The idea has gone abroad, and is, I think, generally believed, that juramentados are Moslem fanatics who deliberately prepare themselves for death for the sole purpose of slaying Christians, and that their appearance is almost an every-day affair. Most writers of the Philippines, whether through error or not I cannot say, certainly give this impression, if they do not actually say so. Foreman in one place describes them as a "class" and in another place as a "sect;" Worcester says, "From time to time it happens that one of them [the Moros] wearies of this life, and, desiring to take the shortest road to glory, he bathes in a sacred spring, shaves off his eyebrows, dresses in white, and presents himself before a *pandita* to take solemn oath (*juramentar*) to die killing Christians;" and Mr. Lala, a Philippine gentleman, devotes several pages of lurid word-painting to the "fanatic." Now, running *amok* is one of the Malay peculiarities; it is known throughout Malaysia, and the Moro is no exception. He has a habit of running *amok* when he wishes to commit suicide, and then he dies not only killing Christians, but every living thing that comes in his path, no matter of what race, creed, or sex. It is true, however, that the Moro, after he has made up his mind to *amok*, goes before a *pandita* or priest and swears to give his life to the destroying of Christians, but he does not keep his oath; it is taken with the purpose of his being guaranteed future life in the heaven of Mohammed. A recent investigation made by Major J. N. Morrison, Judge Advocate for the Department of

MORO WOMAN AND CHILD



BUS-BUS MARKET, JOLO

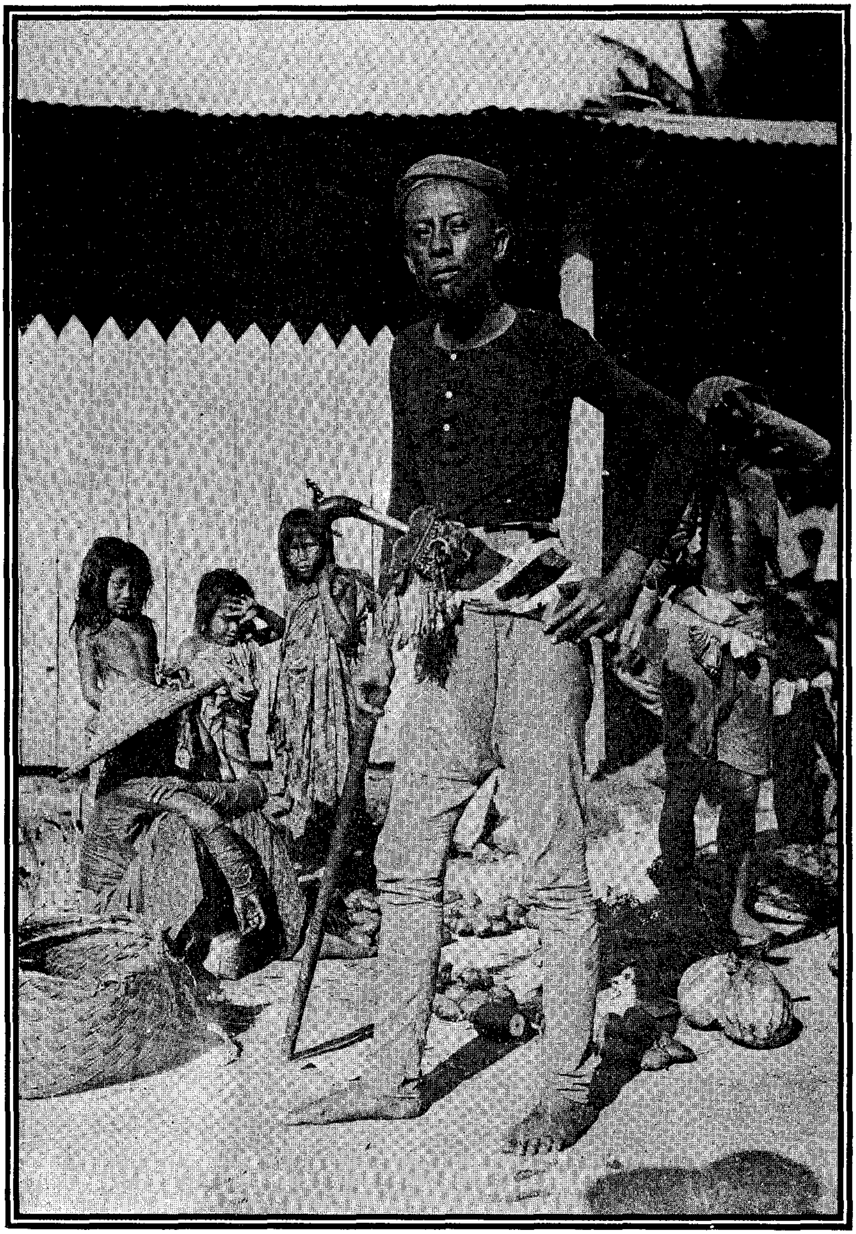


THE MORO SPEAR-DANCE

Mindanao and Jolo, of the juramentado question in Mindanao, reveals the rather astonishing fact that during the past twenty-five years only six cases of juramentados have been known; and in five of these cases it was proved that personal vengeance was the motive for running *amok*. Jolo, moreover, which has been called the home of the juramentados, has not developed a single case since the American occupation. These facts alone are sufficient, I think, to show that this Malay custom has been greatly exaggerated, that it is by no means a common occurrence, and that it is not due to religious fanaticism.

The Moro, among other things, looks upon slavery as a necessary institution, and he considers polygamy no sin. The slavery of the Sulu Archipelago is the same as that found in some parts of Luzon and in Mindanao. It is not at all a shocking system; there are no whips, no taskmasters or bloodhounds, not a suggestion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the basis seems to be more that of a retainer than a bond-slave. In Sulu a man may be enslaved for indebtedness which he cannot pay, by capture in war or piracy, or he may be born a slave. Although slaves are looked upon as part of a man's riches, since the Dutch, under pressure, put a stop to the traffic in their possessions, they are no longer considered as merchandise, and in these days, I am assured, a slave is almost never bought or sold. The Moro slave lives in the same house, eats at the same sitting, and is clothed in the same way as his master. The great difference between the old American slavery and that of Sulu is that here it is no degradation—the slave seems to be socially the equal of his master—and he is treated in such a manner that it is impossible to distinguish him from his master. He appears to work only when it pleases him, and though he has the right to purchase his freedom, he seldom does so. When taken prisoner by a rich datu, whose store of provisions is ample, he has not infrequently been known to refuse his liberty; and he often deserts one master for another. While a guest of the hospitable brothers Schück—who, by the way, are the only white settlers of the whole Sulu group—I found an interesting state of affairs bearing somewhat on this question. The father of the present Schück family at his death left some thirty or forty Moro slaves. After the American occupation these slaves were given their liberty. Not one of them left; they are still working on the estate, though now for wages, and a flourishing Liberian-coffee plantation is the result. But this is merely a side-light. What I wish to make plain is that slavery in Sulu is not the dreadful thing that some people believe; for the most part, it is no more than a datu or wealthy man being responsible for a number of the lower class—the rich taking care of the poor. This being the case, there is no need of any one going into hysterics over the matter, or any need of the United States abolishing slavery at the moment. It would undoubtedly be a grave mistake to attack the system by law at this time, when everything is being done to build up a firm basis of confidence and friendship with the Moros. The evil may be discouraged in many ways without actual legislation; and, with islands so small in area as the Sulus, such discouragement, together with the influences of trade and the contact with peoples of a higher degree of civilization, all of which are now being felt in the little archipelago for the first time, will gradually and without friction put it down for all time.

As regards polygamy in Sulu, although the Moros are permitted by their religion to take as many as four wives, they do not commonly take more than one, principally for the reason that very few of them can afford it. As a rule, polygamy is confined to the Sultan, the datus, and other head men. As an exception, however, I may say that I made the acquaintance of a Moro farmer who had three wives and fifty-three children; and a very nice little village they made. While not exactly a part of the Mohammedan religion, the Koran distinctly allows a plurality of wives, and any direct interference with the institution would doubtless be taken as an attack upon the faith, and probably lead to a holy war. Both the British and the Dutch, in their government of two or three millions of Mohammedan subjects, have wisely ignored polygamy; and the United States in its handling of the Moros cannot, I think, do better than follow these successful colonizers' example.



SIASSI POLICEMAN ARMED WITH BARONG

In coming from Luzon, where the undercurrent of popular feeling had been so uneasy and so decidedly contra-American, the contentedness of the Moros, their lack of outcry for or expectation of independence, was to me especially noticeable. The Moros do not in the least know what civil government means, and they are too little developed to have it applied. Military power will be needed to control this race for a generation to come at least; and, with the possible exception of appointing a few civil servants, which can be done by the military authorities, civil government would be not only a mistake but an absurdity. The same thing applies equally to the whole department of Mindanao and Jolo, in which perhaps nine-tenths of the entire population are Moros and pagans.

The Sway-Backed House

By Charles W. Chesnutt

Author of "The Wife of His Youth," "The Conjure Woman," etc.

WHETHER or not Uncle Solomon Grundy, like his famous namesake of the nursery rhyme, was born on Monday, I have no means of knowing; nor am I informed as to the days of the week on which the other principal events of his life took place. I do know, however, that he was a tall, shapely, and very dark man, with a straight nose, thin lips, and blue eyes. From his color and the quality of his hair one would have been inclined to regard him as a full-blooded negro; but his features, his blue eyes—a remarkable anomaly—and the fact that he was free-born, made it seem probable that he might have a distant strain of white blood, which, by reversion, had come to the surface through the overlying dark strata. He had been known to say that he was the descendant of an African king—these sable royalties may yet become as numerous, for purposes of pedigree, among dark Americans of the future as the ancient kings of Ireland. Whether for this or some other reason, he manifested a very distinct scorn for ordinary blacks. Perhaps this sentiment had something to do with his marriage, when about thirty years old, to a light-brown woman with a daughter much fairer of complexion than herself.

This little yellow girl became the apple of the old man's eyes. His wife bore him no children, and Solomon, who was of a very affectionate disposition, lavished upon Julia all the love which he might have distributed among a large family. He lived, with his wife and the child, in a small North Carolina town, where, being a free man and a skilled bricklayer and plasterer, he enjoyed a good income, for a man of simple tastes and humble station, and was able to provide comfortably for his wife and adopted daughter. The girl grew to womanhood and married a free colored man of the town, whereupon she left her mother's house and went to live with her husband.

Julia's marriage was as prolific as most unions of the poor, whose families are likely to increase in inverse ratio to their ability to support them. Some years later she died, leaving, among half a dozen children, a little daughter who resembled Julia very much. Solomon's wife, the grandmother, took the child to bring up. The father soon married again, and the girl was not missed from the crowded household, where her absence was a relief rather than a loss.

The little Isabella took the place, in the mind of Solomon and his wife, of the lost daughter Julia. She was dressed better than most colored children of the town, was sent to school regularly—she grew up just after the war—and showed herself appreciative and grateful for her opportunities. When she neared womanhood her grandmother died, and Isabella, who continued to live with the old man, became known as sole heiress of the sway-backed house, which, with the land about it, constituted the bulk of Uncle Solomon's estate. This was no mere surmise, but had for its foundation the old man's personal statement.

"Yas, suh," he would say, "Isabella is de only one I keer fer, an' she's gwine ter be my heir. Ef she'll stay here an' keep house fer me while she's single, er live here wid her husban' when she marries, she shall have all I got."

"You haven't any relatives of your own, Uncle Solomon, have you?" asked a neighbor, one day.

"No," he answered, somewhat shortly. "I had a sister once, but she married a low-down, good-fer-nothin' black nigger, an' I ain't seen her ner heared from her fer twenty years. She may be dead fer all I know er keer."

The old man's house stood on a corner, on the bank of a creek. It was a frame house, large for the neighborhood, and two stories in height. Owing to some miscalculation of strains or misplaced economy of material, the middle of the roof had sagged considerably below the ends, thus giving the house a decidedly sway-backed appearance. When Uncle Solomon bought the house and lot, he plastered all the rooms and had the roof reshingled, but the principal defect could not, in his opinion, be remedied without an entire reconstruction of the house, which he did not feel able to afford. Viewed from the end, the bend in the roof was not noticeable; and one gets accustomed to anything, so that the irregularity of outline did not detract a great deal, in the public eye, from the value or desirability of Isabella's inheritance. The house was much larger than the shabby one-story tenements in the neighborhood, and there was nothing at all the matter with the acre of land to which it appertained.

A pretty yellow girl could not grow up in Patesville without several suitors, and Isabella was no exception to the rule. The aspirants to her favor, however, had to pass the inspection, not only of Isabella's somewhat critical taste, but of the old man's more robust prejudices. Some were too old for Isabella, and some too young. Some were too dark to make a good match, and some too trifling to suit the old man. For a while the balance hung trembling between Professor Revels, of the grammar school, and Tom Turner, the blacksmith, who lived just a short distance from Uncle Solomon's. Isabella had, at first, a sneaking fondness for the blacksmith, a sturdy, brown young man, whose bare arms, shining in the light of his forge, revealed the knotted muscles of a Hercules. He was a good-natured fellow, too, and very fond of Isabella, though somewhat slow of speech and diffident in manner. Professor Revels, however, proved a powerful rival to Turner. He was not only by nature a shade lighter than the blacksmith, but, by the free use of soap and water, and certain cosmetics recommended for the purpose, looked at least a shade lighter than he really was; while the blacksmith, by reason of his trade, seemed darker than he ought. These integumentary details seemed really of more importance to the old man than to Isabella, who was more strongly impressed by the difference in the clothes of her two admirers. The Professor—he did not use the title himself, but his friends thrust it upon him—wore, every day in the week, clean, well-fitting garments, high collars and bright neckties, which contrasted strikingly with the sooty garb and open shirt-front of the young blacksmith, who, donning his good clothes more seldom, did not, for want of practice, wear them with the ease and grace of the Professor. To the advantages already stated, Revels added what seemed to the old man the most powerful argument in his favor—a very remarkable thrift. He owned already two small houses, and, having commended himself to the town authorities by abstention from politics and deference to the white people, seemed likely to hold his position indefinitely. Uncle Solomon admired the teacher's exceptional prosperity. The Professor shared the general knowledge of Isabella's expectations, and was willing to add the sway-backed house to his growing possessions. It was worth, with the land attached, at least eight hundred dollars, and possibly nine. Revels, it must be said in all fairness, was by no means indifferent to Isabella's personal attractions, though it is likely that he would have looked further before committing himself had it not been for the expected inheritance. The result of this balancing of personal and social advantages was the engagement of Isabella and Professor Revels, early in the spring of 187–. The marriage was set for a date late in June, at the end of the school year, and the couple were to take a trip to Washington on a half-rate summer excursion ticket for their wedding journey. The Professor's brother, who held a clerkship in one of the Government departments, would entertain them gratis, thus reducing materially the expenses of the visit.

Toward the latter part of May Uncle Solomon was taken ill with a severe attack of acute rheumatism, a disease to which he had long been subject in a milder form. Isabella attended him faithfully, and was very much shocked and pained when the doctor told her one day that he feared the rheumatism might reach the old man's heart, in which event the illness would in all probability have a fatal termination; for Isabella was really fond of her grandpap, as she affectionately called him, and would have been quite content to wait indefinitely for her inheritance.

She was somewhat surprised one day when a very dark young man, of good manners and neatly though poorly dressed, called at the house and announced himself as the old man's nephew. The visitor stayed to dinner, and conversed more or less with his uncle while Isabella prepared the meal. Uncle Solomon did not seem at all elated by the appearance of this hitherto unknown and unsuspected relative, though he listened patiently enough to the young man's account of his widowed mother's family, which was large, and her circumstances, which were poor, and asked the visitor to call again in case he should be passing through the town. The young man, according to his own story, was on his way to an institution of higher learning in another town, where he hoped to work his way through. He very gratefully accepted a present of five dollars which his uncle extracted, with painful effort, from a wooden chest under the head of his bed. The old man subsequently made but slight reference to his relations, merely remarking to Isabella that if the boy was a fair specimen of the family, they must be very black; that, for his part, he believed in lightening up the breed, and that his sister had made a serious mistake.

Isabella was not especially interested in the visitor, and under the pressure of household cares soon forgot his very existence; for her grandpap grew steadily worse from day to day. In the early part of June the enemy attacked the citadel of his life; his heart succumbed to the disease, and he went the way of all the earth, including even landed proprietors. The doctor must have warned him, however, or he had felt some presentiment of his impending fate; for, a week or two before his demise, he sent for Mr. Henry Williams, the colored lawyer of the town, and made a will in due form, it being necessary to devise his property if he wished Isabella to have it—for, it will be remembered, she was not a blood relation, and her adoption had never taken a legal form. The will was left in the lawyer's hands for safekeeping, under a strict injunction of secrecy as to its contents.

Upon Isabella, as the person standing nearest to the deceased, devolved the responsibility for the funeral arrangements. Owing, however, to her youth and inexperience, to say nothing of her very sincere grief, she relied more or less for assistance upon her affianced husband. The Professor counseled a modest funeral; he was opposed, he said, to ostentation in funerals, which was a race weakness that ought to be combated. He felt quite sure that Mr. Grundy himself, a man of simple tastes, would have preferred a neat pine coffin to the more elaborate and expensive velvet-lined casket with silver-plated handles and a glass top, of which Isabella had at first thought. She would have liked to have the sermon preached at the colored Methodist church, of which Uncle Solomon had been an occasional attendant, though not a regular member; but the Professor suggested that, as the colored cemetery was only a short distance from the house, it would be much more convenient to have the sermon preached at the residence, from which the pall-bearers, if carefully selected for their strength, could carry the body directly to the grave, thus saving the expense of a hearse and carriages, and setting an example of simplicity and good taste in a quarter where it was very much needed. Isabella could not dispute the wisdom of a teacher whom she had obeyed as pupil a year before, and whom she was soon to obey as a wife; she yielded her own wishes, and carried out the Professor's ideas, even at the cost of some adverse criticism from others.

The funeral was, nevertheless, largely attended. The lawyer, who was among those present, had caused it to be known among the near neighbors and intimate friends of the deceased that he would produce and read the will at the house immediately after the interment. At the conclusion of the obsequies, Isabella and her relatives, the Professor, and several near neighbors, including the young blacksmith, gathered in the sitting-room and waited, with becoming gravity, until Mr. Williams produced and read, with professional unction, the last will and testament of Solomon Grundy. The estate, as itemized in the will, consisted of the sway-backed house and the land surrounding it, one hundred and ten dollars in money, and a claim of three hundred and seventy-five dollars against the defunct Freedman's Savings Bank. This last item, as the lawyer explained, was practically valueless. The receivers of the bank had paid one dividend, and there was small prospect of another. By the terms of the will the property, after the payment of debts, funeral expenses, and cost of administration, was to be sold at private sale, upon the best terms obtainable, and the proceeds to go, share and share alike, to Isabella Reynolds and the ten children of the decedent's sister, Elizabeth Goins, of Tarboro', North Carolina.

" This afternoon," said the lawyer, as he folded the paper, " I shall have the will admitted to probate, and the estate will be settled as soon as the court shall direct."

Professor Revels, who had listened closely to the reading of the will, could hardly conceal his chagrin at the disposition of the property. Nevertheless, with an effort at self-control strengthened by his school-room experience, he mastered his feelings sufficiently to take a formal farewell of Isabella, being among the first to leave. The others did not remain long; the will gave them something to talk about, and it seemed hardly becoming to discuss the dead man in the room where his coffined remains had stood an hour before.

Tom Turner was the last to leave.

" I'm sorry, Isabella," he said, holding her hand meanwhile, " that you should lose your grandpap. He was a good man, and we shall all miss him. I know a fellow who would have been glad to do all he did for you, and more, if you had given him the chance. But he doesn't bear malice. It isn't always best for us to have what we want. If I can be of any use to you, call on me—you haven't far to come."

Isabella involuntarily contrasted this magnanimous sympathy with the abrupt departure of her affianced lover, to the disadvantage of the absent one. She was, nevertheless, a sensible girl, and able to appreciate the disappointment which so thrifty a young man as the Professor must have felt upon hearing the will. He would doubtless be around next day, however, for, while the expected inheritance was not to be despised, he had loved her, she felt, for herself as well, and would return to console her in her loneliness and take counsel with her about the future.

Several of the neighbors called next day to see how Isabella took the will, and to condole with her over the loss of the inheritance.

" It's a shame," said one ardent sympathizer, " a burnin' shame. Dat ole man's promisin' all dese years ter leabe you dat house an' lot. I sh'd think he'd be 'feared ter go befo' de jedgment th'one wid sech a lie on his lips."

" Please don't talk that way about grandpap," replied Isabella. " He was good to me for many years. He fed and clothed and reared my mother, and did the same for me, and neither of us had any claim upon him. If on his death-bed his conscience smote him because of his poor sister and her children, whom he had neglected so many years, and he felt that he ought to leave something to his own flesh and blood, I surely have no good right to complain. They need it quite as much as I, and more, for I am going to marry a school-teacher and a man of property, who is able to give me all I need. I owe the old man nothing but respect and affection, and while I appreciate your good intentions, I'd rather not hear anything said against him. If I am satisfied, no one else need be troubled."

Isabella was somewhat disappointed when the day passed without a visit from her lover. She received a note from him next day, in which he explained that the work of preparation for the school examination would occupy him for a few days, so that he would not intrude upon her grief immediately, but would leave her alone with her sorrow for a little while.

The little while lasted for a week, and stretched out into two. Meantime the court appointed Mr. Williams, the lawyer, as administrator of the Grundy estate. There being no reason for delay, the property was promptly sold. When the funeral expenses and costs of administration had been paid, there remained for distribution among the eleven legatees the sum of six hundred and sixty dollars and some odd cents, or about sixty dollars each.

Isabella received this money on Monday morning. She had been notified by the lawyer, several days before, that the purchaser of the property wished to take possession on Wednesday. The two weeks that had passed since the funeral had given Isabella ample time for reflection about her lover. When the third day after the funeral had passed without his reappearance, she had casually walked by the school-house, but had seen nothing of Professor Revels. Once again, a few days later, while coming out from the lawyer's office, where she had called upon business of the estate, she had seen Revels passing upon the opposite side of the street. She felt piqued that he should go by without seeing her—he had hitherto been able to make out her figure at the distance of half a mile. She did not shed any tears, however, but went thoughtfully on her way.

On the Sunday before the Monday on which she received her shrunken legacy, Isabella went to church. She had not put on regular mourning for the old man, but was soberly clad, and wore a black necktie, and a black ribbon upon her sailor hat. She saw Professor Revels sitting upon the men's side of the church, and perceived that he gave a glance, now and then, in her direction—not exactly an ardent glance, but one in which conflicting emotions presented their respective claims in an orderly manner. At the close of the service Isabella left the church slowly. She confidently expected that Professor Revels would walk home with her. She was, indeed, sorely in need of counsel and comfort. In two days she must leave her home. There was nowhere for her to go, except to the small house occupied by her father and his family, in which there was positively no room for her. Her marriage with the Professor was set for the following week. She might, under more auspicious conditions, have postponed it out of respect to the old man's memory; but under the circumstances, there being no tie of blood between them, the question of her own future became of paramount importance. Until her relations with the Professor should be definitely settled—and it must be admitted that Isabella had felt some misgivings since the funeral—her future movements must, of course, remain undecided. She had been offered, for instance, a country school to teach, and was at a loss what response to make. She had thought a great deal of Professor Revels; respect for his position had been as much an element of her regard as any warmer feeling. She felt that he had treated her rather coldly of late; but if he should come forward after church and walk home with her, she was willing to overlook his neglect and resume their former relations.

The congregation left the church, at the close of the service, by two different doors, most of the men passing out through one and the women through the other, though there was some mingling of the sexes in the vestibule. Isabella went out by the women's door. Her path homeward required her to turn to the right and pass the other door at an angle. She saw the Professor standing by the men's door, and gave him a full and frank look of invitation, which she might very properly do, he being her affianced husband. He started, came a few steps toward her, hesitated, lifted his hat, and turned back, as though he had left something in the church for which he must return. Isabella had observed his movements and felt distinctly disappointed; she nevertheless preserved her outward calm, and proceeded on her way with even a little more than her usual dignity, the accession being due to the fact that she had observed several curious persons watching Revels and herself.

When she had descended the hill near the church and reached the bridge across the creek, she saw Tom Turner leaning against the railing, and was conscious of a decided feeling of pleasure at sight of her sturdy young neighbor, who looked quite well in a new suit of clothes. She appreciated, too, the delicacy which had made him wait at the bridge rather than, by joining her at the church, interfere with other plans which she might have had. He walked home with her, and invited her to dinner at his mother's. She accepted the invitation, after some little demur; she had always liked Tom's mother, who was an even-tempered woman, and a peaceable neighbor.

On the following Monday afternoon about five o'clock, shortly after school hours, Isabella, who was getting ready to leave the sway-backed house, heard a familiar step on the piazza. She opened the door, and admitted Professor Revels. He put out his hand and took her own, which she gave him mechanically. If he contemplated any warmer greeting, she did not encourage it by her manner.

"Good-evening, Isabella," he said, laying his hat upon the table and taking a seat without further invitation. "I hope you are feeling well."

"Yes, sir," answered Isabella—he had been her teacher a year before, and Isabella always addressed him in terms of respect—"as well as could be expected."

"As well, no doubt," he rejoined with

a sigh, "as could be expected after so painful an experience. I had always regarded Mr. Grundy as a gentleman—a man of no education, it is true, through no fault of his own—but a man of correct habits and sound principles. I could never have imagined him guilty of such gross injustice and such unfeeling cruelty as to bring you up as his heir and then leave his property to distant relatives who had no claim upon him whatever."

"Please do not speak harshly of him," said Isabella. "His property was his own—he worked hard for it—he could do with it as he liked. He had already done much for me."

"It is very kind of you to talk that way, Isabella; it speaks well for your heart, but not well for your sense of justice. There were others besides you to be considered."

"Yes, it is true, there were others," rejoined Isabella, thinking of the ten fatherless nephews and nieces.

"It was because I could not control my feelings toward Mr. Grundy," continued Revels, conscious that some explanation would be gracefully appropriate, even if not really called for, "that I have not been around since the funeral. We have both been disappointed, Isabella."

"I will admit that *I* have," murmured Isabella.

"Yes, and so have I. Many a man in my place would feel entirely justified in breaking off our engagement. When I offered you my hand, you were the prospective heiress of this handsome house, and of this spacious lot, upon which four or five other houses might easily be built. Thoughtless people have smiled at the sway-backed roof, but my brother, the carpenter, assured me that it could easily be straightened. But you have been well raised, Isabella, and I think, after all, in spite of your loss, that you please me better and would make a more suitable school-teacher's wife than any other young woman in town."

"You are paying me a high compliment," said Isabella.

"It may seem so," he went on, "but I am sincere. I have figured that, by careful economy, you will be able to save for me, during the next ten years, as much as the inheritance of which you have been robbed would have amounted to."

"Thank you, sir," rejoined Isabella, humbly. "I have never been considered extravagant. Grandpap was saving, and taught me the value of money."

Revels looked moodily satisfied. "Do you know yet what your share of the estate will amount to?" he asked.

"Sixty dollars, eight and one-eleventh cents. I had to throw off the fraction to make change."

"Sixty dollars and eight cents," he repeated, meditatively. "I had supposed it would be a little more—but no matter. With so recent a death in the family you would not want a wedding—we can be married quietly, and save the expense. Laid out prudently, the sixty dollars will furnish our house. I presume that under the circumstances you would be willing to forego the trip to Washington—we can go down to Wilmington for a day or two on the boat."

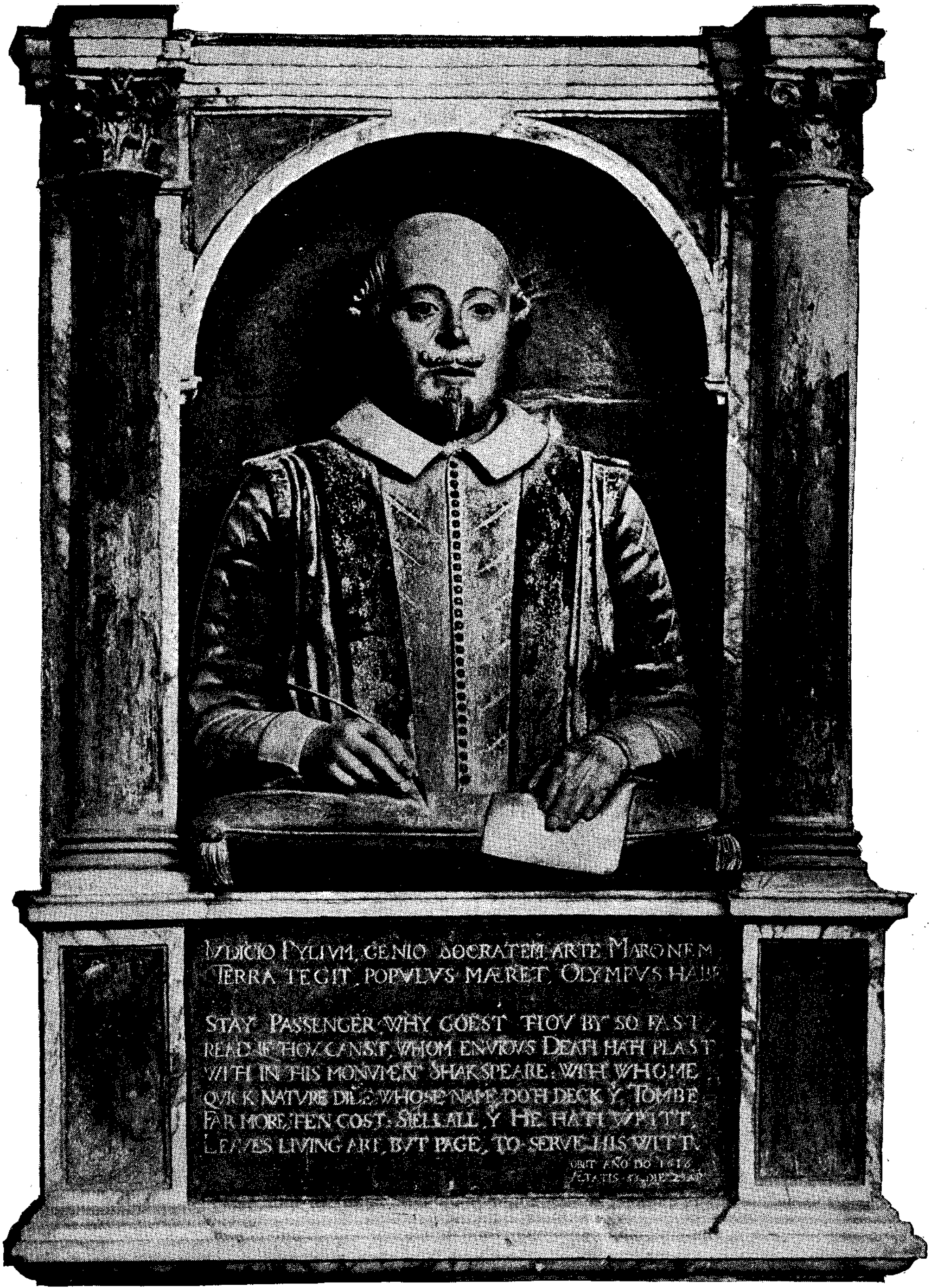
"Yes," she replied; "I have given up the Washington trip for the present."

"Very well, then, Isabella; I am convinced that, on the whole, it will be for the best. We will be married next Monday night at eight, according to our original plan. Will you be here, or at your father's?"

"I shall be at my husband's, Professor Revels," replied Isabella, rising, with a cold glitter in her eyes and a triumphant ring in her voice which made Revels shiver with vague alarm.

"Your—your husband's?" he stammered, rising involuntarily the while.

"At my husband's," repeated Isabella distinctly, lingering upon the words—"at my husband's, Mr. Thomas Turner's, around the corner. You are too slow about making up your mind, Professor Revels. I was married to Mr. Turner after church last night. There he is coming up the walk now. He will need all my attention, and I wish you a very good evening."


IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HAB
STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH ALL Y HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE HIS WITT.
OBIIT AÑO DO 1616
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 AP

BUST OF SHAKESPEARE IN HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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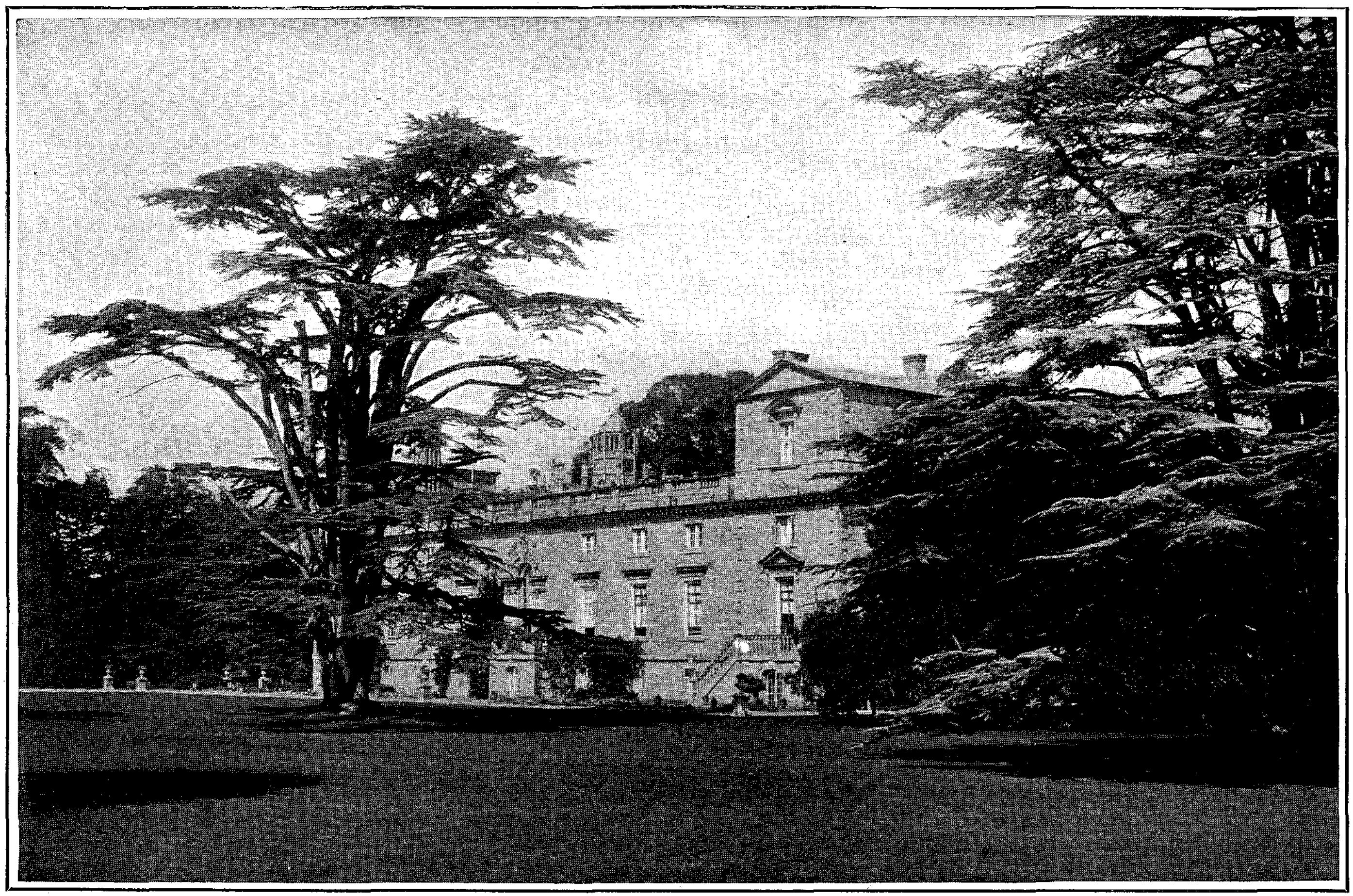
Part XIII.—The Later Tragedies

SHAKESPEARE was now in the depths of the deep stirring of his spirit which has left its record in the tragedies. The darkest mood was on him, apparently, when "Hamlet" and the three succeeding plays were written; the mood in which the sense of evil in the world almost overpowered his belief in the essential soundness of life, and the mystery of evil pressed upon the imagination with such intensity that he was tempted to take refuge in fundamental cynicism. It is in the plays of this period that Shakespeare gives place to the deep-going irony which pervaded the Greek drama, and which at times obscures the essential freedom and shaping power of personality. In his darkest mood, however, the sanity and largeness of the poet's mind asserted themselves and kept the balance against the temptation to narrow the vision by tingeing the world with the color of a mood, or by substituting for clear, direct, dispassionate play of the mind on the facts of life the easy process of reading universal history in the light of personal experience.

How completely Shakespeare escaped a danger which would have been fatal to him is seen in the changes he wrought in the story which forms the basis of "Measure for Measure." This play, like "All's Well that Ends Well" and "Troilus and Cressida," is painful and repellent; it is tinged with an irony which has a corrosive quality; it is touched with a bitterness of feeling which seems foreign to Shakespeare. The evil of life was evidently pressing upon his imagination so heavily that it had become a burden on his heart. In "Hamlet" he had portrayed a rotten society; in "Measure for Measure" he depicted a State full of iniquity and a group of men corrupted by the very air they breathed; in "Troilus and Cressida" the same vileness was personified in the most loathsome characters.

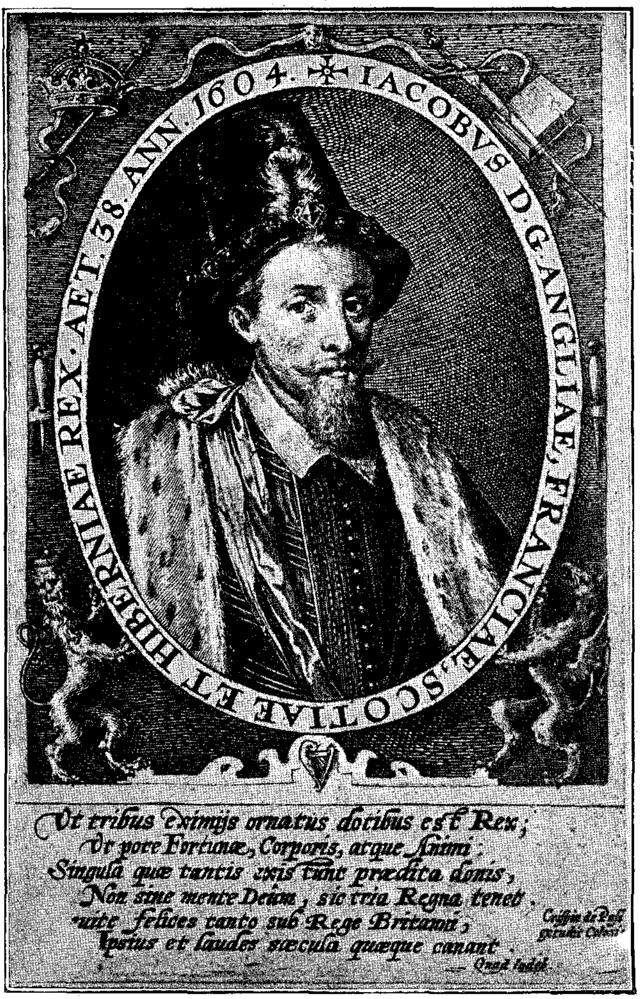
In the great Tragedies we breathe an air which is charged with fate, and feel ourselves involved in vast calamities which we are powerless to control; in the plays which have been named we breathe an atmosphere that is fetid and impure, and human nature becomes unspeakably mean and repulsive. This is, perhaps, the effect of the terrible strain of the tragic mood on Shakespeare's spirit; and these plays are to be accepted as expressions of a mood of depression verging upon despair. They are often classed with the Comedies, but they belong with the Tragedies, not only in temper, but in time.

Even in this blackness of thick darkness the poet's sanity is never lost. In a dull play by George Whetstone, published in 1587, and called "Promos and Cassandra," and based on an Italian novel by Cinthio, who also worked it into a tragedy, Shakespeare found the plot of "Measure for Measure;" the story was told in prose by Whetstone four years later in a collection of tales which he called "Heptameron of Civil Discourses." In



WILTON HOUSE, NEAR SALISBURY

Here, on December 2, 1603, Shakespeare's company performed before James I., who was a guest of the Earl of Pembroke, a patron of Shakespeare.
Photographed for The Outlook by Douglas McNeille.

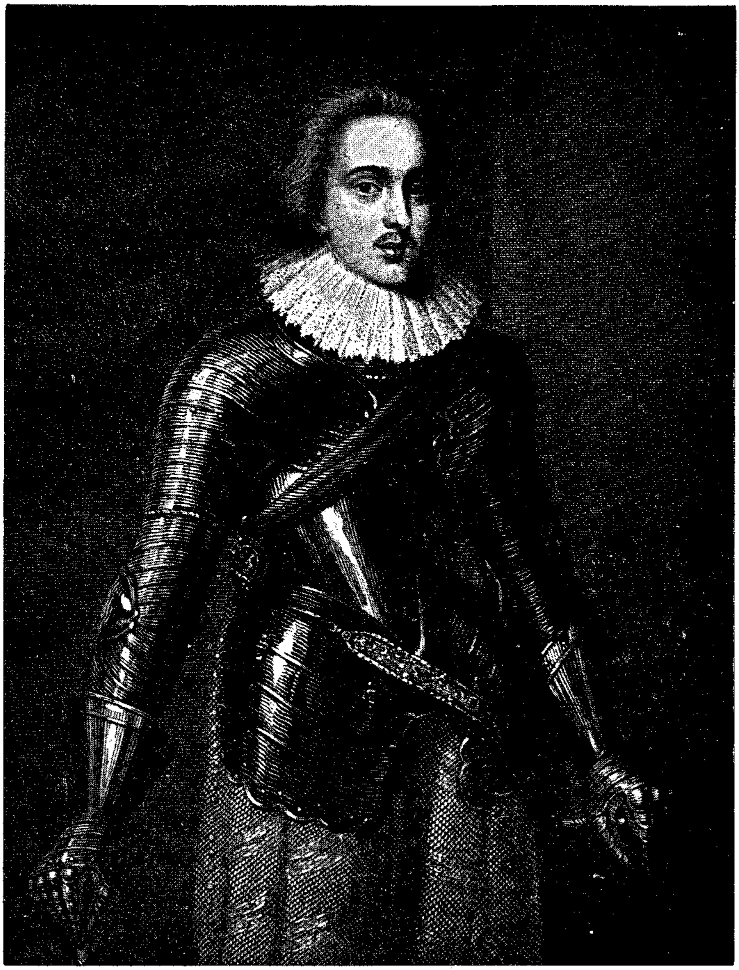

IACOBVS D.G. ANGLIAE, FRANCIAE, SCOTIAE ET HIBERNIAE REX. AET. 38 ANN. 1604.
Ut tribus eximijs ornatus dotibus est Rex;
Ut pote Fortunæ, Corporis, atque Animi:
Singula quæ tantis sunt prædita donis,
Non sine mente Deûm, sic tria Regna tenet.
Vivite felices tanto sub Rege Britanni,
Ipsius et laudes sæcula quæque canant.
Crispin de Pass
Quad

JAMES THE FIRST

From an old print.

the title of the play the earlier dramatist affirmed that it showed in the first part "the unsufferable abuse of a lewd magistrate; the virtuous behaviour of a chaste lady; the uncontrolled lewdness of a favoured courtesan; and the undeserved estimation of a pernicious parasite." Shakespeare's modifications of the plot are highly significant: in the older versions Isabella surrenders her virtue as the price of her brother's life; in "Measure for Measure" her impregnable purity gives the whole play a saving sweetness. To Shakespeare's imagination is due also the romantic episode of the moated grange and the pathetic figure of Mariana. In the murky atmosphere of this painful drama Isabella's stainless and incorruptible chastity invests purity with a kind of radiancy, and she finds her place in the little company of adorable women in whom Shakespeare's creative imagination realized and personified the eternal feminine qualities.

"Measure for Measure" was probably produced about 1603, and "Troilus and Cressida" belongs, in its final form, to the same year. The problems presented by the different versions are not more difficult than those presented by the play itself, which has been described as "a history in which historical verisimilitude is openly set at nought, a comedy without genuine laughter, a tragedy without pathos." The editors of the First Folio were so uncertain about its essential character that they evaded the necessity of classifying it by placing it between the Histories and the



HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES

From an engraving by W. Linden, after the original by Mytens, in the collection of the Duke of Dorset.

Tragedies. In temper, spirit, and probably in time, it belongs with the Tragedies, where it is now generally printed. It is the only play in which Shakespeare drew upon the greatest stream of ancient story, the materials for which he found in many forms in the literature of his time. Chief among these was Chaucer's noble rendering of the ancient romance in the "Canterbury Tales," to which may be added Chapman's "Homer," Lydgate's "Troy Book," and probably Robert Greene's version of the story which appeared in 1587.

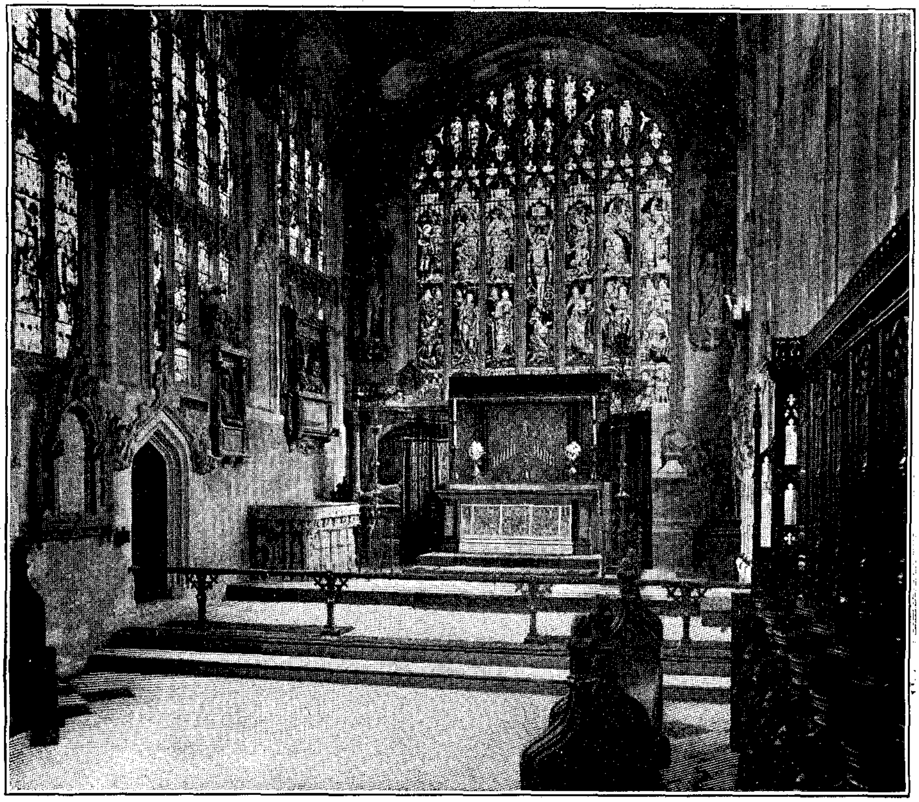
In this play Shakespeare was dealing with material which had generally been regarded as heroic and which was rich in heroic qualities; his treatment is, however, essentially satirical, with touches of unmistakable cynicism. This attitude was not, however, entirely new to Shakespeare's auditors; the great Homeric story had already been handled with a freedom which bordered on levity. Shakespeare shows little regard for the proprieties of classical tradition; this satirical attitude did not, however, blur his insight into the nature of the men whom he portrayed.

The drama brings into clear light the irony of human fate; but it is not a blind fate which the dramatist invokes as the shaping power in the drama; it is a fate set in motion by the fundamental qualities or defects of the chief actors. The special aspect of irony which the play presents is the confusion brought into private and public affairs by lawless or fatuous love. Thersites goes to the heart of the matter when, with brutal directness, he characterizes the struggle as a "war for a placket." Helen,

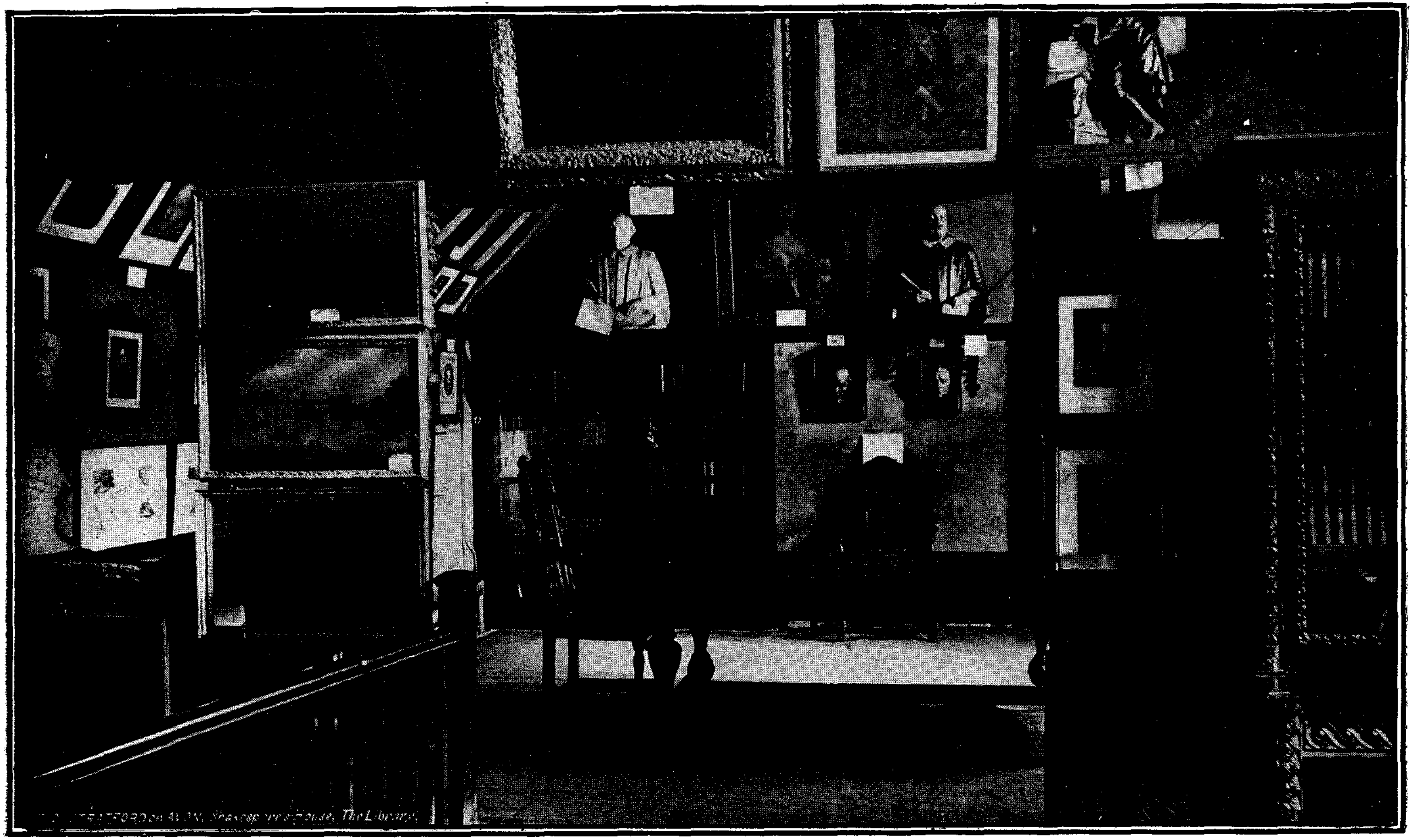
> A pearl,
> Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

involves Greece and Troy in measureless disaster, while Cressida's cheap duplicity makes Troilus the fool of fortune.

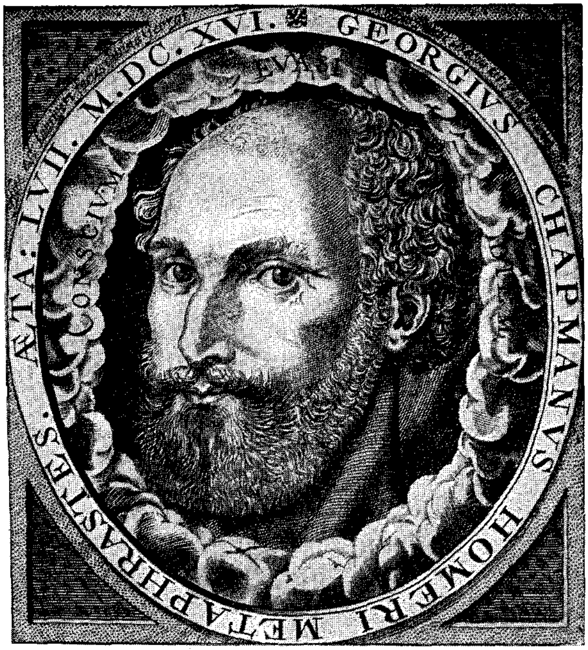
This play, it will be remembered, has been regarded by some critics as a contribution to the "war of the theaters," and as containing direct references, not only to the matters at issue, but to the characteristics and works of the chief combatants. Mr. Fleay has made a thorough study of the play from this point of view, and has presented his case with great acumen and skillful arrangement of facts and inferences. It is difficult to find in the play, in its present form, adequate basis for the supposition that it was written as an attack on Jonson, or that one of Shakespeare's contemporaries is portrayed in Thersites. Shakespeare may have touched humorously on some of the extravagances of that bloodless but vociferous combat; but the drama must have had a deeper root. Unsatisfactory and repellent as it is in some aspects, "Troilus and Cressida" has very great interest as a document in Shakespeare's history as a thinker and an artist. It is remarkable for its range of style, reproducing as it does his earlier manner side by side with his later manner. It is notable also for its knowledge of life, expressed in a great number of sententious and condensed phrases; for its setting aside of the dramatic mask and direct statement of the truth which the dramatist means to convey. And it is supremely interesting because in the person of Ulysses, the real hero of the drama, Shakespeare seems to present his own view of life. The ripest wisdom of the dramatist speaks through the lips of this typical man of experience, whose insight has been corrected by the widest contact with affairs, whose long familiarity with the world has made him a master of its diseases, and whose speech has the touch of universality in its dispassionateness,



THE CHANCEL OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH


STRATFORD on AVON. Shakespeare's House. The Library.

THE LIBRARY OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD breadth, and clarity of vision. This tragedy of disillusion has at least the saving quality of a rich and many-sided knowledge of life.


M. D C. XVI.
GEORGIVS CHAPMANVS
HOMERI METAPHRASTES.
ÆTA: LVII.
EVASI
CONSCIVM

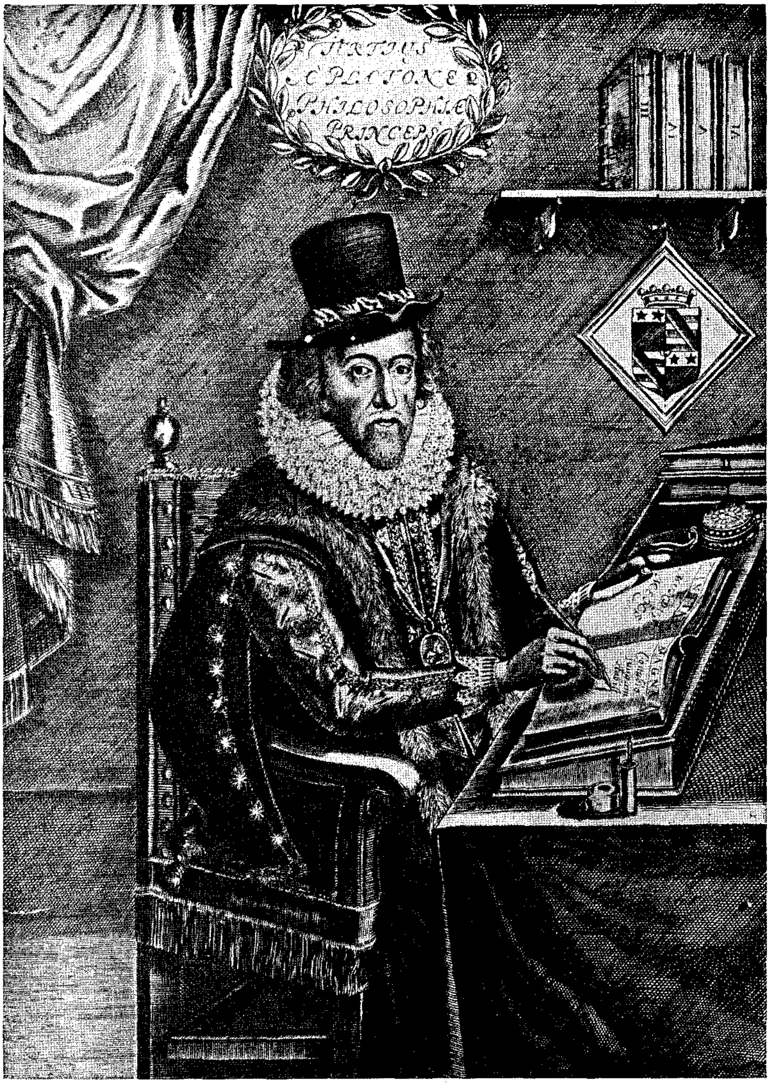
GEORGE CHAPMAN

From a very old print.

Queen Elizabeth died in March, 1603, while Shakespeare was absorbed in the problems presented in the Tragedies. His silence when the chorus of elegies filled the air has already been noted; his friendship for Southampton and Essex had probably estranged him from the Queen. Shortly after his accession to the throne, James I. showed his favor to a group of nine actors, among whom were Shakespeare and Burbage, by granting them a special license of a very liberal character, and giving them the right to call themselves the King's Servants. The plays of Shakespeare were repeatedly presented before the King at various places; among them, Wilton House, the residence of the Earl of Pembroke, which stands in a charming country about three miles from Salisbury, and in which Sidney wrote the "Arcadia." The whole region is touched with literary associations of the most diverse kinds. The course of travel taken by Shakespeare's company makes it probable that he saw the noble Cathedral in its beautiful close, as Dickens saw it when he laid the scene of "Martin Chuzzlewit" in that neighborhood, and that he passed the little church where holy George Herbert lived five years of his beautiful life a quarter of a century later. In the following year, wearing the scarlet robe presented for the occasion, Shakespeare, in company with other actors, walked in the procession which formally welcomed the King to London. Mr. Lee agrees with Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in the belief that Shakespeare and his fellow-actors of the King's Company were present at Somerset House by royal order, and took part in the magnificent ceremonies with which the Spanish ambassador, who came to England to ratify the treaty of peace between the two countries, was entertained at midsummer in the same year. And during the succeeding autumn and winter the records show that Shakespeare's company appeared before the King at Whitehall on at least eleven occasions. Much as the King loved the society of prelates and the amenities of theological discussion, it is clear that he was not indifferent to the charms of the stage.

One of the plays which the King saw was "Othello." In "Hamlet" Shakespeare spoke for and to the Germanic consciousness; in "Romeo and Juliet," and still more directly in "Othello," he spoke for and to the Latin consciousness. "Othello" is one of the simplest, most direct, conventional, and objective of the plays. In its main lines it is an old-fashioned drama of blood-shedding, saved by the penetrating insight with which the motives of the chief characters are revealed, and by the vitalizing skill with which the situations are related to the plot and the plot rooted in the moral necessities of the human nature within the circle of movement. The thread of the story was clearly traced by Cinthio in the series of novels from which "Measure for Measure" was also derived. The Italian romancer furnished nearly all the incidents, but Shakespeare breathed the breath of dramatic life into them, made Othello and Desdemona the central figures, and developed the subtle deviltry of Iago.

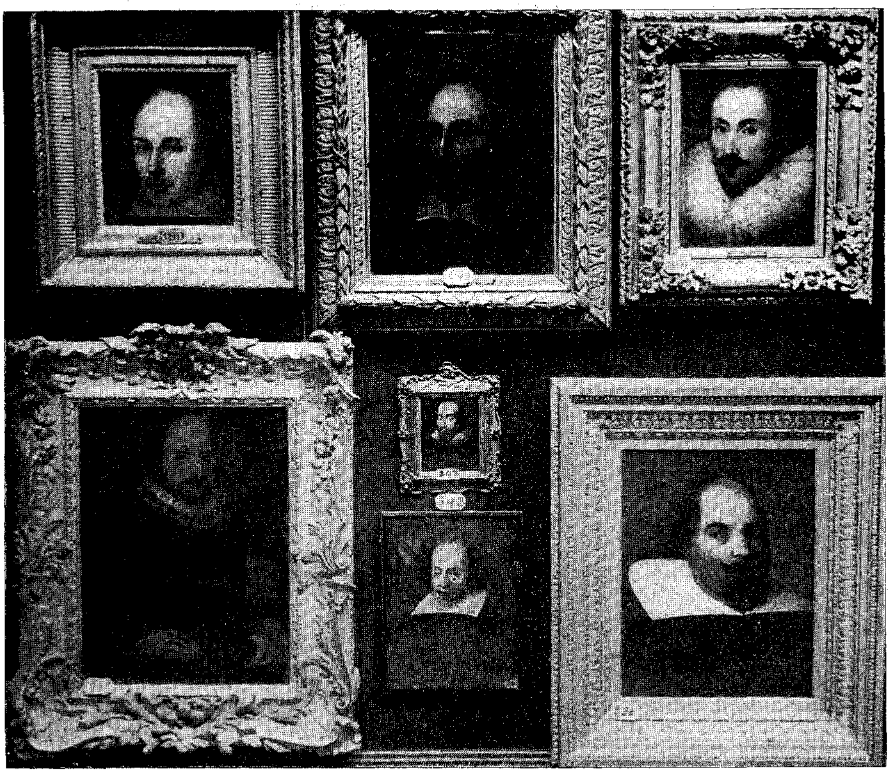
It is Othello's open and generous nature which, like the idealism of Brutus, makes him the victim of men smaller than himself. Desdemona loves him for the dangers he has passed, and, like Helena, surrenders herself without question or hesitation to her passion. The audacity of her surrender is heightened by the difference of race between her and Othello—a difference so wide and deep that to cross it almost inevitably created a tragic situation. From the very beginning the play is touched with a certain violence of emotion and action which bears in itself the elements of disaster. Iago, keeping himself in the background and striking blow after blow, is one of the most significant and original of Shakespeare's creations—a malicious servant of a fate compounded of his devilish keenness of insight into the weaknesses of noble natures and of their unsuspicious trustfulness. The basis of tragedy in Othello was his ready belief in Iago and his quickly awakened distrust of Desdemona. In the end, Iago, like most of those who invoke tragic forces for evil ends, is destroyed by the tempest of passion he has let loose in the world.



FRANCIS BACON

By reason of its simplicity, its rapidity of movement, and its dramatic interest, "Othello" has long been one of the popular Shakespearean plays on the stage. Its chief characteristic is perhaps its pathos; the deep and penetrating appeal which the spectacle of the defeat of two noble natures by pure villainy makes to the imagination. Wordsworth declared that "the tragedy of Othello, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's 'Life of George Herbert,' are the most pathetic of human compositions."

Shakespeare was now swiftly mounting



A GROUP OF SHAKESPEARE PORTRAITS

From the Shakespeare Museum at Stratford.

to the sublimest heights of dramatic creation, penetrating further and further into the depths of the human spirit, and steadily bringing the tragic movement home to the soul of the tragic hero. In "Romeo and Juliet" the family and social forces are more powerful than the passion and devotion of the ill-fated lovers; in "Julius Cæsar" the interest fastens upon Brutus, while the dead Imperator remains in the background as the personification of a new order in society; in "Hamlet" the time, which was out of joint, must be taken into account if the chief actor is to be made comprehensible. In "Othello" the essential movement is wholly within the circle of the character of the protagonist; the tragic action springs out of Othello's nature; the drama issues out of the heart of the hero and is centered in him. This marks the culmination of Shakespeare's art as a dramatist; every element in the play—character, action, incident, background—is strictly subordinated to the unity and totality of the movement, and the concentrated energy and vitality of the dramatist's genius bear the drama swiftly forward to the dramatic crisis.

In "Macbeth," which takes rank with "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Othello" as the dramatic masterpieces of Shakespeare, the same breadth and unity of interest are notable. It is one of the shortest of the plays; there is almost no relief from humor or a subsidiary plot; the style is broad and firm, almost sketchy in the largeness of outline and the indifference to detail. The brevity and condensation of the play have raised the question whether it is not an abridgment. There is no question, however, regarding the definiteness and completeness of impression which it conveys—an impression of massive and inevitable tragedy. The sources of "Macbeth" are to be found in Holinshed's "Chronicle of England and Ireland;" suggestions for the witch scenes may have been found in the "Discoverie of Witchcraft" which appeared not long before the poet left Stratford. The play was completed about 1606, and the Scottish background suggests that the interest of the King in the scenic and historic associations of the drama may have directed Shakespeare's attention to the subject.

"Macbeth" presented the poet with a new motive or theme of dramatic interest. Up to this point the tragic heroes had committed deeds of violence, but Lear spoke for them all when he said:

> I am a man more sinn'd against than sinning.

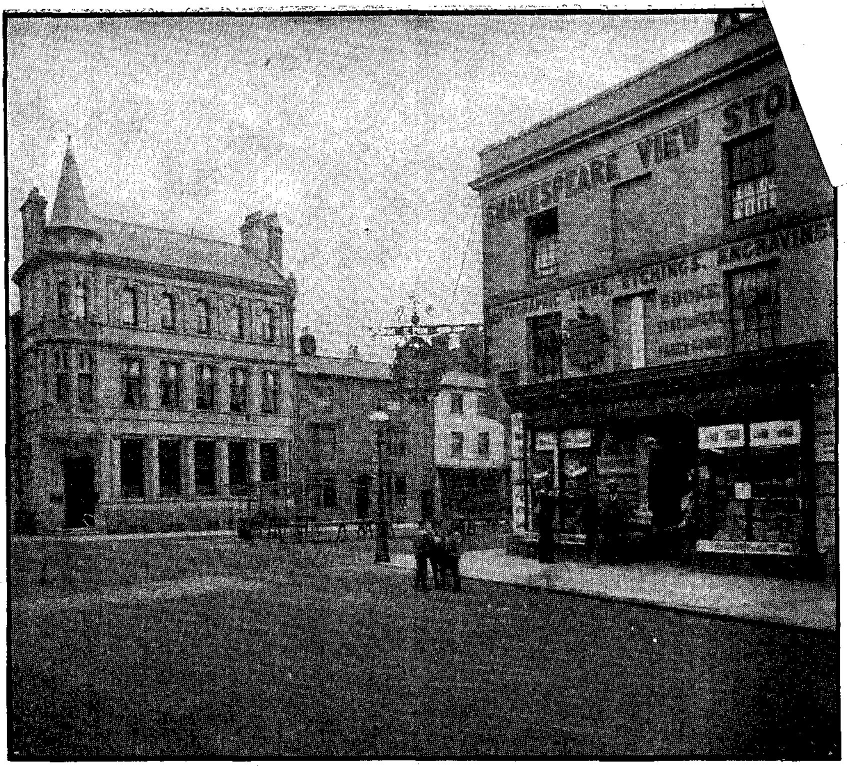
Macbeth does not belong in this company of the children of fate; he deliberately sets in motion the tragic forces which sweep the stage; he becomes a criminal on a colossal scale; he kills his King under his own roof, uses murder as if it were a legitimate political method, and converts all the opportunities of usurpation into a consistent practice of tyranny. He fills the stage; the whole drama is rooted in his nature; and, criminal as he is, he commands unwilling admiration and breathless interest by the massive simplicity of his character, the concentration of his purpose, and the directness of his action. The play moves with unusual rapidity, and presents no elements which withdraw the attention for a moment from the central figures or the swift and definite movement.

The weird sisters on the blasted heath had long been part of the Macbeth legend. In Shakespeare's version of the story these supernatural beings were neither the creations of Macbeth's brain nor the masters of his destiny; they had objective reality, but they were not the ministers of fate. Macbeth's fate was in his own hands. The sisters spoke to Banquo as directly as to Macbeth, but Banquo's clear vision and deep integrity gave their word no lodgment. Whether they speak truth or falsehood, they leave his fate untouched; in Macbeth's mind, on the other hand, they find a quick soil for evil suggestion.

It has been urged by several critics that some parts of "Macbeth" were interpolated at a later day by Thomas Middleton, chiefly on the ground that these passages are un-Shakespearean in character, that there are obvious resemblances between the witch scenes in the play and Middleton's play, "The Witch," which appeared in 1610, and that two songs to which allusion is made in the stage-directions of "Macbeth" appear in "The Witch." Charles Lamb long ago pointed out the marked differences between the witches of Shakespeare and those of Middleton; the resemblances between the plays are most readily explained by the assumption that Middleton had Shakespeare too much in his mind. The two songs beginning "Come away, come away," and "Black spirits and white," may have been written by Middleton and interpolated in the acting version of "Macbeth" at a later date, or they may have been written by Shakespeare and revised or modified by Middleton. The scene in which the porter speaks after the murder was long regarded as questionable. Coleridge found the introduction of the comic element too abrupt, and failed to perceive the deepening of the tragic impression which the scene produces by its startling contrast with the awful atmosphere of crime which pervades the castle. This point was finally settled by the keen instinct of De Quincey in one of the most famous passages in Shakespearean criticism:

> Another world has stept in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of a woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested, laid asleep, tranced, racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated, relation to things abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that, when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

Dr. Simon Forman has left an account of a performance of "Macbeth" which he



THE QUINEY HOUSE, STRATFORD
Where Judith Shakespeare lived.

saw at the Globe Theater in the spring of 1611. The play finds its place in the front rank of tragedies ancient or modern; and its massive structure, its boldness of conception, the largeness of its outlines, have inclined some critics to give it the first place. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of tragedy, but it is free from the irony of blind fate. Macbeth is not the victim of a fate which is imposed upon him from without; he invokes the fate which pursues him, and " life becomes a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," because he has violated its laws and willfully evoked its possibilities of disaster.

In " Macbeth " the epic element mingled with the dramatic; in " King Lear " the tragic element is supreme and unmixed, and the tragic art of Shakespeare touches its sublimest height. There is no more tragic figure in literature than that of the old king, accustomed to rule and flung out into the night by the children among whom he has divided his power; intensely affectionate and willfully irrational; with all the majesty of a king joined to the passionateness of a child; his illusions destroyed, his reason unseated; with no companionship save that of the fool, wandering shelterless in the storm, symbolical of the shattering of his life in the awful tempest of passion.

This Titanic drama, which ranks with the sublimest work of Æschylus and Sophocles and stands alone in modern literature, was performed before the King at Whitehall, at Christmas-tide, 1606. The story, in a condensed form, is found in Geoffrey of Monmouth's " Historia Britonum," and was derived from an old Welsh chronicle; some of the motives introduced into the legend appear in a wide range of folk tales. Like " Hamlet," the formative conception in " King Lear " has its foundations deep in the vital experience of the race. It is Celtic in its origin; but it found its setting in literature at the hands of the old English chroniclers, Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, Robert of Brunne, and, finally, of Holinshed, in whose pages Shakespeare read it. The story of Cordelia was told in verse in " The Mirrour for Magistrates " and in "The Faerie Queene," and had been dramatized at least fifteen years before Shakespeare dealt with it. The poet's attention may have been definitely drawn to the dramatic possibilities of this old story by a rude play which appeared in 1605, entitled "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and His Three Daughters—Gondrill, Ragan, and Cordella;" a version which, in the opinion of Dr. Ward, seemed only to await the touch of such a hand as Shakespeare's to become "a tragedy of sublime effectiveness." This was precisely what Shakespeare, by omitting irrelevant parts, by a free use of all the material, and by entirely reorganizing it, made of the old folk story.

Appalling as is the presentation of the play of elemental forces and passions in "King Lear," and completely as it seems to break away from all relation to a spiritual order, and to exhibit men as the sport of fate, it is, nevertheless, rooted in the character of the men and women who are tossed about in its vast movements as by some shoreless sea. Gloucester, the putting out of whose eyes perhaps surpasses in horror any other incident in the plays, is not so blind that he cannot read the story of his own calamities in the sin of his youth. We are reminded of this relation between present misery and far-off offenses when Edgar says:

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us;
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

The play is Titanic not only in force and grandeur, but in the elemental character of the passions and ideas which contribute to the catastrophe. Such a nature as Lear's—passionate, willful, undisciplined, dominated by a colossal egoism—could not escape a conflict of appalling dimensions. When the world which Lear had organized about him by the supremacy of his own will was shattered, he could neither recognize nor accept a new order, but must fling himself in a blind passion of revolt against the new conditions which he had unwittingly brought into being. His madness grew out of his irrational attitude towards his family.

Lear's sufferings are heightened by interweaving with them the sufferings of Gloucester. "Were Lear alone to suffer from his daughters," wrote Schlegel, "the impression would be limited to the powerful compassion felt by us for his private misfortunes. But two such unheard-of examples taking place at the same time have the appearance of a great commotion in the moral world; the picture becomes gigantic, and fills us with such alarm as we should entertain at the idea that the heavenly bodies might one day fall from their appointed orbits." To still further deepen this impression, the Fool, the very soul of pathos in humorous disguise, strikes into clear light not only the King's misfortunes, but his faults as well.

In "King Lear," as clearly as in the other tragedies, men reap what they sow, and the deed returns to the doer with inexorable retribution; but the play is not to be explained by any easy and obvious application of ethical principles. It lifts the curtain upon the most appalling facts of life, and makes no attempt to rationalize them. In this revelation of the ultimate order of life, which is inexplicable by the mind in its present stage of development, the play takes its place with the Book of Job, with the great trilogy of Æschylus, or with the sublime "Œdipus Tyrannus," of which Shelley thought it the modern equivalent. Its sublimity lies in the vastness of its presentation of the great theme of human suffering, and in the nobility of its method. Such a theme could have been touched only by a man of the first magnitude; and such a man could not go beyond its dramatic presentation; to have attempted the solution would have cheapened the work. The end of art is not to solve the problems of existence, but to deepen and freshen the sense of life; when this sense is deep and fresh, these problems are so dealt with that, as in the Book of Job, their very vastness and mystery suggest the only adequate and satisfying answer. In "King Lear," the greatest dramatic achievement of our race, the poet so enlarges the field of observation and dilates the imagination of the reader that the postponement of the ultimate solution of the problem of the tragedy is not only inevitable, but is the only outcome which would be tolerated by the reader.

In "Timon of Athens," which probably followed close upon "King Lear" in point of time, the poet turned once more from the lofty severity of tragedy, full of pity and of terror, to the easier, narrower, and less noble attitude of the satirist, in whose comment there is a touch of corrosive bitterness. In style, in treatment, and in attitude this play is so full of inconsistencies, and in parts so essentially un-Shakespearean, that it is now generally regarded as a sketch made by the poet, but elaborated and put into its present form by other and later hands. This conclusion seems more probable than the hypothesis that it is an old drama worked over by Shakespeare, or that it was the product of collaboration with another playwright. It is not certain that any play on the subject was known to Shakespeare, who found the story of Timon in Plutarch's "Life of Antonius," and also in the version of the story in that repository of old stories, Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure." It seems probable that the author of the play was familiar with Lucian's dialogue on Timon.

The character of Timon relates itself in various ways to that of Lear. Both confided blindly; both were generous without measure or reason; there was in both an element of irrationality; and in both the reaction was excessive and akin to madness. There were in both the elements of simple and kindly goodness; and both were lacking in perception and penetration. In both the seeds of tragic calamity lay very near the surface. The irony of Timon lies not so much in the reaction of his irrational prodigality upon his fortunes and character as in the fierce light thrown upon those who had benefited by his lavish mood. Timon hates mankind upon a very narrow basis of personal experience; Apemantus hates mankind because he is a cynic by nature. Timon is blind alike to the good and the evil in mankind; he fails to recognize the loyal devotion of his steward Flavius, after misfortunes have overtaken him, as he failed to heed his warnings in the days of prodigality. In this blindness his calamities are rooted; it is this which turns all the sweetness of his nature into acid when the world forsakes him; and it is this which makes his judgment of that world valueless save as an expression of his own mood. "Timon" is a study of temperament, not a judgment upon life.

There could hardly have been a greater contrast of subject and material than that which Shakespeare found when he turned from "King Lear" or "Timon" to "Antony and Cleopatra"—a tragedy almost incredibly rich in variety and range of character and in splendor of setting. He had recourse again to Plutarch's "Life of Antonius," fastening this time, not upon an episode, but upon the nature and fate of one of the most fascinating figures on the stage of the antique world. That world he recreated in its strength and weakness, in its luxury and magnificence, in a drama which brought before the imagination with equal firmness of touch the power of Rome, personified in the disciplined and far-seeing Octavius, the voluptuous temperament of the East in Cleopatra, and the tragic collision of two great opposing conceptions of life in Marc Antony—a man born with the Roman capacity for action and the Eastern passion for pleasure. In Cæsar's house in Rome, in newly contracted alliance with Octavius, Antony's heart is in Egypt:

> I' the East my pleasure lies.

The style marks the transition to the poet's latest manner; rhyme almost disappears, and "weak endings," or the use of weak monosyllables at the end of the lines, become very numerous. The poet had secured such conscious mastery of his art that he trusted entirely to his instinct and taste. The story in Plutarch's hands has a noble breadth and beauty, and is full of insight into the ethical relations of the chief actors in this world-drama. The full splendor of Shakespeare's genius has hardly done more than bring out dramatically the significance of these great words of the Greek biographer:

> Antonius being thus inclined, the last and extremist mischief of all other (to wit, the love of Cleopatra) lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him, and were never seen to any; and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse than before.

Again and again Shakespeare touched upon this great theme and showed how tragic disaster issues out of unregulated passion and infects the coolest nature with madness; but nowhere else is that tragedy set on so great a stage and so magnificently enriched with splendid gifts of nature, noble possessions, and almost limitless opportunities of achievement.

It is the drama of the East and West in mortal collision of ideals and motives, and the East succumbs to the superior fiber and more highly organized character of the West. Cleopatra is the greatest of the enchantresses. She has wit, grace, humor; the intoxication of sex breathes from her; she unites the passion of a great temperament with the fathomless coquetry of a courtesan of genius. She is passionately alive, avid of sensation, consumed with love of pleasure, imperious in her demands for that absolute homage which slays honor and saps manhood at the very springs of its power. This superb embodiment of femininity, untouched by pity and untroubled by conscience, has a compelling charm, born in the mystery of passion and taking on the radiance of a thousand moods which melt into one another in endless succession, as if there were no limit to the resources of her temperament and the sorceries of her beauty. Of her alone has the greatest of poets dared to declare that "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." It is this magnificence which invests Cleopatra's criminality with a kind of sublimity; so vast is the scale of her being and so tremendous the force of her passions.

The depth of Shakespeare's poetic art and the power of his imagination are displayed in their full compass in "Antony and Cleopatra." The play is vitalized as by fire, so radiant is it in energy and beauty of expression. The chief figures are not only realized with historical fidelity, but they breathe the very atmosphere of the East.

In "Julius Cæsar" there is Roman massiveness of construction and severity of outline; "Antony and Cleopatra" is steeped in the languor and luxury of the East. The Roman play has the definiteness and solidity of sculpture; the Egyptian play has the glow and radiancy of painting.

The study of classical subjects bore final fruit, at the end of this period in Shakespeare's life as an artist, in "Coriolanus"—the tragedy of a great nature wrecked by pride. Written about 1609, and closely related to the magnificent drama of the East and West, the poet turned for the last time to the pages of Plutarch, who told this story, as he told the story of Antony, with a noble dignity and beauty which were not lost at the hands of his English translator. The motive of the play is so admirably set forth in a few phrases in the "Life of Coriolanus" that it is impossible to avoid quoting them:

> He was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of State; and that remembered not how willfulness is the thing of the world, which a governor of a commonwealth, for pleasing, should shun, being that which Plato called "solitariness;" as, in the end, all men that are willfully given to a self opinion and obstinate mind, and who will never yield to other's reason but to their own, remain without company and forsaken of all men. For a man that will live in the world must needs have patience, which lusty bloods make but a mock at. So Marcius, being a stout man of nature, that never yielded in any respect, as one thinking that to overcome always and to have the upper hand in all matters was a token of magnanimity and of no base and faint courage, which spitteth out anger from the most weak and passioned part of the beast, much like the matter of an impostume: went home to his house, full freighted with spite and malice against the people.

The humorous scenes which give the play variety were entirely contributed by Shakespeare; and the presentation of the mob is highly characteristic. The poet hated the irrationality and violence of untrained men. Coriolanus never for a moment conceals his contempt for them:

> I heard him swear,
> Were he to stand for consul, never would he
> Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
> The napless vesture of humility;
> Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
> To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

This is quite in accord with Casca's contempt for the "rabblement" which "hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath," because Cæsar refused the crown. This contempt finds its most satiric expression in Jack Cade's manifesto:

> Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.

In complete contrast with this conception of the common people as a mere rabble, full of passion and devoid of ideas, stands Coriolanus—a typical aristocrat, with the virtues of the aristocrat:

courage, indifference to pain, scorn of money, independence of thought, command of eloquence, and natural aptitude for leadership. These great qualities are neutralized by colossal egotism, manifesting itself in a pride so irrational and insistent that, sooner or later, by the necessity of its nature, it must produce the tragic conflict. Coriolanus, in spite of his great faults, has heroic proportions, and fills the play with the sense of his superiority; he lives and dies like a true tragic hero.

The Insight of the Christian

By the Rev. W. P. Allis

"Is the seer here?"—I Samuel ix., 11.

THIS is the question of a young countryman who with his servant is looking for live-stock which has strayed from his father's farm. He who later was called the "prophet" was then called "seer." The young Saul shares in a popular estimate of the day, and attributes to Samuel, the seer, some of the qualities of the soothsayer. It happens, then, as it has so often since, that the half truth can become a step toward the whole, and that even a superstition can begin a revelation. Saul is searching for a soothsayer, and finds a seer. He goes out with the hope that he can find the lost animals, and finds himself. The seer discloses to the peasant his coming kingship.

In time the seer merges into the prophet, but the discerning quality which makes the name "seer" so finely descriptive is never lost. From Samuel to Elisha, from Amos to Jeremiah, from the later Isaiah to John the Baptist, the instinct of the seer is the key to prophecy. Whether the prophet is statesman, political economist, social reformer, or teacher of pure religion, he is sharply opposed to the professional ecclesiastic. Amaziah, the priest of Bethel, sends the arrogant message to Amos: "O thou seer, flee away to Judah, and prophesy there." It is Amos, as the prophet, who sharply retorts: "I was not one of the sons of the prophets, but the Lord took me as I followed the herd, and said, Go prophesy to my people Israel." The fact that he was not a professional was at once his credential and his safeguard. His right to prophesy did not lie in his family connections, nor in any laying on of hands, but in his being a seer.

The gulf between priest and prophet widens. Ecclesiasticism lays its hand with ever-increasing rigor on secular as well as religious life. The prophets are succceded by the wise men who play so important a part in the education of the common people, and the prophecies are displaced by the wisdom literature. The rabbis in the widening circle of the synagogue life help to keep alive the democratic spirit, and the stream of prophecy, disappearing for a time from the surface, reappears in many a private utterance which would once have been distrusted in the face of the wider reputation of the national prophets. The stream becomes an intermittent spring in the Book of Daniel and the fierce religious spirit of the Maccabean rebellion, and rushes into sight again in the ringing denunciation of national and private sins which falls from the lips of the Baptist. At last prophecy takes on its original form, although heightened in a new insight and beauty, in the words of the Seer who spoke as never man spoke, teaching the world that even seership could take on a more abundant life.

Side by side with this persistent power to declare the principles of individual and national welfare, almost making it possible to say that prophecy was never lost, was the hardening of religion into the burdening formalism of the temple and its sacrificial rites. It is this professional spirit which is to send its haughty messengers to Jesus demanding his authority, and which with relentless hatred would make it expedient that one man should die rather than die itself. It is this eternal conflict between religion as a *seeing* and religion as a ritual which explains why Jesus could so long preach in the synagogues when the priests from almost the first of his ministry became so bitterly hostile. And this also explains why the synagogue so often became the home and mold of the early church, and why the plain meeting-house has so often helped to keep religion sweet and pure when the cathedral could not. The one was the home of the hearer, the other the home of the seer.

Jesus as the master seer, and the seer's insight the right of every Christian—this is the thought which leads us this morning. It is pitiful to see how often men have turned to the temple, the priest, and the law rather than trust themselves to the synagogue, the prophet, and the seer's intuition. It will be equally pitiful if we shall think that because Jesus saw God we do not need to see him for ourselves. Jesus did not declare that those who believed a doctrine about his divinity should see God. The pure in heart should see him. He did not say, "Because I have seen, therefore all men are blessed," but, "Blessed are those who, not having seen, yet believe." We are indebted to a Frenchman of our own time for the thought that faith cannot deal with fact. Fact means knowledge. Faith deals with the unseen which is not yet knowledge. Out of the unseen it brings the seen. That is why Jesus over and over insisted that the men with whom he was dealing should show faith for themselves. To them he was himself an unknown quantity. "Believe in me" meant, therefore, belief in the unseen in his own personality, and through him faith in the unseen, untrusted Father. There was no other way than that. "Because I live, ye shall live also," meant, in its lowest terms, "Because I am a seer you must also be seers, for the seer shall live." Jesus never taught that his faith absolved others from having faith. He was divine because he was spiritually alive. His spiritual life made him the Son of God. If he is to be the first-born among many brethren, it must be because the many have the same spiritual insight as he himself. That insight of his, let me remind you again, did not come because he was in the lineage of the temple priesthood, nor yet from the law. The law was to be filled full with a new life. Whence could this life come but from his Father? "Whatsoever the Father giveth me, that I speak," is not Oriental pantheism, but the deliberate choice of his own will to listen Godward. Jesus was pre-eminently the listener. Yet this was not to save other men that trouble, but simply to teach them how. Revelation has not yet ceased, in spite of theories about inspiration. So long as even one man can be found who is sure that there is yet more light to break from God's wisdom, it never will cease.

The proof that Jesus meant that each follower of his should be a seer like himself is found in the fact that this was in him more than an instinct. It became an intuition. It is just here that so many of his disciples have misinterpreted him. They have looked upon this marvelous insight of his as the joint result of his human and divine endowment alone, a gift rather than an acquirement. But Jesus was no mere automaton. "Talents," he taught, "were to be developed." Instinct might become intuition. The latent power of seeing might become a sixth sense under use. He never claimed a divine right of kingship exempting him from spiritual exertion. Labor precedes growth. The Christian was not an amœba, living simply by absorption. "To him that hath shall be given." "If any *will* to do His will, he shall know the doctrine." And the "willing to do" was as serious an expenditure of vitality as healing the sick, or climbing a mountain that he might be alone. Jesus' claim to divinity is not the common error that he was so simply because God had richly endowed him, but that he had sought the Father's will and lived it. It was not only that he and the Father were one in nature, but that the Father had worked hitherto, and he must work also. Nowhere shall we find richer proof of this increment of power through use than by reading between the lines of the temptation which follows his baptism. Its value for us is in part its closeness to the temptations which men experience to-day, and in part its proof that intuition can be developed into an accurate sense.

The first temptation is physical hunger. The blind seer of Edinburgh finds in it the temptation to become solely a social reformer. The people all about him were murmuring for easier lives, for the satisfaction of the daily needs. These are the men to whom he wished to bring the kingdom of heaven. Why not hasten this result by satisfying these every-day needs of the body, and so gain the leadership which should also bring the spiritual result?

Doubtless this is the otherward side of the temptation, and its sequel comes in a most positive form when, after the feeding of the five thousand, the people would have made him a king by sheer force. But there is also a personal side. It is not simply the hunger of others, but his own, which makes the temptation so real. He has just come from the exaltation of a great spiritual vision. He realizes that he is to be the seer for Israel. Shall it be as a professional or as an independent rabbi? The curse on the house of Eli has already touched the priesthood, and men are cringing for the priest's office that they may be sure of their daily bread. Jesus meets the same temptation, not as a priest, but as a rabbi. Should he simply become one of the wise men, living in comparative comfort, sure of his bread even though not luxurious, respected in the community, neither too rich so that men would hate him, nor yet so poor that he would be constantly hampered? Or, should he identify himself with the poor, the sinners, the excommunicate, taking neither scrip nor shoes, living on charity, with no place to lay his head, and *so* redeem Israel by sharing vicariously its extremest suffering and want, its daily anxiety for bread? Could he best teach God's serenity in the comfort of the synagogue rabbihood, or by drinking the same cup as those despised "common people"?

We know his answer. When he sends out the disciples, it is to serve an apprenticeship like his own. Because he preaches from the people's level, they listen. "Give us this day our bread" was to be a daily prayer. "Be not anxious" was his daily mood. Brooding deeply on what he saw, there came the positive conviction that bread alone would simply make the people careless and irresponsible. Living in part as they did, he could say, "Live wholly as I do." Jesus deliberately refusing the dangers of the professional life and intuitively choosing the hard lot of the humblest Jew is the answer to this temptation.

To-day men are trying to walk in his steps. They must not fear to face the same temptation. The cry for bread is relatively just as bitter as then. Men of deep sympathies are increasingly identified with social reform. The extremest of these, the Socialists, openly promise to supply bread for all the people. The most conservative class, as always, tries to clear its conscience by the old-fashioned charity. The latter is by all odds the worst. One takes no account of character; the other loftily ignores equivalents. Either programme is partial. To let things drift is worse than either. We cannot make men better by letting them starve, neither should we pauperize them. Competition as a remedy has degenerated into a contest between the strongest and the weakest, instead of between the stronger and the strongest. Separation of the stronger from the weaker is the answer of the world to this temptation in its modern form. Identification of the stronger with the weaker is the answer which Christ forces upon the Christian. Only by drinking the same cup of suffering can a man help his fellow. Redemption is not external but from within, both in the individual and society. How complete this identification can be is a purely personal question. Is one a rabbi? Then let him beware of the professionalism which is death to the sympathies and so to the spiritual insight. Is it a question of your income over against your ideals? Then remember the young man who came eagerly running to Jesus, but who, under a like test, went away sorrowing to the remorse of a dissatisfied self. There can be no insight without sympathy. And there can be no reform of present conditions unless this sympathetic insight becomes the common possession of the Church, because the peculiar talent of each Christian. There must be insight, not only into the causes of poverty, but also of wealth. To oppose the man who insists that life is but the getting of bread and does not stand on the method of the getting, and to risk the weak suspicion of the man who has no bread at all in your appeal to the life that is more than meat—this takes a courage that is based on insight like this shown by Jesus in the wilderness. It will not be ours unless we, too, attempt to realize the wilderness vision when we have again come among men.

The second temptation has well been called that of the imperial way. Rome's magnificent organization was everywhere in evidence. That power was deemed invincible. Why not strike hands with Cæsar and so bring the kingdom of heaven at once? And then this same deepening insight taught Jesus the inevitable end. He would be a slave, a mere tool in the hands of the Augustus who already was claiming divine honors. He saw clearly that the man who would be free to proclaim his own message must be absolutely free. The seer must have no impure thought, the prophet no over-lord, the kingdom of men no entangling alliance, the kingdom of God no power save its own. When, later on, the Church and State did become one, at least outwardly, the kingdom was really farther away than here as the unrealized vision of the young Jewish seer. He saw, what some have not seen, that the kingdom comes from within rather than from without. Thinking of it simply as a vision, he taught that the kingdom was already in the midst of them.

The parallel to this temptation is with us also. In grosser form it is the appeal to ostentation, to the magnificent ritual, and to an outward conformity. I wish, however, to speak of a more subtile form—the honest attempt to stamp a congregation, a community, or a nation with the seal of the kingdom before the kingdom has come in the heart itself. It is one thing for a Church to say to a man of suspicious ethics, "Come with us, and we will do you good." It is another and a sad thing when the Church by its attitude says, "Come with us, that we may have a share of your goods." That suspicion lies upon the Church in part to-day. It would not be there if it had not been in some measure deserved. Yet one can see the signs of the new Puritanism which shall insist that Christianity is nothing if not ethical, and that the plain life of the synagogue, if pure, is worth more than the magnificence of the temple built out of injustice and industrial slavery. The new creed which is even now being written declares that the man who may be doctrinally sound, but is wholly and brutally selfish, is not in the kingdom of heaven; while the man whose theology is a chaos, yet who has clean hands and a pure heart, is already entering in.

What is true of the Church is true of nations. Without details from our current history, the forcing of opium on China and the saloon into the Philippines, the burden of taxation on India and the dismemberment of South Africa, the crushing of Finland and proposals to dismember China—these all ignore the spirit of Jesus' reply to the second temptation. The kingdom of heaven does not come with violence even if it suffers violence, and the sword is not a civilizing agency. There is no permanent expansion except through the ideals, the spirit, and the method of Jesus of Nazareth.

The last temptation was the sacrificial. The Temple was the accepted religious center of the nation. Why not go to Jerusalem and cast himself down from the Temple height before the people in a great symbolic act, like Jeremiah walking in sackcloth, or Ezekiel carrying his household stuff on his shoulder? The yearning to gather the people of Jerusalem and the nation is already burning in his heart. If he is to be the chief shepherd, must not some startling feat like David's be performed? Must not the people be dazzled and overpowered by some act of heroism and of sacrifice which should prove beyond all doubt that he was indeed the Paschal lamb?

The temptation to become an Essene was yet more real. These were men of a John the Baptist type, pure in life, sternly simple in food and dress, prophets and healers, men of austere life yet trusted because they were genuine. But Jesus did not become an Essene. Identifying himself with no party, and destroying only that he might fulfill, he met this temptation through his whole life by refusing to become a mere ascetic. His work, he saw, must be among men, not apart from them. No single act, not even the supremest sacrifice, could save his people. Only as they had his gift of seeing and God's gift of life could his people be saved.

In Tissot's picture of "The Temptation" Jesus is represented as carried through the air on the finger-tips of a great specter. The picture repels at first, until it flashes upon one that the gigantic figure is Jesus' own shadow. We needed Tissot's reminder of that which the Gospel so clearly teaches, that the background of temptation is one's own self. The third of Jesus' temptations is to his followers to-day the most real. "Master, I would lay down my life for your sake," is the thought of many a heart. And the quiet answer is always, "I do not ask your life, but that you shall live for me." We have no more right to throw away our lives than had Jesus. Many a Christian is casting himself down from the pinnacle of the temple in weakly yielding to the tyranny of useless church machinery and mistaken and unneeded philanthropies. Substituting friendships with the few for acquaintance with the many may do the most for some of us toward bringing the kingdom of heaven into the earth. The Christian who becomes an ascetic or a hermit is not conquering temptation as did his Lord. It is God's will that the earth shall be saved, not abandoned. To know how to do one's duty rather than dissipate strength in the luxury of doing small things is the Christian's fine art of living. Avoiding, on the one hand, self-satisfaction, and, on the other, a reckless waste of life in a delusion of sacrifice, we shall lose life in gaining it as well as gain life through saving it. The end must justify the sacrifice. The power of distinguishing between self-delusion and self-sacrifice is the gift of Christ to the Christian.

"For I have given you an example," he would say to us in this as in all else. "As I increased in wisdom, so must you." As he developed his gift until he saw as well as felt, so may we. Perhaps he adds, as we talk with him by the way, "And greater things shall ye see, because I have gone to the Father." We shall have become kings and priests when, some day on the isle or in the wilderness, he shall breathe on us, and we, too, shall see the new city coming down out of heaven, which, because seen, shall possess the earth.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Adventures of Joel Pepper (The). By Margaret Sidney. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 461 pages. $1.50.

The children who enjoy the "Pepper Books" will welcome their old acquaintances, Polly and Joel and Dave Pepper.

Air, Water, and Food from a Sanitary Standpoint. By Ellen H. Richards and Alpheus G. Woodman. John Wiley & Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 226 pages. $2.

Mrs. Richards is widely recognized as an expert in domestic science, and with her collaborator, who is, like herself, an instructor in sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, she has presented here thoroughly and with scientific formulæ those things which should be known to all of us relating to the three essentials for healthful human life named in the title of the book.

Alphabet of Indians (An). By Emery Leverett Williams. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 9×12 in. 56 pages. $2.

A delightful holiday gift for young children is this. A full-page picture of an Indian representing his respective tribe, and another page of large-print description, face each other as one turns the pages from A to Z. The drawings are bold and free, and typify the salient points of tribal life.

Baedeker's Handbook for Travelers. With Maps and Plans. **Northern Germany.** 4¼×6¼ in. 431 pages. $2.40. **London.** 4¼×6¼ in. 451 pages. $1.80. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

New editions revised to date with the thoroughness and accuracy which characterize this series of model guide-books.

Boy Donald. By Penn Shirley. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5¾×6½ in. 185 pages.

This sprightly story for children continues the author's tale of "The Happy Six." The story is laid in southern California.

Century of American Diplomacy (A). By John W. Foster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 497 pages.

This work is the outgrowth of ex-Secretary Foster's series of lectures before the School of Diplomacy of Columbian University. We reserve it for critical notice hereafter.

Chat-Wood. By Paterson Du Bois. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 185 pages. 50c.

Chess Strategetics. By Franklin K. Young. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 284 pages. $2.50.

The author delves deep into the scientific theory of chess. His book is not merely a compendium of openings, games, and problems, but an elaborate study of tactics and underlying principles of chess. To many good players even it will be puzzling and hard reading, as it is filled with such formulas as—"The object of the column of support is to occupy a point of junction on the kindred logistic horizon." One may doubt if even such an expert as Morphy might not find this method of studying chess somewhat abstruse.

China and the Present Crisis. By Joseph Walton, M.P. (With a Map of China) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 319 pages. $2.

Disappointment awaits those who expect vivid and picturesque treatment of Chinese problems and of the Chinese people in this latest edition to the rapidly increasing list of books on the Flowery Kingdom. Mr. Walton frankly informs his readers that his work is without literary pretension. Though he might have added that its commercial worth was notable, he modestly allows the reader to grasp that for himself. The reader will not get far into the volume without realizing that he has here the most up-to-date summary of Chinese commerce and the keenest forecast of its extension. With the exception of Lord Charles Beresford's "The Break-up of China," no book has essayed to do what this does; it effectually supplements Lord Charles's otherwise admirable work, in so far as that did not contain the latest statistics, and that it was written by a sailor, not by a trained commercial man.

China's Only Hope. An Appeal by Her Greatest Viceroy, Chang Chi Tung. Translated from the Chinese Edition by Samuel I. Woodbridge. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 151 pages. 75c.

This is the important work of which more than a million copies have been circulated in the Chinese Empire, some of them by order of Emperor Kuangsu himself. It is a work which will be read with peculiar interest outside of China also, as it gives a remarkable insight into the sentiments and opinions of the governing classes there. The Viceroy's opinion of international law is worth quoting. He thinks that those who place implicit confidence in international law are as stupid as those who depend on the Disarmament Society for peace; he therefore concludes that disarmament is an international joke, and international law a deception! As to religious toleration, he says that he desires freedom for Christianity, just as freedom is assured to Buddhism and Taoism. He admits that Confucianism, as now practiced, is inadequate to lift the Chinese from their present plight, and then asks, "Why retaliate by scoffing at other religions?" As to the Boxers, he roundly declares that the Chinese who create disturbances are lunatics. The book is full of pithy, quotable epigrams, and deserves a wide circulation. No one can read it without becoming convinced that, while Chang-Chi-Tung is a real reformer so far as political and social excrescences are concerned, he carefully attacks nothing ancient except abuses.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. Translated and Illustrated by Isaac Taylor Headland. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6½×9 in. 160 pages.

We have rarely seen a more charming book for children than this. Certainly it is in the fullest sense unique. Dr. Headland has spent many years in China and has made a peculiarly full and careful study of Chinese domestic life. Here he has translated many rhymes common in the Chinese nursery, and each page presents one of these rhymes, both in the Chinese characters and in an English translation into verse, while each is accompanied by a little picture of Chinese life directly reproduced from a photograph. It is interesting to see that such common English nursery rhymes as "Lady-bug, Lady-bug," and "Pat-a-Cake, Pat-a-Cake," have their Chinese prototypes. A word should be said of the exceedingly pretty and suitable form given by the publishers to the book. The paper was especially designed, the covers show quaint and amusing conceits, and in every respect the book is at the same time thoroughly Chinese and yet attractive to the eyes of American children.

Clearing-Houses. By James G. Cannon. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 383 pages. $2.50.

A clearly written book containing a great deal of information which is interesting to the general public as well as to bankers. The author recounts with great frankness the partial success of various clearing-house associations in establishing uniform rates of interest on deposits and uniform charges for collections, etc. In some associations, he says, the legality of these combinations is questioned, but others have not hesitated to check competition among their members in this way, and have reaped large profits from the agreements entered into. The long chapter devoted to clearing-house loan certificates is of great value to all students of finance.

Diary of a Dreamer (The). By Alice Dew-Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8¼ in. 296 pages. $1.50.

The cultured and witty Englishwoman who here records the daily doings, happenings, and reflections that weave in the brighter colors in the loom of life, combines with a love of nature and genial sympathies an engaging faculty of appreciating the humorous side of things, and of discovering amusement where others find none of it or the reverse of it.

Dido: An Epic Tragedy. A Dramatization from the Æneid of Vergil. Arranged and translated by Frank J. Miller. Stage-settings, Actions, and Music by J. Raleigh Nelson. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 87 pages. $1.

Dr. North and His Friends. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 499 pages. $1.50.

A subtle and analytical study of character and of social phases is the predominating feature of Dr. Mitchell's new book. It is in many ways different from the ordinary novel, and can, indeed, hardly be described as a novel at all. The plot interest is entirely subordinated to the presentation of psychological and personal characteristics. This is a book based on wide and unusual experience of life, and one that could only have been written by a man who looks at life subjectively as well as objectively. Many readers will remember Dr. Mitchell's "Characteristics," and the typical men—poet, physician, novelist, and sculptor—there introduced. Here the same group of friends with their wives meet from time to time, and discuss informally and with much wit as well as wisdom all sorts of matters relating to literature, thought, art, and society. A rough, self-made, rich, and in some ways unscrupulous railroad king serves as a contrast to the general refinement of this circle of friends. There are few writers of our day who could utilize such a plan as this without allowing the book to become either dull or essayish; but Dr. Mitchell carries out his plan with force, and the constantly occurring original turns and surprises keep the interest of the reader on the alert.

Domestic Dramas. By Paul Bourget. Translated by William Marchant. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 363 pages. $1.50.

The author's social essays are always welcome and always have value. Those contained in the present volume are less elaborate and less analytical than some previously published, but perhaps they come closer than M. Bourget's strictly critical work to common human life and human troubles. They are in their expression essentially French in sentiment and form.

Droll Doings. Illustrations by Harry B. Neilson. Verses by the Cockiolly Bird. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 9½×12½ in. 63 pages. $2.

A book of humorous intention, for the most part successfully carried out both in the text and the illustration.

Education and the Philosophical Ideal. By Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 255 pages. $1.25.

This volume stands in close relation to its predecessors. It is a series of educational suggestions toward the realization of the ideal life. It derives much from the author's own experience in an education of a quite unconventional sort. His idea of waiting to learn things till the time is ripe to learn them to creative purpose, though this may put Latin off till one is twenty-two, or attaching one's self to the church till the age of ripe discrimination is reached, may be taken as good for those who are "misfits," not for people in general. Much more generally one may agree with him that the educational danger is of a one-sidedly intellectual training, while the educational need is to insist that spirit shall be first and form secondary—the great lesson of life being in self-adjustment to the immanent Spirit of the universe. The most neglected branches of education undoubtedly are self-knowledge and self-control. He who best masters these is, as Mr. Dresser contends, the truly practical man, the man of inward resources for fit activity. To realize these educational ideals requires a new type of teachers, and especially of parents. These hints will serve to indicate the course of thought here taken. Mr. Dresser reproduces the Boston transcendentalism of sixty years ago, with the modifications it has received from the theory of evolution and the new psychology. His main thesis is that "life itself is educational; that the individual possesses instincts which, if freely followed, lead the way to fullest self-expression and the service of humanity."

Elementary English Composition. By Fred. Newton Scott and Joseph Villiers Denney. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 5×7¼ in. 241 pages. 80c.

Elementary History of the United States. By Allen C. Thomas, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 343 pages. 60c.

We have been particularly impressed by the judicious selection of the illustrations accompanying the text. The personal interest attaching to the celebrated characters of the history is properly recognized, and a large part of the book is of a biographical character. Due prominence is also given to the social conditions of former times in points of contrast with the present. The book is intended for pupils of the earlier grammar grades.

English Classics. Star Series. Tennyson's "Princess," 35c.; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," 35c.; "The Merchant of Venice," 35c.; Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," 35c.; Burke's "Speech on Conciliation with America," 35c.; George Eliot's "Silas Marner," 35c.; Scott's "Ivanhoe," 50c.; Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," 50c.; "Macbeth," 35c.; Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus and Lycidas," 35c. The Globe School Book Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in.

This series is based on the commendable plan of presenting to young people and students well printed and illustrated editions of standard English books at a moderate price. Each of the volumes is edited by a man or woman prominent in educational matters, and each has an adequate introduction and biographical sketch.

Eliot Memorial (The): Sketches Historical and Biographical of the Eliot Church and Society, Boston. By A. C. Thompson. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 7×9½ in. 503 pages.

English Flower Garden and Home Grounds (The). By W. Robinson. Illustrated. (Eighth Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9¼ in. 892 pages. $6.

A welcome addition to the reference library. It is arranged partly in chapters and partly in alphabetic or cyclopædic form. The first part of the book tells of various forms of flower-gardens, and the pictures give a good idea of many existing English gardens of the choicest and most tasteful kinds. The chapters treat the subject both in broad outline and in minute detail, and the book, as a whole, may fairly be called exhaustive. Mr. Robinson is the author of that charming book, "The Wild Garden," which is known by many nature-lovers.

Forbidden Paths in the Land of Og. By the Otherwise Man. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 258 pages. $1.25.

A vacation trip by three missionaries, good fellows all, through the trans-Jordanic region of ancient Bashan, where Og reigned in Moses's time, is the subject of this entertaining book. The track taken is rich in localities of historic and Biblical interest, for which, and for the characteristics and conditions of its people, these tourists have an open eye, and the ability to tell the story well of how they fared and what they saw.

Four Evangelists (The). Edited by Rachel A La Fontaine. Illustrated. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×8 in. 492 pages. $2.50.

A work reserved for later notice.

Girl and the Guardsman (The). By Alexander Black. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 212 pages. $1.50.

After finishing this volume the reader queries whether the text were not written as an attempt to explain the pictures. If so, the effort was hardly successful. The pictures are clever.

Golden Legend (The). As Englished by William Caxton. Vol. VI. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 274 pages. 50c.

Gold-Seeking on the Dalton Trail. By Arthur R. Thompson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×8¼ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

Two New England boys, accompanied by their father and uncle, undertake a trip through Alaska, the northwest gold region, and into the Klondike. The tone of the story is that of personal experience. The reader gets an intimate account of long trips on snowshoes, the fording of rivers, and journeys over wild mountains, and is also told how to detect gold grains when come upon in unlooked-for places.

Greek History. By Prof. Heinrich Swoboda. Translated by Lionel D. Barnett, M.A. (The Temple Primers.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 3¾×6 in. 168 pages. 40c.

In the concise statements of this booklet the latest learning as to the prehistoric and earlier historic period of Greece finds adequate expression. An appendix outlining Greek history from the time of the Roman conquest until now adds a desirable feature seldom found in elementary books on this subject.

Head of a Hundred in the Colony of Virginia, 1622 (The). By Maud Wilder Goodwin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 221 pages. $1.50.

A new edition in holiday dress of Mrs. Goodwin's carefully written and admirable story of colonial days and ways in Virginia. This volume is tastefully printed, contains five full-page pictures, and a frontispiece in color.

Heroes of Our Revolution. By T. W. Hall. Illustrated by W. B. Gilbert. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 317 pages. $1.25.

This book begins by pointing out to boys and girls the various historic causes which lay back of the "Stamp Act," "Taxation Without Representation," and other familiar watchwords which led on to the Revolution. Then it acquaints them with the personal story of the various men prominent in the war between the Colonies and England. The style is clear and simple, the narrative concise and interesting.

House-Boat on the St. Lawrence (The). By Everett T. Tomlinson. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4¾×7½ in. $1.50.

A story to delight the heart of the average boy. Mr. Tomlinson has the gift of the born raconteur. With the beautiful and historic river for a background, charming landing-places, and divers games for a setting, and the deeds of the famous old French hero and adventurer Frontenac, for inspiration, what boy could help being entertained while following the group of young people with whom the author makes them acquainted?

Improvement of Perfection (The). By William E. Barton, D.D. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 64 pages.

In Defense of the Flag. By Elbridge S. Brooks. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 356 pages. $1.25.

The hero is the son of an American Consul in Spain at the breaking out of the Spanish-American war. By a series of natural events he finds himself on board one of Admiral Cervera's ships as it leaves Cape Verde, and in the fight at Santiago. Two spirited American girls also play parts in the story. The feelings of the Spanish populace, and also the better sense of certain well-informed Spaniards, are depicted in picturesque manner.

In Hostile Red: A Romance of the Monmouth Campaign. By J. A. Altsheler. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 340 pages. $1.50.

A lively tale of the Revolution, telling the adventures of two gay young American officers who captured the uniforms and assumed the personality of two newly arrived British officers, and enjoyed themselves very much within the enemy's lines in Philadelphia.

Inner Life (The). By Bishop John H. Vincent. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 72 pages.

Institutional Work for the Country Church. Compiled by Rev. Charles E. Hayward. Free Press Association, Burlington, Vt. 4¾×7½ in. 149 pages. 50c.

The problems of the country church are here discussed from the point of view found in Vermont. The difficulties from sectarianism, blind conservatism, social stagnation, etc., are reckoned up, and the way out of them exhibited. Granting the contention that the main point is in the leadership of a competent minister, it seems to us that Mr. R. L. Hartt's articles in The Outlook last winter on "The Regeneration of Rural New England" pointed out the real difficulty attaching to this, viz., how to keep the right man when obtained. Such a sort of social settlement as he recommended seems most promising for this—though not regarded with favor in the book before us. We think, however, that Mr. Hartt was right in saying that the solution of the problem "is personal rather than institutional; it is institutional only that it may become personal."

In the King's Service. By Captain F. S. Brereton, R.A.M.C. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

Captain Brereton is no partisan. He merely pictures historic facts which no partisan can blink. The story deals with an English royalist and his son, who, dispossessed of their estates in favor of a Cromwellian favorite, cross over to Ireland to take refuge with a kinsman. The invasion of Ireland follows speedily. We see town after town fighting heroically for king and country, often betrayed by English residents within, capitulating only when starvation threatened the people, always asking for honorable quarter, which Cromwell always promised—and always broke faith! Once within the walls, every man, woman, and child was butchered in cold blood in town after town. Even the dazed creatures who knelt for mercy were despatched by bayonet or shot.

In the Midst of Alarms. By Robert Barr. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 316 pages. $1.50.

A new edition revised by the author.

Jack Among the Indians. By George Bird Grinnell. Illustrated by Edwin Willard Deming. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 301 pages. $1.25.

This depicts the life of a white boy among the Indians in the days when herds of buffaloes roamed the Western plains and Indians lived by hunting them, when their flesh served as food, their skins for clothes, and the hide for houses. There are courage, daring, and adventure enough between cover and cover to delight the heart of any boy.

Jones the Mysterious. By Charles Edwardes. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 207 pages. 75c.

The story of a little English boy sent from India to be educated in England. A Hindu servant who accompanies him—and adores him—uses occult "power" to make the lad invisible at times of danger or injustice from those about him. The story has humor and insight into child life. It is queer, clever, and well told.

Just to Help. By Amos R. Wells. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4¾×7¼ in. 45 pages.

Kinkaid Venture (The). By Kate W. Hamilton. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 293 pages. $1.25.

A family of young people left by themselves and without money establish their home in a Western village. Through pluck and loyalty they triumph over obstacles, and prove the blessings that need for exertion and effort confers.

Knickerbocker's History of New York. By Washington Irving. Vol. I. (Cassell's National Library.) Cassell & Co., New York. 3½×5½ in. 192 pages. Paper-bound, 10c.

Loom of Life (The) and If Christ Were a Guest in Our Home. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 64 pages.

Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. With a Special Introduction by the Author. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 560 pages.

The notable thing about this new edition is the illustration, chiefly from photographs by Mr. Clifton Johnson. Many of these are of positive beauty, and the scenes are chosen fitly to bring to the eye the wonderful Devonshire country described in the romance. It is a pity that such a badly drawn picture as that representing the boy Jan by the side of the stream should be allowed a place with the admirable photographs of which we have spoken. In type and general form the edition is commendable. The cover design is, to our taste, over-ornate.

Merry Little Visit with Auntie (A). By Mary D. Brine. Illustrated American Tract Society. New York. 6¾×9 in. 94 pages. 75c.

The account of a little girl's two weeks' visit in the country.

Mother Goose for Grown-Ups. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Illustrations by Peter Newell and Gustave Verbeck. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9 in. 116 pages. $1.50.

A skillful adaptation of the morals and much of the manner of Mother Goose for older readers, with humorous illustrations in the key of the text.

Minor Writings of Charles Dickens (The). By Frederic G. Kitton. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 4¼×7 in. 260 pages. $1.25.

This is of interest chiefly to the bibliographer and collector of first editions. So great a gulf separates the early attempts of Charles Dickens from his later work that (looking at the subject from the literary point of view) it may perhaps be questioned whether the detailed examination of the history of the writing of the early sketches is really worth the while.

More Bunny Stories. By John Howard Jewett (Hannah Warner). Illustrated by Culmer Barnes. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 6½×8¼ in. 195 pages. $1.50.

A sequel to "The Bunny Stories" reprinted from "St. Nicholas" several years ago.

Nan's Chicopee Children. By Myra Sawyer Hamlin. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 223 pages. $1.25.

An occasional false note mars this book, which is an account of a country home where, with a kind of co-operative housekeeping, some working girls and boys enjoy a pleasant and independent vacation.

Nella, the Heart of the Army. By Philip Verrill Mighels. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 395 pages. $1.25.

This story enters a plea towards solving that ever-burning problem, domestic service, by organizing a sort of army of skilled female labor with love of one's fellow-being as its basis. The story is sensational to the core, and rich in imagination of a bizarre quality; it flashes out bright turns of thought, picturesque if coarse bits of diction, yet its whole effect is unreal and unwholesome.

Newnham Friendship (A). By Alice Stronach. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.25.

This is a story of girl life at Newnham College. It is a sympathetic study in girl friendships and early ambitions, which a little later find vent in college settlements and work among the people of London's East Side. The character contrasts hold the reader's interest; the story is well written and the moral purpose is high.

New Wonderland (A). By L. Frank Baum. Pictures by Frank Verbeck. R. H. Russell, New York. 8½×11 in. 190 pages. $1.50.

Stories for small children of the ways of Phunnyland, where it rains lemonade and the pebbles are gumdrops.

Northern Georgia Sketches. By Will N. Harben. 305 pages. $1. **North Carolina Sketches.** By Mary Nelson Carter. 313 pages. $1. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

For each of these volumes the poor whites of the South furnish the material, and their dialect the expression. Mr. Harben's book is a collection of ten short stories reprinted from the "Century" and elsewhere, and quite worth reprinting. Miss Carter's is a series of character-sketches, delineating natives of the mountain region in their crude and narrow life with a sympathetic hand and a realistic effect.

Numbers and Losses in the Civil War in America, 1861-65. By Thomas L. Livermore. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9½ in. 150 pages.

An elaborate investigation yielding hardly commensurate results.

Official Proceedings of the Twelfth Republican National Convention, Philadelphia, June 19, 20, and 21, 1900. Press of Dunlap Printing Co., Philadelphia. 6×9 in. 99 pages. $1.50.

Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 384 pages. $1.50.

A series of ghost stories, or studies of persons who return to visit the scenes which they have left.

Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston. By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. (New and Revised Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5¼×8¼ in. 484 pages. $2.50.

Sometimes new editions are little more than reprints with slight changes. This is not the case with Mr. Drake's "Old Landmarks." The book has been largely rewritten, much has been added, and in its new form it is really a new book. To all interested in the early history of Boston and Massachusetts, it will always be one of the most valuable and popular compilations accessible.

Old Lanterns for Present Paths. By Francis E. Clark, D.D. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 5×7¼ pages. 45 pages.

Oliver Cromwell. By John Morley, M.P. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 486 pages. $3.50.

Reserved for notice hereafter.

Other Man's Country (The). By Herbert Welsh. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 257 pages. $1.

A discussion of the Philippine question by one who in the preface thus states his point of view: "There is one sheaf of fine wheat outranking them all, to which all must make obeisance—it is the law of our duty towards our neighbor. In the Christian sense the Filipino is now our neighbor; and it is our duty to treat him, not as one from whom we seek to realize a selfish profit, but as a man whose rights of every kind we are bound to respect, and whose welfare, in due subordination to the law of our own being, we must first consider." It need hardly be said that The Outlook entirely agrees with Mr. Welsh's point of view. The question for this country is what is its duty toward the Filipino as "our neighbor." Our judgment as to the facts, and consequently our judgment as to our duty in view of those facts, differs radically from Mr. Welsh's. In our judgment, the official reports of the Commissioners who have been sent out to represent the United States, and to ascertain the facts and report them back to the people of the United States, are far more trustworthy than the reports of individual officers and reporters, on which to a very considerable extent Mr. Welsh bases his arguments. In short, with the highest respect for Mr. Welsh's moral purpose, we regard his book as belonging to journalism rather than to literature; and as in its nature ephemeral, because so largely based upon ephemeral reports.

Phebe, Her Profession: A Sequel to Teddy, Her Book. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.50.

The rather hackneyed theme of a girl who studies a profession and gives it up just to get married is enlivened by the doings of a large and interesting family, and especially by the character of Cicely Everard, a thoroughly natural and wholesome girl.

Philip Desmond. By Cora S. Day. American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 68 pages. 25c.

Prairie Schooner (The). By William E. Barton. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 382 pages. $1.50.

It was in the Indian outbreak dignified with the title of the Black Hawk War that Abraham Lincoln had an early taste of military experience, and he figures in Dr. Barton's story together with Jefferson Davis, also a participant in that affair. The "prairie schooner" was the picturesque name popularly given to the emigrant wagons that traversed those level seas of grass. This attractive title introduces a story no less attractive of the settling of northern Illinois by emigrants from New England. A story of love and a story of hatred are interlaced; the enterprise and hardihood, the privations, pleasures, and perils of the pioneers are sketched with the graphic touch of a filial hand, and with large dramatic interest at the critical turns of affairs. Dr. Barton is one of the few clergymen who succeed in fiction-writing. In his hands history is treated with accuracy, and colored with the warm tint of real and vigorous life.

Preachers and Preaching: Lectures Delivered before the Maine Ministers' Institute at Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Maine, September 4-12, 1899. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 276 pages. $1.50.

Among many good books of recent date on this general subject the present volume ranks high in merit. It raises the question whether better effect is achieved by a course of lectures given by a single expert, or a course like this, in which seven lecturers participate. That two of the nine lectures are devoted to expository preaching seems to us significant of that change from former views which was to be expected from the general revival of Bible study. If there be not a betterment in the average of preaching, corresponding to the multiplication of stimulating and instructive books for preachers, there must be some provision for circulating them among the many whose purse is short. Especially will this be the case with books designed, like this, particularly for those who are "somewhat isolated from church centers and ministerial associations."

Psalms of David (The). By Louis Rhead. Introductory Study by Newell Dwight Hillis. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 7½×10¼ in. 284 pages. $2.50.

A brilliant bit of writing is Dr. Hillis's inspiring introduction to King David's text, and incidentally to the graphic pictures drawn by Mr. Louis Rhead. The volume is a striking one from every standpoint.

Queen Charlotte's Maidens. By Sarah Tytler. Illustrations by Paul Hardy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. 75c.

A story purporting to be told by one Charlotte Venn, inmate of "The White House," an institution founded by Queen Charlotte, where orphan girls of good family might live and support themselves by fancy needlework purchased by the royal family and nobility. Through a sprightly and engaging style we get the life-story of several girls, and see how love could enter even a sequestered spot like this. Incidentally we catch glimpses of several notabilities of that day. The volume is quaint and full of old-time leisurely charm.

Rafnaland. By William Huntington Wilson. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

Here is a story as novel in plot as it is romantic in the filling in. The author connects it with the disappearance in a balloon of John Heath Howard, of Kentucky, on a Derby Day in 1887, after which he was never again seen. Several years later, some Eskimos visiting a remote strip of land found the wrecked car of a balloon which contained the dead bodies of a young man and a girl, together with some written papers. From these the author purports to have constructed his story. Howard, waking up after wreck and unconsciousness, finds himself in a land which later computation shows him is beyond the North Pole. The people there are descendants of a forgotten band of Vikings. They still preserve their ancient life and the full worship of Odin and Thor. The imaginary social atmosphere of such a people is admirably well sustained. Physical prowess in personal combat is their cult, and fair play their highest ideal. The incidents move swiftly, and culminate in Howard and his bride—the king's daughter—making their escape in the balloon.

Ramona. By Helen Hunt Jackson. With an Introduction by Susan Coolidge. Illustrated by Henry Sandham. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 2 vols. $6.

A number of old books in new form appear this year in time for the holiday trade, and chief among these works is "Ramona." Its author died more than sixteen years ago, and, as no record of her exists beyond two or three brief and inadequate biographical studies, the informative and sympathetic introduction written by Susan Coolidge is indeed welcome, as are the notes which Mr. Sandham publishes concerning his genuinely illustrative illustrations. Such helps to the enjoyment of a very notable novel, when furnished by those who knew its author well, generally bear with them the atmosphere of that author's personality and individuality and are keenly appreciated. In addition, the many admirers of "Ramona" will be glad to have a favorite romance in a new and delightful dress.

Rival Boy Sportsmen. By W. Gordon Parker. Illustrated by the Author. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 363 pages. $1.25.

This gives glowing accounts and spirited pictures of outdoor boy life. It shows how Grant Burton, the hero of some of the author's previous stories, organized a club and made himself leader in a series of friendly contests in amateur sports.

Road to Nowhere (The). By Livingston B. Morse. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¼ in. 236 pages. $1.50.

This story is dedicated to Alice in Wonderland, and it suggests that well-beloved child as Jack and Kitty search for the Island of Flowers, helped by the wonderful talking animals along the way, and learn in Cloud Land that to be "rattled" means to be afraid of rats, and that "it is only a very foolish person who can't talk wisely about things which he doesn't understand," and many other things new and important.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Illustrated by the brothers Louis and Frederick Rhead. R. H. Russell, New York. 6×9 in. 363 pages.

A very attractive edition of this classic, printed from a large, clear type with many full-page illustrations, and a number of small pictures introduced into the text, the whole very happily expressing the atmosphere of the narrative.

Royal Navy (The). Vol. V. By William Laird Clowes. (Assisted by Sir Clements Markham, Captain A. T. Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, and Others.) Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 7½×10½ in. 623 pages. $6.50.

This fine quarto volume, with its many photogravures and scores of lesser illustrations, is the fifth of the six which will make up a work truly monumental in scope and elaborate and careful in execution; we hope to speak at some length of the work when completed. The present volume covers the extremely important period of the great British naval struggle with Napoleon I. from 1803 up to 1815. The history of the war between the United States and Great Britain is not included, from lack of space; it has been written by Governor Roosevelt, and will occupy the first place in the final volume. The interest in the present volume centers, of course, about England's greatest naval victory, Trafalgar.

Rue with a Difference. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 428 pages. $1.25.

A love story told in Miss Carey's well-known style. The plot is well constructed, the interest long-drawn-out and sufficiently involved to suit the typical novel-reader. Ophelia's famous words, "You may wear your rue with a difference," give the keynote to situations too complex to be even outlined in a brief notice.

St. Nicholas Book of Plays and Operettas. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 231 pages. $1.

A collection of the most popular shadow-plays and operettas which have appeared in "St. Nicholas" during the last twenty-five years, including the famous "Ballad of Mary Jane."

Scouting for Washington. By John Preston True. Illustrated by Clyde O. De Land. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 311 pages. $1.50.

Another story of the struggling days of our Nation's birth. It is told with skill.

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1901. By the Monday Club. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 444 pages. $1.25.

This series has long so commended itself to Sunday-school teachers as to require here only the observation that in the present volume it keeps well up to its mark.

Sketch Book (The). By Washington Irving. The Macmillan Co., New York. (Pocket English Classics.) 4×5¾ in. 371 pages. 25c.

The first volume in a series of pocket classics, presenting the masterpieces of American literature in a very convenient and tasteful form, with an introduction, biographical and critical, and notes.

Social Justice; A Critical Essay. By Westel Woodbury Willoughby, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. $3.

We welcome this volume because we think recent events have emphasized the importance of a serious, non-partisan, scientific discussion of such themes as Justice, Equality, Liberty, the Ethics of the Competitive Processes, and the like. This is what Professor Willoughby attempts to give in this volume. It must be enough here to say that his spirit is non-partisan and scientific, while we reserve for possible future consideration the nature of the views which he advocates.

Son of Carleycroft (The). By Theodore Burt Sayre. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 344 pages. $1.50.

"A Romance of the Days of Charles Second." This, the story's sub-title, may suffice to let the reader know its contents. It is a story of daring, gallantry, hard drinking, quarrel-picking, unexpected adventure, and sword-play galore! Cleverly told, it has the charm which comes of rollicking courage in the days when human life was held cheap.

Source-Book of English History. Edited by Elizabeth Kimball Kendall, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 483 pages. 80c.

When Professor Hart's "American History Told by Contemporaries" appeared, we wondered how long it would be before a similar admirable work would be attempted for English history. While the present volume is not on the scale of Professor Hart's undertaking, for that very reason, and also because it contains attractive texts to the average boy or girl, it may attain an even greater popularity. Of course, in one not very large volume every important event in English history and every important aspect of that history may not be treated, but so wise have been the selections of extracts that the volume deepens the impression already made by Professor Hart's work in bringing to students of history a vivid sense of reality, because they find themselves directly in contact either with those who made history or with those who witnessed the events described. This sense of reality is sure to be followed in the case of the thoughtful student by a greater judicial-mindedness, by an abandonment of narrow prejudices, by a fairer view, not only of past history, but even of present politics.

Spirit of God (The). By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 246 pages. $1.25.

One cannot give this work the high commendation given in these pages, September 29, to Professor Denio's remarkable book, "The Supreme Leader," on the same subject. The immanence of the Spirit in the world is not to be reckoned, as here, from the date of Pentecost. Nor is His influence to be conceived, as here, to be that mainly of a restraining power, preventing the forces of evil from swamping the Church till a premillennial Advent takes place to set up the Kingdom of God. Nor is the subject capable of adequate exhibition on an exclusively Biblical line, as here, especially in connection with an exegesis which finds "counsel in the Godhead" revealed in the words of Genesis, "Let us make man." In some other points we find more satisfaction. Mr. Morgan rightly emphasizes life in the Spirit, intent on service, as safeguarding purity of doctrine much better than creeds. Rightly again, he insists that no Church, and no individual, holds all the truth.

Story of a Little Beech Tree (The). By Esther Harlan. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 52 pages. 75c.

Every child is a natural philosopher; that is, he wants to reach the heart of things, and responds instinctively to what is true. Few children, therefore, will fail to enjoy "The Story of a Little Beech Tree," in which many things that puzzle children are touched on in the concrete way that they understand, and with the deeper meaning they are in search of. The little beech tree's life makes more understandable to a child the life of nature and of the people around him, and brings him the cheer of its message that "in God's world *there is nothing 'too good to be true.'*"

Story of Florence (The). By Edmund G. Gardner. Illustrated by Nelly Erichsen. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 436 pages. $1.75.

No town has a better right to be included in the series on "Mediæval Cities" than has Florence. The author who would adequately describe Florence, however, in the compass prescribed for the volumes in this series, has twice as hard a task as the duty placed before those who have written on Toledo, Moscow, and the other towns already treated. It is patent even to a tyro that, in the case of Florence, the task of selection is extraordinarily difficult. In the volume before us, however, it has been done so satisfactorily that the book becomes beyond most a real guide-book, a guide-book for the serious rather than for the superficial observer. In this volume we have the history of Florence admirably condensed, together with a setting forth of the facts and opinions which every one ought to be familiar with in seeing the city's streets, buildings, and art treasures. The list of authors who have described Florence is already an impressive one, but the latest addition is worthy of a list containing such names as Ruskin, Yriarte, and Villari.

Sybaris, and How They Lived at Hampton. By Edward Everett Hale. (Library Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 470 pages. $1.50.

The latest addition to the charming collected edition of Dr. Hale's works comprises "Sybaris" and "How They Lived at Hampton." Dr. Hale tells us that the date of the Sybaris papers is 1869, but that nearly twenty years parts them from the date of the Hampton book; yet the essays in the volume belong together, however different in form. Dr. Hale notes with pardonable pride the fulfillment of some of his prophecies thirty-one years ago. As he says, cable-cars have proved workable in that time, and automobiles also.

Studies of the Portrait of Christ. By Rev. George Matheson, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.E. Vol. II. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×7½ in. 35 pages.

The series is here completed of which the first volume appeared a year ago. The "Portrait" studied is the whole impression made upon mind and heart by the four Evangelists in their delineations of the Christ. For such study Dr. Matheson combines the powers both of poetic feeling and of philosophic insight, and appeals alike to imaginative and to reflective readers. We quote: "The light which is a unity in the sky is given in fragments by the pool; even so on the waters of earth was the plan of the Father revealed in fragments. The aim of this book is to piece these fragments." Each of these twenty-four "Studies" closes with a brief utterance of devout aspiration in the form of a prayer.

"The Monthly Review." Published by John Murray in London. New York Agents, Doubleday, Page & Co. 6½×10 in. 170 pages. 60c.

Thoughts on Social Problems and Scripture Readings in Verse. By Emma C. Schafer. Published by the Author, Pasadena, Cal. 4¾×7¼ in. 57 pages.

Three Colonial Maids. By Julia McNair Wright. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 291 pages. $1.25.

A stirring story of the stirring times when women were called on to defend blockhouses against the Indians, and to give their lives and their fortunes for the oft-despaired-of Continental cause.

Tommy and Grizel. By James M. Barrie. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 509 pages. $1.50.

One of the most important novels of the year, reserved for further comment.

Tom's Boy. By the Author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," etc. Illustrated by Percy Tarrant. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 342 pages.

Twelve Great Artists. By William Howe Downes. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 172 pages. $1.

The author of these sketches has evidently been a conscientious student of Fromentin's "Maîtres d'Autrefois," and the Fromentin school of criticism is certainly a good one. While the appreciations of Hals, Rembrandt, and Rubens are naturally influenced by the appreciations of the great Frenchman, those of Fortuny, Daubigny, and a group of distinguished Americans seem somewhat more original. All are often keen and clever, but their effect is marred by a continual protruding of the critic's self-consciousness.

War in South Africa (The). By Captain A. T. Mahan. Introduction by Sir John G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D., Litt.D. Illustrated. Peter Fenelon Collier & Son, New York. 17×11½ in. 208 pages.

Its inconvenient size may deter some interested observers of the Boer war from buying this important volume, but those who do buy it will welcome a work which embraces in its narrative all the principal events instead of treating them in sections as has been the case in the books by Messrs. Ralph, Churchill, and others. Though the present volume has been prepared by a master in his craft, we venture to wish that he had included more of his personal judgments on the knotty problems involved, and less of the narrative with which all are tolerably familiar. Sir John Bourinot, in his introduction, concludes that in South Africa as in Canada two races may exist side by side, preserving their distinct languages and customs, but animated by a desire to live happily together in a union based on principles of compromise, equal justice, good will, and mutual interest.

Weird Orient (The). By Henry Iliowizi. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 360 pages. $1.50.

With Preble at Tripoli. By James Otis. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 349 pages. $1.50.

Another story of historic adventure, containing information that will instruct adults as well as boys. It deals with the exploits of the naval hero, Preble, and his famous old ship, the Constitution. The bombardment of Tripoli, the desperate fighting, the blockade-running, and all the other features of marine warfare of an older day, are depicted in narrative form by the lad Richard Cutbush, of the Constitution.

With Rifle and Bayonet. By Captain F. S. Brereton, R.A.M.C. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 352 pages. $1.50.

Another story dealing with that prolific subject, the Boer war. It has the touch of one trained to a knowledge of war, and the sort of information which gains the reader's confidence.

Woman of Yesterday (A). By Caroline A. Mason. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 367 pages. $1.50.

A story of serious purpose; a study in the religious development of a girl born in the middle of the century just closing. Much description is given to her training in an obscure New England village, and the effect upon her of the narrow religious tenets to which she was bred, and how these in turn affected her slow development into the broader beliefs which prevailed as she came into mature womanhood. To many readers it will doubtless appear that the effect of early narrowness upon Anna Mallison is too much insisted upon and overdrawn. Anna was the product of an unusual inheritance—a mother of a peculiar sect and a father whose sensitiveness of conscience amounted to disease. Her own type is one likely to be found in any country and at any time. Among the worldly-minded of the Puritan-bred society in which she moved she was joked about and dubbed "queer." In France she would be labeled a *dévote*. In a convent she would be a saint with valued executive ability. She is the result of temperament more than of environment, and affords an interesting study in psychology rather than in religion. The narrowness of her training is evinced more in her ready yielding to the influence of John Gregory, the Socialist, than in aught else. Bred in a larger world, she might have criticised the weak points in his philosophy. The Gregory episode itself smacks of inspiration from the famous Brook Farm venture. But Gregory himself strikes us as one of the least satisfactory characters in the story, which, as a study in character contrasts, is very well worth reading. In style it is lucid, in aim high, in result a trifle depressing.

Wonderful Wizard of Oz (The). By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated by W. W. Denslow. The George M. Hill Co., Chicago. 6½×8½ in. 263 pages.

The adventures of a little girl who is carried by a cyclone into the land of the Munchkins, and has to seek the Wizard in the Emerald City for help to return to her friends. The pictures of the companions who join her on the way, the Tin Woodman, the Scarecrow, and the Cowardly Lion, will make other children wish to share the journey.

Works of Shakespeare (The). Edited by Israel Gollancz. Vol. XII. "Life of Shakespeare," "Venus and Adonis," "Rape of Lucrece," "Sonnets," etc. Illustrated. (The Larger Temple Shakespeare.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in.

This volume completes the Larger Temple Edition of the Works of Shakespeare in twelve volumes, with Mr. Gollancz's admirable prefaces and equally admirable notes, and with small and useful illustrations introduced in the text. There is no edition of Shakespeare which is better arranged for the general reader and for the student than this. It presents in a series of introductions the facts which a student of Shakespeare, from the literary point of view, wishes to know, and it throws all needed light for such a student's purposes on the difficulties presented by the text.

Worldlings (The). By Leonard Merrick. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 328 pages. $1.50.

A realistic novel of signal dramatic merit. The plot is indeed deep-laid. The story is spun out in South Africa and England.

World's Orators (The). Vol. III. Orators of the Early and Mediæval Church. Vol. V. Orators of Modern Europe. Vol. VI. Orators of England, Part I. Edited by Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., with the Collaboration of Joseph Cullen Ayer, B.D., Ph.D., Mitchell Carroll, Ph.D., and John R. Larus. (University Edition, The World's Orators.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. $3.50 per vol.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. In your issue of October 6, Dr. W. H. Tolman has an article on "Social Economics in the Paris Exposition," in which he speaks of the congresses held and the reports of those congresses. I am writing to inquire if those reports can be obtained, and, if so, how? 2. Also, can you advise where a history or histories of co-operation and co-operative enterprises can be obtained? E. R. P.

1. Perhaps by writing to Dr. Tolman at Paris, 95 Boulevard St. Michel, aux soins de Mme. Chalamet. 2. The League for Social Service furnishes us with the following list: "The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain," by Beatrice Webb (Macmillans); "Labor Copartnership," by H. D. Lloyd (Harpers); "Encyclopædia of Social Reform," edited by W. D. P. Bliss (Funk & Wagnalls Co.); "Annual for 1900 of the English and Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Societies (Ltd.)" (published by the Societies, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester, Eng.); "The City of Perth and its Co-operative Society," by J. Willocks (Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society (Ltd.), Morrison Street, Glasgow); "Co-operative Distribution," by Edward W. Bemis (Bulletin of the United States Department of Labor, No. 6, Washington; sent free on application); "A Manual of Distributive Co-operation," by Carroll D. Wright (Wright & Potter, Boston).

Allow me to ask you (1) the publisher of Stone's "Public Uses of the Bible;" (2) What is its nature? (3) What is the best short history comprehending the historical events recorded in the Bible? (4) What systematized arrangements of the Proverbs, either in authorized, revised, or other translations, have been published in English? F. C. D.

1. The A. D. F. Randolph Company, New York, were and probably are. 2. We think it is for the cultivation of good reading by public speakers. 3. Kent's History, supplemented by Riggs's for the Roman period. 4. See Proverbs in Moulton's Modern Reader's Bible series; also Walls's "Natural Law in Character" (Imperial Press, Cleveland).

1. I am much interested in reading up the History of Philosophy. Do you know any better book than Lewes? How is his work regarded by scholars? 2. What do you think of Spence's "Back to Christ"? W.

1. Lewes is a philosopher of the Positivist school, and his work is one of signal ability. Yet we think we should prefer for the history of ancient philosophy Erdmann, and in the modern history Falckenberg. 2. Our opinion of it, in general commendatory, was given in our book columns June 23 last. It is a fairly adequate outline of the views classed under the name of "the new theology."

Please recommend (1) what you consider the best secondary or academic school history of Germany; (2) the best complete history of Germany, with price and publishers. O. H. B.

1. Russell's "German Higher Schools: the History, Organization, and Methods of Secondary Education in Germany" (Longmans, Green & Co., New York, $2.25). 2. S. Baring-Gould's "Germany" in the "Story of the Nations" series (Putnams, New York, $1.50), supplemented by S. Whitman's "Imperial Germany" (J. W. Lovell, New York, $1.25).

Kindly suggest some books which will introduce a beginner to the study of biology? A. M.

Boyer's "Laboratory Manual of the Elements of Biology" (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston) is planned upon the scientific method for high-school pupils. If it is desired simply to waken an interest preliminary to the entrance on scientific study, get Buckley's "Life and Her Children" (D. Appleton & Co., New York), and Grant Allen's "Flash Lights on Nature" (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York).

Please explain 1 Timothy v., 9, 10, "Let not a widow be taken into the number." J. R.

The list of good works here given, in which they were required to be experienced, shows that these widows were a special class employed in the charities of the church. They were later called presbyteresses. Whether this class was identical with that of deaconesses is disputed.

"C. W. G." asks as to where the lines "Fair Science spreads her lucid ray," etc., may be found. I will say that they may be found in the Ode on Science, in an old singing-book published in 1849 by J. W. Reynolds, Cornhill, Boston. Also, in reply to "C. W. H." for hymn containing the words, "Oh, Calvary is a mountain high," etc., that this is also found in above publication, page 331. The words "Mercy, O thou Son of David," etc., are usually set to the tune Greenville. A. P.

"F. J. H." is informed that Renan's essay, "La Poésie des Races Celtique," is contained in the volume entitled "Essais de Morale et de Critique," Paris, 1890, page 375 seq. FRIEND.

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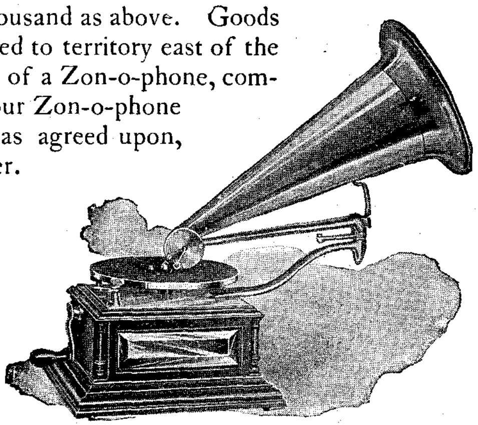

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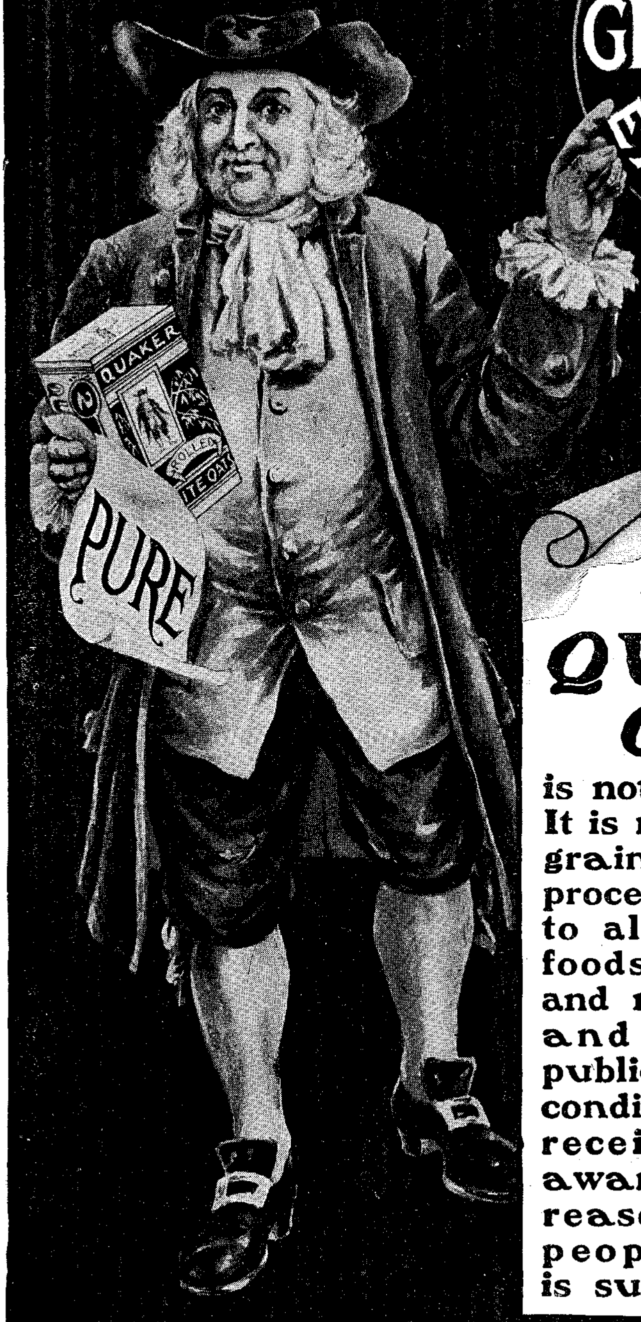
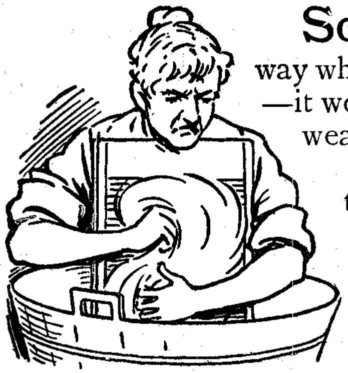


Quaker Oats received the highest award, because

QUAKER OATS

is noticeably superior. It is made of superior grain by a superior process. It is superior to all other cereal foods in digestibility and nutritive value, and is given to the public in a superior condition. It always receives the highest award for the same reason that it is the people's choice—it is superior.

PAUL E. DERRICK ADV'G. AGCY. N.Y.



Something must give

way when you grind clothes on a washboard—it won't be the board. Friction is simply wear. No matter how much you soak them, if there's wear enough to get the dirt out there's wear enough to hurt. You want something better than a lubricant. You want **Pearline**—an automatic cleanser—starts the dirt **all by** itself—leaves nothing to be done but rinsing—no board needed—saves rubbing—saves wear. 604

Soap's a back breaker; temper wrecker

Old & Valuable Silver

CAN be made to brighten memories of the past, without fear of scratch or blemish, if cleaned with

SILVER
ELECTRO-SILICON
POLISH

It's as harmless as the flour you eat. It makes old silver new—in brilliancy—and keeps new silver always new.

The proof is yours simply for the asking. Send address on a postal, or 15c. in stamps for box, postpaid. Grocers and druggists sell it.

"SILICON," 30 Cliff St., New York.

Sciatic

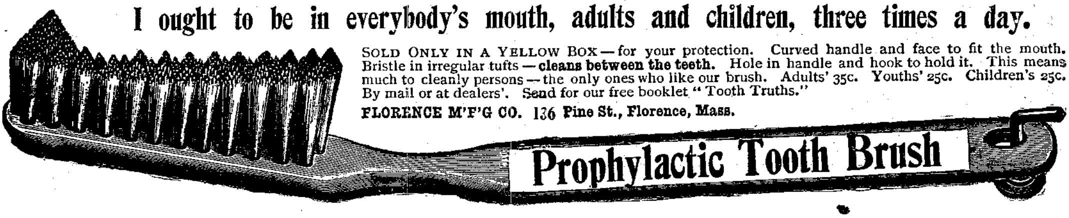
Rheumatism

A lady residing in De Funiak, Fla., writes: "I have now used four bottles of your **Tartarlithine** for sciatic rheumatism. It is the only medicine which has given me steady relief. My trouble showed marked improvement after the first few doses."

Send for our free Pamphlet on how to cure Rheumatism.

McKESSON & ROBBINS
Sole Agents for
THE TARTARLITHINE CO.
95 Fulton Street, New York.

I ought to be in everybody's mouth, adults and children, three times a day.



SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristle in irregular tufts—**cleans between the teeth.** Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'. Send for our free booklet "Tooth Truths."
FLORENCE M'F'G CO. 136 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

HALL'S

Vegetable
Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

A high-class preparation in every way. Always restores color to gray hair, the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, and all dandruff disappears.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1.00 to
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

DEFENDER M'F'G CO'S
SHEETS & PILLOWCASES

"WE TEAR OUR SHEETS."

DEFENDER M'F'G CO.
Sheets and Pillowcases

DEFENDER M'F'G CO. DEFENDER
DEFENDER M'F'G CO. PALMA
DEFENDER M'F'G CO. SELKIRK
DEFENDER M'F'G CO. WEXFORD

are torn, not cut—of **superior quality—durable—reliable measurements**—The sheets and pillowcases you should buy. Made of all grades from plain hemmed and hemstitched to fancy hemstitched of finest quality.

Booklet about Sheets and Pillowcases FREE at your dealer's.

DEFENDER M'F'G CO., NEW YORK

Papa wears this kind when he's all dressed up ~ for it's
"LION BRAND."
STANMORE 3¼" high
LINDEN 3⅛ "
LAKOTA 2⅞ "
TANUS 2⅝ "
SAMOA 2⅜ "
COLLARS
CUFFS
AND
SHIRTS
TRADE MARK.
TRADE MARK.

YOU cannot feel dressed if ill at ease. You cannot be at ease if your collar doesn't fit. Your collar cannot fit you unless it fits the shirt, and you cannot get collars and shirts in one brand fitted to each other, with cuffs to match, unless you buy "Lion Brand" collars, cuffs, and shirts. They exhibit the best of workmanship applied to the finest goods. Two collars or two cuffs cost 25 cents. It doesn't pay to pay more. Shirts cost $1, $1.50, or $2, depending on the kind you want. If you cannot get them from your furnisher, we will send the address of one who can supply you. Do not send us money. This collar is made in quarter sizes and five heights as marked.

UNITED SHIRT & COLLAR CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

THE ALEXANDER SHOE
A LONG TIME FAVORITE
AA

FOR WOMEN MEN AND CHILDREN

A HIGH TYPE OF SHOE EVOLUTION

THE ALEXANDER SHOE IS ALWAYS DISTINGUISHED BY A SUPERIOR STYLE AND A SUGGESTION OF REFINEMENT WHICH GIVE IT A CHARACTER PECULIARLY IT'S OWN

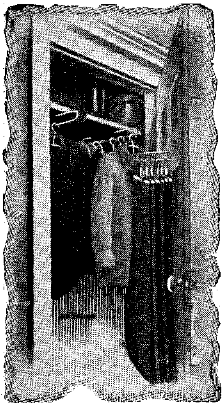
Our new illustrated Catalogue
• packed full of SHOE information •
YOURS FOR THE ASKING

A. ALEXANDER
SIXTH AVE AND 19TH ST. NEW YORK

OVER FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE HAS BUILT THIS SHOE

OF WIDE REPUTE FOR DURABILITY AND ECONOMY

PROTECTS THE CLOTHING! *MAKES THE CLOSET NEAT AND ORDERLY!*



A GOODFORM CLOSET SET

Is a Wardrobe Necessity

Protects the clothing by keeping it in perfect form, taking out all wrinkles, and causing it to appear as if recently pressed.

Makes the closet neat and orderly by the hanging of each garment separately on a suitable device; it doubles the capacity of a closet and gives it a neat, cleanly appearance.

CONVENIENT because it saves time in putting the clothes away and in finding them. The clothes are always in their place and can be located at a glance.

PRACTICAL because it saves closet space, saves time, and saves money by properly protecting the clothing.

DURABLE because it is the best nickel plate on steel. Suitable for the finest homes. Cannot warp or break.

TWO STYLES, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S

Ladies'—12 skirt hangers, 12 garment yokes, 2 shelf bars, 1 closet loop.
Men's—6 trouser hangers, 12 garment yokes, 2 shelf bars, 1 closet loop.

PRICE per set, $3.00. Two sets to one address, $5.50 express prepaid. If your dealer does not have them, remit to us.

Trouser Hangers sent postpaid at 30 cents each; 6 trouser hangers and 1 closet loop, **$1.50, prepaid.**

SIX MONTHS' TRIAL Try a set, and if not perfectly satisfied return it to us at any time within six months and we will refund your money. Write for **FREE BOOKLET**—gives complete description of both sets; also contains up-to-date dress chart. **AGENTS WANTED**—Write for terms. **CHICAGO FORM COMPANY, Dept. 20, 124 La Salle St., CHICAGO**

FOR SALE AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

Albany, W. M. Whitney & Co.
Allentown, Pa., Hess Bros.
Appleton, Wis., Schlafer Hdw. Co.
Atlanta, Ga., Geo. Muse Clothing Co.
Auburn, N. Y., Foster, Ross & Baucus.
Binghamton, N. Y., Babcock Hardware Co.
Boston, R. H. White & Co.
Brooklyn, Fred'k Loeser & Co.
Buffalo, N.Y., Wm. Hengerer & Co., Browning, King & Co., Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Burlington, Ia., Salter & Lofquist.
Butte, Mont., Hennessy Merc. Co.
Chicago, Marshall Field & Co., Schlessinger & Mayer, Mandel Bros.
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Denver, Daniels & Fisher.
Detroit, Hunter & Hunter.
Erie, Pa., Chas. S Marks & Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., R. S. Patterson.
Hartford, Brown, Thomson & Co.
Indianapolis, Paul H. Krauss.
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Madison, Wis., Sumner & Morris.
Milwaukee, Gimbel Bros.
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N. Y. City, John Wanamaker. Brill Bros., 279 Broadway.
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Patterson, N. J., Quackenbush & Co.
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Pittsburg, Phelan's. Authammer & Evans.
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Washington, D. C., E. H. Morsell.
Racine, Wis., Williams & Breese.
Rochester, N. Y., Sibley-Lindsay & Curr.
Rutland, Vt., L. G Kingsley.
Salt Lake City, Walker Bros.
Sandusky, O., Harris & Schumacher,
San Francisco, Palace Hdw. Co.
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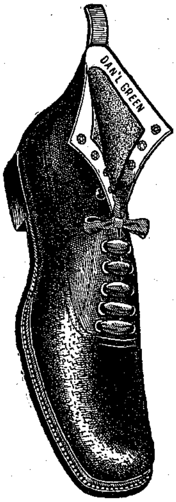
HANDSOMELY NICKELPLATED! A SUITABLE GIFT FOR LADY OR GENTLEMAN!

Alfred Dolge
Felt
Slippers & Shoes

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO



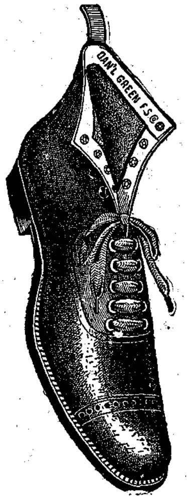
No. 910 **$6.00** **Delivered**
The famous "Cushion" shoe. Fine Box Calf. Double felt inner sole. Wool linings. French toe; no tip. Stormproof.

No. 907 **$5.00** **Delivered**
Finest Box Calf. Single felt inner sole. Wool linings. New round toe with toe cap. Flexible and stormproof.

A cold, disagreeable, and rainy day will **demonstrate** what "Dolgefelt" shoes can do—testimony far more convincing than talk! You can travel all day—without rubbers—and keep dry feet and warm feet. You are well dressed, too.

Send for the new Catalog at once.

It describes many styles of street and house shoes, for men, women, and children.



DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE COMPANY, 119 West 23d St., New York

Health

is assured by wearing

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK

Wright's Health Underwear

Air spaces woven in the wool keep the body warm and dry, prevent colds and rheumatism and assure comfort.

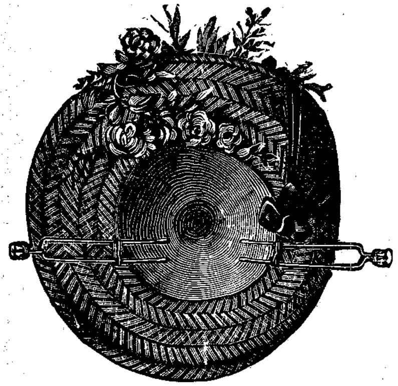
Illustrated Catalogue, Free on Request.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO:
75 FRANKLIN ST: NEW YORK.

AT LAST—A NEW HAT PIN APPEARS

The Old Hat Pin Destined to Go.

New Hat Pin

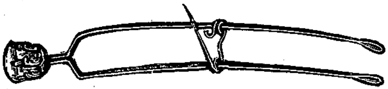


The Florodora

It does not pierce hat nor touch trimmings. Holds hat firmly to head. Remains attached to hat. ☘ Cannot be lost. Easily adjusted. ☘ Suits any style of hat.

Address

H. A. Conklin, 135 Broadway, N. Y.



PATENTED AUG. 3, 1897.
Attach the safety pin under brim of hat, one on each side; push prongs in hair.

AGENTS WANTED

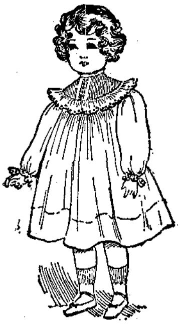
MAILED ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

Prices, per pair—Flag Heads, 25c.; Gilt Knots, two sizes, 40c. and 50c.; Black or White Pearl, 75c.; Fancy Stones, $1.00; Sterling Silver or Gun Metal Knots, $1.25; Imported Brilliants, $1.50.

BEST & CO

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Infant's 95c. Dress



Nainsook, round yoke of tucks with insertion in center, finished with ruffle of neat embroidery, neck and sleeves trimmed to correspond, skirt with plain deep hem. Sizes, 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. By mail 5 cents extra.

The only important house in the United States *exclusively devoted to outfitting children from infancy to maturity.* For many consequent advantages to mail-order customers see catalogue with more than 1,000 illustrations.

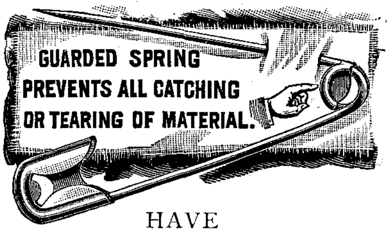
Send four cents for postage.

60-62 West 23d Street · New York

STEWART'S

Duplex Safety Pins

Fasten from either side, but do not slip through. Effective guard. Imitated but not duplicated by any other maker.



All Sizes

HAVE

"Consolidated Safety Pin Co."

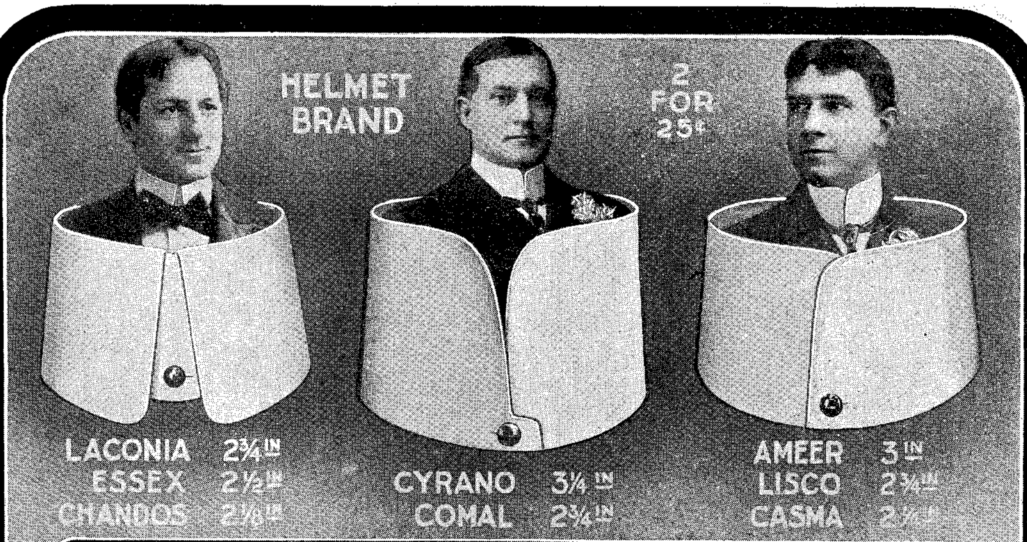
ON EVERY CARD

None genuine without our name on card.

If dealers cannot supply you, send 3 two-cent stamps for sample of 12 assorted sizes.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.
BOX 145, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Also makers of Holdfast Hairpins.


HELMET BRAND
2 FOR 25¢
LACONIA 2¾ IN
ESSEX 2½ IN
CHANDOS 2⅛ IN
CYRANO 3¼ IN
COMAL 2¾ IN
AMEER 3 IN
LISCO 2¾ IN
CASMA 2

Something for Nothing Never—but you come as near it in Corliss collars as you could in anything, for you get two collars for 25 cents instead of one, and we will guarantee one of ours to be as good as any one collar ever made. We don't do anything else, just make collars, but we make them right. At your dealers. If not, send to us direct, stating size desired.

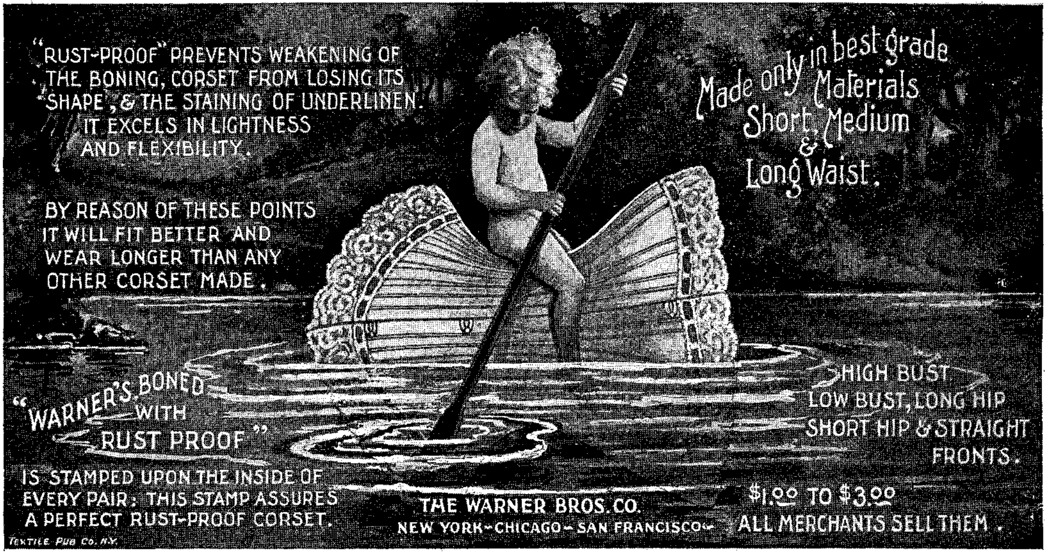
Send for catalogue which shows all our styles of collars and tells you how to dress on all occasions.

CORLISS, COON & CO., Dept. O, Troy, N. Y.

CORLISS, COON & CO.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

WARNER'S RUST-PROOF CORSETS


"RUST-PROOF" PREVENTS WEAKENING OF THE BONING, CORSET FROM LOSING ITS SHAPE, & THE STAINING OF UNDERLINEN. IT EXCELS IN LIGHTNESS AND FLEXIBILITY.
BY REASON OF THESE POINTS IT WILL FIT BETTER AND WEAR LONGER THAN ANY OTHER CORSET MADE.
Made only in best grade Materials
Short, Medium & Long Waist.
"WARNER'S BONED WITH RUST PROOF"
IS STAMPED UPON THE INSIDE OF EVERY PAIR: THIS STAMP ASSURES A PERFECT RUST-PROOF CORSET.
HIGH BUST LOW BUST, LONG HIP SHORT HIP & STRAIGHT FRONTS.
THE WARNER BROS. CO.
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - SAN FRANCISCO
$1.00 TO $3.00
ALL MERCHANTS SELL THEM.
TEXTILE PUB CO. N.Y.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

FLORIDA WATER

"The Universal Perfume"

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH

A sweet refresher of body and spirit. It instils renewed vigor and enhances the joy of living.

A SEASONABLE AND MOST APPROPRIATE GIFT.

NOT THE LEAST OF OUR BLESSINGS TO BE REMEMBERED ON THANKSGIVING DAY

ASK FOR BOOKLET 36-Q.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.

CINCINNATI.

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. BOSTON.

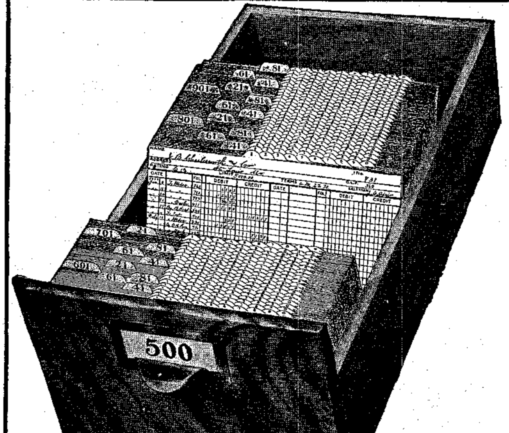
Every Office Keeps a Ledger

But the modern up-to-date office is discontinuing the cumbrous book ledger. Why? Because it gets clogged with closed accounts — because accounts outgrow the spaces allotted them—because it requires frequent transferring—and because of other objections—all of which are overcome by the

Globe Card Ledger System

Fully explained in booklet 36-Q.

Also Elastic Book-Cases and Filing Cabinets.



Vermin-Proof

A Book about it FREE!

We are told by many purchasers that we have not emphasized this point in our advertising as we should have done. "Vermin-proof" seems incredible, yet **it is a fact.** Our mattress is vermin-proof because there is no animal matter to attract vermin—the best of mattress hair may be steamed and cooked and dried till it falls apart and yet the animal germs are there that attract and feed the bugs. This is **one** of the **many** things about

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress $15. Express Charges Prepaid Anywhere

that makes us feel so sure of it, that we gladly assume all risk and thus guarantee:

SLEEP ON IT 30 NIGHTS, and if it is not even all you have *hoped for*, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked."

2 ft. 6 ins. wide, 25 lbs.,	$8.35	All 6 ft. 3 ins. Long
3 ft. wide, 30 lbs.	10.00	
3 ft. 6 ins. wide, 35 lbs.,	11.70	
4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.,	13.35	
4 ft. 6 ins. wide, 45 lbs.,	15.00	

If made in two parts, 50c. extra.

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK "The Test of Time," whether you need a mattress or not. It will interest you to know about the *best* and *cheapest* mattress in the world.

BEWARE! There is not a single store in the country that can sell our mattress; almost every store now has an imitation so-called "felt" which is kept in stock to sell on our advertising. *Our name and guarantee on every genuine mattress.* Can only be bought from us direct.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 120 Elizabeth St., New York.

We have cushioned 25,000 Churches. Send for our book "Church Cushions."

Compressing the felt by hand.

TRADE-MARK.

PANTASOTE

EXACTLY RESEMBLES MOROCCO LEATHER

BUT COSTS HALF AS MUCH

Unequalled for Library, Dining-Room, Club-Room, and Office Furniture

This handsome material does not crack, peel, or rot; never moulds, never gets sticky, defaces with difficulty. Tested for six years by leading furniture makers, carriage and yacht builders, steamship and railway lines, with unqualified success.

Received the highest Medal and Diploma at the Recent National Export Exposition at Philadelphia

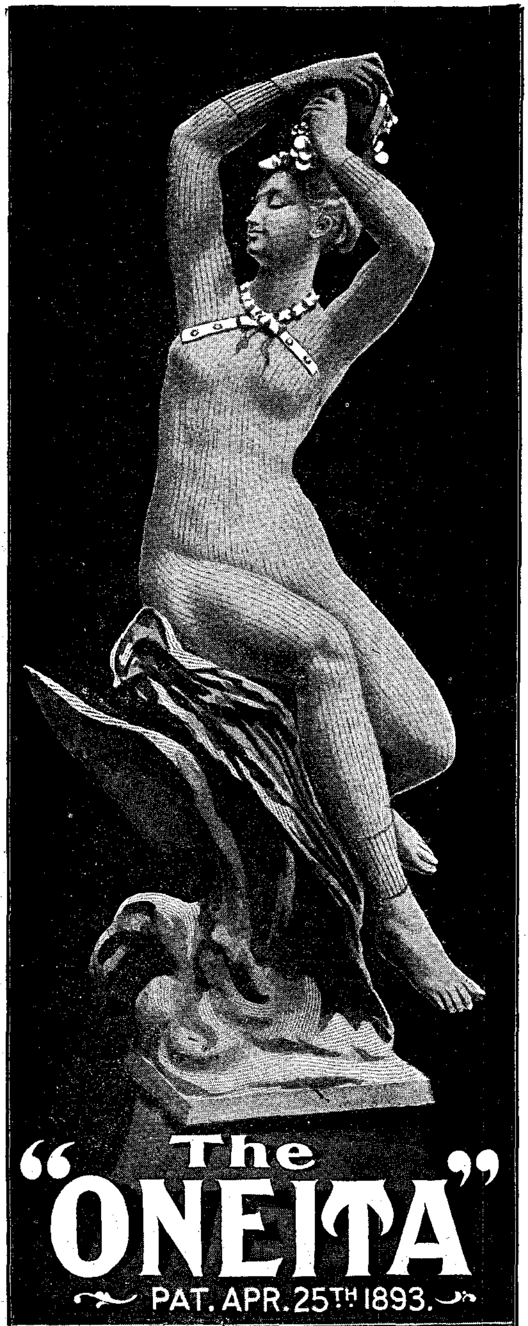
A PIECE 18 x 18 INCHES SENT FOR 25 CENTS IN STAMPS

Pantasote is entirely odorless, which distinguishes it from all other leather substitutes

Free sample, 15 x 6 inches, sent for two-cent stamp and your upholsterer's address.

CAUTION.—There are worthless imitations. Genuine has "Pantasote" stamped on goods.

PANTASOTE CO., 29 Broadway, Dept. O, NEW YORK CITY



Elastic Ribbed Union Suits

cover the entire body like an additional skin. Fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. **No buttons down the front.** Made for men, women, and young people. Most convenient to put on, being entered at the top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset. **Made in great variety of fabrics and weights.**

Sold by best dealers everywhere
ONEITA KNITTING MILLS

CATALOGUE FREE.
BARNEY & BERRY,
99 BROAD STREET,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

"THE BEST
Fall and Winter Shoe made." That's what they say about the

RALSTON HEALTH SHOE

People that wore them last season are our most ardent customers to-day. Our waterproof soles, our foot-form lasts, our two water-repellant cushions, are real hygienic features that the people want.

These shoes are handsome and stylish, and unequaled for fit and comfort. If you have no agency in your city or town, send to factory for our free illustrated catalogue.

PRICE, $4.
Delivered in U. S., Canada or Mexico for $4.25.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOE MAKERS,
CAMPELLO, MASS.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOE

NOTICE CONSTRUCTION.
1st.—Outersole, best oak leather.
2nd.—Wool felt and rubber, repellant and cushion.
3rd.—One-half sole best oak leather.
4th.—Full sheet cork sole.
5th.—Inner sole, best oak leather, waterproofed.